

THE
Dramatick WORKS

OF

Nicholas Rowe, Esq;

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONTAINING,

The ROYAL CONVERT.

JANE SHORE.

JANE GRAY.

The BITER.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head*, the
Corner of *Essex-Street*, in the *Strand*, 1733.

Where may be had,

Mr. *Congreve's* Five Plays, in a Neat Pocket
Volume. Sir *Richard Steele's* Four Plays.
And Variety of Plays.

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THE
ROYAL CONVERT.
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

Laudatur & Alget.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N : And Sold by W. FEALES at
Rowe's Head, the Corner of Essex-Street, in the Strand.

M D C C X X X I I I .

THE
ROYAL COMBERT
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by W. H. P.



London: Printed by J. G. & Co.

THE FOURTH EDITION



LONDON:

Printed by J. G. & Co. And sold by W. H. P.

MDCCLXXIII



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord HALLIFAX.

My LORD,



I F I could have the Vanity to make a Merit of Dedicating this TRAGEDY, I should here take an Opportunity of telling You, that I am, in This, endeavouring to make the best, and only Return I am capable of, for all those Marks of exceeding Goodness and Humanity, which I have still had the Honour to meet with from Your Lordship. But since the Matter is quite otherwise, since it is highly to my Advantage to shelter my self under so great a Name; since I have done my self so much Honour by it; I am bound to own, with all the Gratitude I am capable of, that Your Lordship's Patronage is a new, and will be a lasting Obligation upon me.

A 3

Most

The Dedication.

Most kinds of Poetry, but especially **TRAGEDIES**, come into the World now, like Children born under ill Stars; a general Indifference, or rather Disinclination, attends like a bad Influence upon 'em; and after having bustled thro' ill Usage, and a short Life, they sleep and are forgotten. The Relish of Things of this kind is certainly very much alter'd from what it was some time since; and tho' I won't presume to censure other Peoples Pleasures, and prescribe to the various Tastes of Mankind; yet I will take the Liberty to say, that those who scorn to be entertain'd like their Fore-Fathers, will hardly substitute so reasonable a Diversion in the Room of that which they have laid aside. I could wish there were not so much Reason as there is to attribute this Change of Inclinations to a Disesteem of Learning it self. Too many People are apt to think, that Books are not necessary to the finishing the Character of a fine Gentleman; and are therefore easily drawn to despise what they know nothing of. But, my Lord, among all these mortifying Thoughts, it is still a Pleasure to the Muses, to think there are some Men of too delicate Understandings to give in to the Tastes of a deprav'd Age; Men that have not only the Power, but the Will, to protect those Arts which they love, because they are Masters of 'em.

It would be very easy for me to distinguish one among those few, after the most advantageous Manner; but all Men of common Sense have concurr'd in doing it already, and there is no need of a Panegyrick.

I could be almost tempted to expostulate with the rest of the World (for I am sure there is no Occasion to make an Apology to Your Lordship) in Defence of Poetry. I am far from thinking of a good Poet, as the *Stoicks* did of their Wise-man, that he was sufficient for every thing, could be every thing, and excel in every thing, as he pleas'd;

yet

The Dedication.

yet sure I may be allow'd to say, that that Brightness, Quickness, that Strength and Greatness of Thinking, which is requir'd in any of the nobler Kinds of Poetry, would raise a Man to an uncommon Distinction in any Profession or Business, that has a Relation to good Sense and Understanding. One modern Instance can at least be given, where the same Genius that shone in Poetry, was found equal to the first Employments of the State; and where the same Man, who by his Virtue and Wisdom was highly useful to, and instrumental in the Safety and Happiness of his native Country, had been equally ornamental to it in his Wit.

This is what I could not help saying, for the Honour of an Art which has been formerly the Favourite of the greatest Men. Not that it wants a Recommendation to Your Lordship, who have always been a constant and generous Protector of it. This indeed would be much more properly said to the World, and when I have told 'em what Men have equally adorn'd it, and been adorn'd by it, I might not unfitly apply to 'em, what *Horace* said to the *Piso's*;

Ne fortè Pudori

Sit tibi Musa Lyrae solers & Cantor Apollo.

For my own inconsiderable Pretensions to Verse, I shall, I confess, think better even of them, than I have ever yet done, if they shall afford me the Honour to be always thought,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and devoted humble Servant,

N. ROWE.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

SINCE to your fam'd Fore-Fathers quite contrary;
You from their Pleasures, as their Wisdom, vary;
What Art, what Method, shall the Poet find,
To hit the Taste of each fantastick Mind:
Legions of Joys your wand'ring Fancies lead,
Like Summer Flies, which in the Shambles breed;
Each Year they swarm anew, and to the last succeed.
Time was, when Fools by Fellowship were known;
But now they stray; and in this populous Town
Each Coxcomb has a Folly of his own.
Some dress, some dance, some play; not to forget
Your Piquet Parties, and your dear Basset.
Some Praise, some Rail, some Bow, and some make Faces;
Your Country Squires hunt Foxes, your Court, Places.
The City too fills up the various Scene,
Where Fools lay Wagers, and where Wise Men win.
One rails at Cælia for a late Mischance,
One grumbles and cries up the Pow'r of France.
This Man talks Politicks, and that takes Pills;
One cures his own, and one the Nation's Ills.
Now Fiddling, and the Charms of Sing-Song, win ye;
Harmonious Peg and warbling Valentini.
As to your Drinking — but for that we spare it,
Nor with your other vile Delights compare it,
There's something more than Sound, there's Sense in
Claret.

Mean

PROLOGUE.

Mean while neglected Verse, in long Disgrace,
Amongst your many Pleasures finds no Place;
The virtuous Laws of common Sense forswearing,
You damn us like pacht Furies, without hearing.
Each puny Whipster here, is Wit enough,
With scornful Airs, and supercilious Snuff,
To cry, This Tragedy's such damn'd grave Stuff.
But now we hope more equal Judges come,
Since Flanders sends the generous Warriors home:
You that have fought for Liberty and Laws,
Whose Valour the proud Gallick Tyrant awes,
Join to assert the sinking Muses Cause,
Since the same Flame, by different Ways express'd,
Glows in the Hero's and the Poet's Breast;
The same great Thoughts that rouse you to the Fight
Inspire the Muse, and bid the Poet write.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfeld, who acted
Ethelinda.

THE Business of the Day being now gone thro',
I quit the Saint, and am like one of you;
As well to look to, tho' not quite so good;
I bate in Spirit, but keep my Flesh and Blood:
The Moral of this Play being rightly scann'd,
Is, He that leaves his nown dear Wife is damn'd.
I leave to you to make the Application:
The Doctrine, tho' a little out of Fashion,
May be of use in this same sinful Nation.
What think you of the Matter? Which of you
Would, for his Spouse, like my true Turtle do:
When Wealth and Beauty both at once importune,
Who would not leave his Wife, to make his Fortune?
To some, I know, it may appear but odly,
That this Place, of all others, should turn godly:
But what of that? Since some good Souls there are,
Would gladly be instructed any where;
Nor should you scorn the Weakness of the Teacher,
The Wisest Man is not the ablest Preacher.
Ev'n we, poor Women, have sometimes the Pow'r,
Read as you are, and rich in Learning's Store,
To teach you Men what you ne'er knew before.
To no Enthusiastick Rage we swell,
Nor foam, nor act Tom Tumbler out of Zeal.

But

EPILOGUE.

But tho' we don't pretend to Inspiration,
Yet, like the Prophets of a Neighbour Nation,
Our Teaching chiefly lies in AGITATION.
Perhaps, indeed, such are your wand'ring Brains,
Our Author might have spar'd his Tragick Pains:
By that you've supp'd, and are set in to Drinking,
Some sweeter Masters will employ your Thinking,
With Nymphs Divine, writ on each Glass before ye,
You'll be but little better for our Story.
But since the parting Hour, tho' late, will come,
And all of you, at least as I presume,
May find some kind, instructive She at home,
Then Curtain Lectures will, I hope, be read,
Those Morals then, which from your Thoughts were fled,
Shall be put home to you, and taught a bed.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Hengist, King of *Kent*, Son to *Hengist* } *Mr. Booth.*
the first *Saxon* Invader of *Britain*.

Aribert, his Brother. } *Mr. Wilks.*

Offa, a *Saxon* Prince. } *Mr. Husbands.*

Seofrid, first Minister and Favourite } *Mr. Mills.*
to the King.

Oswald, Friend to *Aribert*. } *Mr. Keen.*

W O M E N.

Rodogune, a *Saxon* Princess, Sister to } *Mrs. Barry.*
Offa, betrothed to the King.

Ethelinda, a *British* Lady, privately } *Mrs. Oldfield.*
marry'd to *Aribert*.

Priests, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE in *Kent*, about *Twenty Years*
after the first Invasion of *Britain* by the
Saxons.

T H E



THE
ROYAL CONVERT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Palace.*

Enter Aribert and Oswald.

ARIBERT,

SUCH are, my Friend, the Joys our
Loves have known,
So still to be desired, so ever new, I
Nor by Fruition pall'd, nor chang'd by
Absence.

Whate'er the Poets dreamt of their *Elysium*,
Or what the Saints believe of the first Paradise,
When Nature was not yet deform'd by Winter,
But one perpetual Beauty crown'd the Year,
Such have we found 'em still, still, still the same.

Osw. Such grant, kind Heaven, their Course to be
for ever!

But

14 *The Royal Convert.*

But yet, my Prince, forgive your faithful *Oswald*,
If he believes you melt with too much *Tenderness*;
Your noble Heart forgets its native *Greatness*,
And sinks in *Softness*, when you languish thus;
Thus sigh and murmur but for *six Days Absence*.

Ari. Chide not; but think if e'er, when thou wert
young,

Thou lov'dst thy self, how thou wert wont to judge
Of Time, of Love, of Absence and Impatience.

What! *six long Days* and never write nor send,

Tho' *Adelmar* and *Kenwald*, faithful both,

Were left behind, to bring me Tidings from her:

How, *Ethelinda*! how hast thou forgot me!

Osw. Perhaps I err; but if the Pain be such,

Why is the Fair One, who alone can ease it,

Thus far divided from your longing Arms?

'Twere better ne'er to part, than thus to mourn.

Ari. Oh *Oswald*! is there not a fatal Cause?

Thou know'st my *Ethelinda*—

Osw. Is a Christian;

A Name by Saxons, and their Gods abhorr'd.

To me her differing Faith imports not much;

'Tis true indeed, bred to my Country's Manners,

I worship as my Fathers did before me.

Unpractis'd in Disputes, and wrangling Schools,

I seek no farther Knowledge, and so keep

My Mind at Peace, nor know the Pain of doubting;

What others think I judge not of too nicely,

But hold, all honest Men are in the right.

Ari. Then know yet more; for my whole Breast is thine;

Ev'n all my secret Soul: I am a Christian.

'Tis wonderful to tell; for oh, my *Oswald*,

I listen'd to the Charmer of my Heart,

Still,

The Royal Convert.

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Still, as the Night that fled away, I fate;
I heard her with an Eloquence divine;
Reason of holy and mysterious Truths;
Of Heav'n's most righteous Doom, of Man's Injustice;
Of Laws to curb the Will, and bind the Passions;
Of Life, of Death, and Immortality;
Of gnashing Fiends beneath, and Pains Eternal;
Of starry Thrones, and endless Joys above.
My very Soul was aw'd, was shook within me;
Methought I heard distinct, I saw most plain,
Some Angel, in my *Ethilinda's* Form,
Point out my Way to everlasting Happiness.

Osw. 'Tis wonderful indeed; and yet great Souls,
By Nature half divine, soar to the Stars,
And hold a near Acquaintance with the Gods.
And oh, my Prince, when I survey thy Virtue,
I own the Seal of Heav'n imprint'd on thee;
I stand convinc'd that good and holy Powers
Inspire and take Delight to dwell within thee.
Yet Crowds will still believe, and Priests will teach,
As wand'ring Fancy, and as The rest leads;
How will the King and our fierce Saxon Chiefs
Approve this Bride and Faith? Had Royal *Harold*,
Thy Father, liv'd? —

Ari. 'Tis on that Rock we perish;
Thou bring'st his dreadful Image to my Thoughts;
And now he stands before me, stormy, fierce,
Imperious, unrelenting, and to Death
Tenacious of his Purpose once resolv'd,
Just such he seems, as when severe and frowning;
He forc'd the King, my Brother, and my self,
To kneel and swear at *Woden's* cruel Altar;
First, never to forgo our Country's Gods;

Then

Then made us vow with deepest Imprecations,
If it were either's Fortune e'er to wed,
Never to choose a Wife among the Christians.

Osw. Have you not fail'd in both?

Ari. 'Tis true, I have;

But for a Cause so just, so worthy of me,
That not t'have fail'd in both, had been t'have fail'd.
Yes, *Oswald*, by the conscious Judge within,
So do I stand acquitted to my self,
That were my *Ethelinda* free from Danger,
On Peril of my Life I would make known,
And to the World avow my Love and Faith.

Osw. I dare not, nay 'tis sure I cannot blame you;

You are the secret Worship of my Soul,
To me so perfect, that you cannot err.
But oh! my Prince, let me conjure you now,
By that most faithful Service I've still paid you,
By Love, and by the gentle *Ethelinda*,
Be cautious of your Danger, rest in Silence.
In holy Matters, Zeal may be your Guide,
And lift you on her flaming Wings to Heav'n;
But here on Earth trust Reason, and be safe.

Ari. 'Tis true, the present angry Face of Things
Bespeaks our coolest Thoughts: The *British* King,
Ambrosius arms, and calls us forth to Battle,
Demanding back the fruitful Fields of *Kent*,
By *Vortigern* to Royal *Hengist* giv'n;
A mean Reward for all those *Saxon* Lives
Were lost, in propping *Britain's* sinking State.

Osw. The War with *Britain* is a distant Danger,
Nor to be weigh'd with our domestick Fears.
Young *Offa*, chief among our *Saxon* Princes,
Who at the King's Intreaty friendly came

The Royal Convert.

17

From Northern *Futland*, and the Banks of *Elbe*,
With twice ten thousand Warriors to his Aid,
Frowns on our Court, complains aloud of Wrongs,
And wears a publick Face of Discontent.

Ari. 'Tis said he is offended, that the King
Delays to wed his Sister,

Osw. 'Twas agreed,
'Twas made the first Condition of their Friendship,
And sworn with all the Pomp of Priests and Altars,
That beauteous *Rodogune* shou'd be our Queen;
Then wherefore this Delay? The Time was fix'd,
The Feast was bid, and Mirth proclaim'd to all;
The Groud grew jovial with the hopes of Holy-days,
And each, according to our Country's Manner,
Provok'd his Fellow with a friendly Bowl,
And bless'd the Royal Pair; when on the Morn,
The very Morn that should have join'd their Hands,
The King forbad the Rites.

Ari. Two Days are past,
Nor has my Brother yet disclos'd the Cause.
Last Night, at parting from him, he stop't short,
Then catch'd my Hand, and with a troubled Accent,
With Words that spoke like secret Shame and Sorrow,
He told me he had something to impart,
And wish'd that I would wait him in the Morning.

Osw. But see, Prince *Offa* and his beauteous Sister!
The King's most favour'd Counsellor, old *Sadfride*,
Is with 'em too.

Ari. Retire; I would not meet 'em.
That Princess, *Oswald*, is esteem'd a Wonder.
To me she seems most fair; and yet, methinks,
Dost thou not mark? there is I know not what
Of sullen and severe, of fierce and haughty.

From

That

That pleases not, but awes; I gaze astonish'd,
 And Fear prevents Desire. — So Men tremble,
 When Light'ning shoots in glittering Trails along;
 It shines, 'tis true, and gilds the gloomy Night;
 But where it strikes, 'tis fatal.

[*Exeunt Aribert and Oswald.*]

Enter Offa, Rodogune, Seofrid, and Attendants.

Offa. By *Woden*, no! I will not think he meant it;
 Revenge had else been swift. — So high I hold
 The Honour of a Soldier and a King,
 I wo'not think your Master meant to wrong me.
 Let him beware, however! — jealous Friendship,
 And Beauty's tender Fame, can brook no Sights.
 What in a Foe I pardon or despise,
 Is deadly from a Friend, and so to be repaid.

Seofa. Whatever Fable or ancient Story tells,
 Of Brothers Love, or celebrated Friends,
 Whose Faith, in Perils oft, and oft in Death,
 Severely had been try'd, and never broke,
 Such is the Truth, and such the grateful Mind
 Of Royal *Hengist* to the Princely *Offa*.

Not you, fair Princess, frown, if Wars and Troubles,
 [To *Rodogune*.

If watchful Councils, and if Cares, which wait
 On Kings, the Nurturing Fathers of their People,
 Withhold a while the Monarch from your Arms.

Rodo. When fierce *Ambrosius* leads the Britons forth,
 Thunders in Arms, and shakes the dusty Field,
 It suits thy wary Master's Caution well,
 To sit with dreaming hoary Heads at Council,
 And waste the Midnight Taper in Debates.
 But let him still be wise, consult his Safety,

And

The Royal Convert.

19

And trouble me no more. Does he send thee
With Tales of dull Respect, and faint Excuses?
Tell him he might have spae'd the formal Message,
'Till some kind Friend had told him how I languish'd,
How like a Turtle I bemoan'd his Absence.

Seof. Pardon, fair Excellence, if full ring Age
Profanes the Passion I was bid to paint,
And drops the Tale imperfect from my Tongue.
But Lovers best can plead their Cause themselves,
And see, your Slave, the King, my Master, comes,
To move your gentle Heart with faithful Vows,
And pay his humble Homage at your Feet.

Enter the King, Guard, and other Attendants.

King. But that I trust not to that Babbler, Baine,
Who, careless of the Majesty of Kings,
Scatters lewd Lies among the Crowd, and wins
The easy Idiots to believe Monsters,
I should have much to charge you with, my Brother:
I stand accus'd —

Offa. How, Sir?

King. So speaks Report,
As wanting to my Honour, and my Friendship,
By you I stand accus'd.

Offa. Now by your Friendship,
If that be yet an Oath, resolve me, *Hengist*,
Whence are these Doubts between us, whence this
Coldness?

Say thou, who know'st, what sudden secret Thought
Has stept between, and dash'd the publick Joy!
Thou call'st me Brother; wherefore wait the Priests,
And suffer *Hymen's* holy Fires to languish?
What hinders, but that now the Rites begin,

That

That now we lose all thoughts of past Displeasure;
And in the Temple tie the sacred Knot
Of Love and Friendship to endure for ever?

King. What hinders it indeed, but that which makes
This medly War within? but that which causes
This Sickness of the Soul, and weighs her down
With more than mortal Cares?

Offa. What shall I call
This secret gloomy Grief, that hides its Head,
And loves to lurk in Shades? Have Royal Minds
Such Thoughts as shun the Day?

King. Urge me no farther,
But, like a Friend, be willing not to know
What to reveal would give thy Friend a Pain.
Be still the Partner of my Heart, and share
In Arms and Glory with me; but oh! leave,
Leave me alone to struggle thro' one Thought,
One secret anxious Pang, which jars within me,
That makes me act a Madman's Part before thee,
And talk Confusion—if thou art my Friend,
Thou hast heard me, and be satisfy'd—if not,
I have too much descended from my self
To make the mean Request—but rest we here,
To you, fair Princess——

Rodo. No!—there needs no more;
For I would spare thee the unready Tale.
Know, faithless King, I give thee back thy Vows,
And bid thee sin secure, be safely perjur'd.
Since if your Gods behold thee with my Eyes,
Their Thunder shall be kept for nobler Vengeance,
And what they scorn, like me, they shall forgive.

King. When Anger lightens in the fair One's Eyes,
Lowly we bow, as to offended Heaven,
With

The Royal Convert.

21

With blind Obedience, and submissive Worship;
Nor with too curious Boldness rashly reason
Of what is just or unjust, such high Pow'r
Is to its self a Rule, and cannot err.
Yet this may be permitted me to speak,
Howe'er the present Circumstance reproach me,
Yet still my Heart avows your Beauty's Pow'r,
My Eyes confess you Fair.

Rodo. Whate'er I am
Is of my self, by native Worth existing,
Secure, and independent of thy Praise;
Nor let it seem too proud a Boast, if Minds
By Nature great, or conscious of their Greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow ought from Flattery.
King. You are offended, Lady.

Rodo. *Hengist,* no.
Perhaps thou think'st this generous Indignation,
That blushing burns upon my glowing Cheek,
And sparkles in my Eyes, a Woman's Weakness;
The Malice of a poor forsaken Maid,
Who rails at faithless Man---Mistaken Monarch---
For know e'en from the first, my Soul disdain'd thee;
Nor am I left by thee, but thou by me.
So was thy Falshood to my Will subservient;
And by my Purpose bound, thus Man, tho' limited
By Fate, may vainly think his Actions free,
While all he does, was at his Hour of Birth,
Or by his Gods, or potent Stars ordain'd.

Offa. No more, my Sister: Let the Gown-men talk,
And mark out Right and Wrong in noisy Courts;
While the Brave find a nearer way to justice,
They hold themselves the Balance and the Sword,
And suffer Wrong from none. 'Tis much beneath me,
To

The Royal Convert.

To ask again the Debt you owe to Honour;
 So that be satisfy'd, we still are Friends,
 And Brothers of the War. But mark me, *Hengist*,
 I am not us'd to wait, and if this Day
 Pass unregarded as the former two,
 Soon as to Morrow dawns, expect me,

King. Where?

Offa. Arm'd in the Field.

Seof. Beseech you, Sir, be calm, *To the King,*
 The valiant Prince.

Offa. Tho' I could wish it otherwise,
 And since the Honour of the Saxon Name,
 And Empire here in Britain, rests upon thee,
 Believe me, I would still be found thy Friend.

[*Exeunt Offa, Rodegune, and Attendants.*]

King. No, I renounce that Friendship, perish too,
 Perish that Name and Empire both for ever;
 What are the Kingdoms of the peopled Earth,
 What are their Purple, and their Crowns to me,
 If I am curst within, and want that Peace
 Which every Slave enjoys?

Seof. My Royal Master,
 It racks my aged Heart to see you thus;
 But oh! what Aid, what Counsel can I bring you,
 When all yon Eastern Down, ev'n to the Surge
 That bellowing beats on Dover's chalky Cliff,
 With crested Helmets thick embattel'd shines;
 With these your Friends, what are you but the great-
 est?

With these your Foes.—Oh! let me lose that Thought,
 And rather think I see you Britain's King;
Ambrosius vanquish'd, and the farthest Picts
 Submitted to your Sway, tho' the same Scene

Discover'd

The Royal Convert.

123

Discover'd to my View the haughty *Rodrigue*
Plac'd on your Throne, and Partner of your Bed.
King. What! should I barter Beauty for Ambition,
Forfake my Heav'n of Love to reign in Hell?
Take a Domestick Fury to my Breast,
And never know one Hour of Peace again?
Statesman, thou reason'st ill. By mighty *Thor*,
Who wields the Thunder, I will rather choose
To meet their Fury. Let 'em come together,
Young *Offa* and *Ambrosius*. Tho' my Date
Of mortal Life be short, it shall be glorious,
Each Minute shall be rich in some great Action,
To speak the King, the Hero, and the Lover.

Seof. The Hero and the King are glorious Names;
But oh! my Master, wherefore is the Lover?
In Honour's Name remember what you are,
Break from the Bondage of this feeble Passion,
And urge your way to Glory: Leave with Scorn
Unmanly Pleasures to unmanly Minds,
And thro' the rough, the thorny Paths of Danger,
Aspire to Virtue, and immortal Greatness.

King. Hence with thy hungry, dull, untimely Mo-
rals,

The fond deluding Sophistry of Schools.
Who would be Great, but to be happy too?
And yet such Idiots are we, to exchange
Our Peace and Pleasure for the Trifle Glory:
What is the Monarch, mighty, rich and great?
What? but the common Victim of the State:
Born to grow old in Cares, to waste his Blood,
And still be wretched for the publick Good.
So by the Priests the noblest of the Kind,
Is to atone the angry Gods design'd;

And

And while the meaner sort from Death are freed,
 The mighty Bull, that wont the Herd to lead,
 Is doom'd for fatal Excellence to bleed

[*Exeunt.*]*The End of the First Act.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the King and Scofid.

King. NO more of these unnecessary Doubts:
 Thy cold, thy cautious Age is vainly
 anxious,

Thy Fears are un auspicious to my Courage,
 And chill the native Ardour of my Soul.

This fullen cloudy Sky that bodes a Storm
 Shall clear, and every Danger fleet away;

Our Saxons shall forget the present Discord,
 And urge the Britons with united Arms;

Hymen shall be aton'd, shall join two Hearts
 Agreeing, kind and fitted for each other,

And Aribert shall be the Pledge of Peace.

Seof. Propitious God of Love, incline his Heart
 To melt before her Eyes, to meet her Wishes,
 And yield Submission to the haughty Maid.

Thou that delight'st in cruel Wantonness,
 To join unequal Necks beneath thy Yoke,
 For once be gentle, and inspire both Hearts
 With mutual Flames, that each may burn alike.

Oft hast thou ruin'd Kingdoms, save one now;
 And those who curst thee, parsimonious Age
 And rigid Wisdom, shall raise Altars to thee.

Enter

The Royal Convert.

25

Enter Aribert.

King. But see he comes, and brings our Wishes with him.

Oh, *Aribert*! my Soul has long desir'd thee,
Has waited long for thy Relief, and wanted
To share the Burden which she bears with thee,
And give thee half her Sorrows.

Ari. Give me all,
Ev'n all the Pain you feel, and let my Truth
Be greatly try'd, let there be much to suffer,
To prove how much my willing Heart can bear,
To ease my King, my Brother, and my Friend.

King. I know thee ever gentle in thy Nature,
Yielding and kind, and tender in thy Friendship,
And therefore all my Hope of Peace dwells with thee.
For oh! my Heart has labour'd long with Pain,
I have endured the Rage of secret Grief,
A Malady that burns and rankles inward,
And wanted such a Hand as thine to heal me.

Ari. Speak it, nor wound the Softness of my Soul
With these obscure Complaining; speak, my Lord.

King. First then, this fatal Marriage is my Curse,
This galling Yoke to which my Neck is doom'd,
This Bride—she is my Plague—she haunts my Dreams,
Invades the softer silent Hour of Rest,
And breaks the balmy Slumber. Night grows tedious,
She seems to lag, and hang her sable Wing;
And yet I dread the Dawning of the Morn,
As if some screaming Sprite had shriek'd, and call'd,
Hengist, arise, to Morrow is thy last.

Ari. A thousand speaking Grievs are in your Eyes,
To tell the Rack within—I read it plain.
But oh! my King, what Prophet could have dreamt

B

A Turn

Enter

A Turn like this? that Beauty should destroy,
And Love, which should have blest you, curse you most.

King. Oh! Wherefore nam'st thou Love? Can there
be Love,

When Choice, the free, the cheerful Voice of Nature,
And Reason's dearest Privilege is wanting?
What cruel Laws impose a Bride or Bridegroom,
On any Brute but Man? Observe the Beasts,
And mark the feather'd Kind, does not the Turtle,
When *Venus* and the coming Spring incite him,
Choose out his Mate himself, and love her most,
Because he likes her best? But Kings must wed,
Curse on the hard Condition of their Royalty!
That sordid Slaves may sweat and eat in Peace.

Ari. 'Tis hard indeed! — Would she had never come,
This —

King. So would I! — but now —

Ari. Ay! Now what Remedy?

When to refuse the *Saxon Offa's* Sister,
Shall shake your Throne, and make the Name of *Heng-*
gift,

The famous, the victorious Name of *Hengist*,
Grow vile and mean in *Britain*.

King. Yes, my Brother,
There is a Remedy, and only one.

This proud imperious Fair, whose haughty Soul
Disdains the humble Monarchs of the Earth,
Who soars elate, affects to tread the Stars,
And scorns to mingle but with those above,
Ev'n she, with all that Majesty and Beauty,
The proudest and the fairest of her Sex,
She has the Passions of a very Women,
And dotes on thee, my *Aribert*.

Ari.

The Royal Convert.

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Ari. On me!—

What means my Lord? impossible!

King. 'Tis true;

As true, as that my Happiness depends
Upon her Love to thee. My faithful *Seofrid*
Has pierc'd into her very inmost Heart,
And found thee reigning there.

Ari. Then all is plain:

My swelling Heart heaves at the Wrong you do me,
And wo't not be repress'd. Some Fiend from Hell
Has shed his Poison in your Royal Breast,
And stung you with the gnawing Canker, Jealousy.
But wherefore should I seek for Fiends from Hell,
And trace the Malice of the Thought from far,
Since the perfidious Author stands confess'd?
This Villain has traduc'd me.—

Seof. By the Soul

Of your victorious Father, Royal *Hengist*,
My ever gracious, ever honour'd Master,
Much have you wrong'd your faithful *Seofrid*,
To think that I would kindle wrath betwixt you,
Or strive to break your holy Bond of Brotherhood.

King. No, *Aribert*, accuse him not, nor doubt

His oft, his well-try'd Faith. But cast thy Eyes

Back on thy self, and while I hold the Mirror,

Survey thy self, the certain Cause of Love:

Survey thy youthful Form, by Nature fashion'd

The most unerring Pattern of her Skill;

The Pomp of Loveliness she spreads all o'er thee,

And decks thee lavishly with ev'ry Grace,

That charms in Woman, or commands in Man;

Behold—nor wonder then if Crowns are scorn'd,

And purple Majesty looks vile before thee.

Ari. Oh! whither, whither would you lead? And why

This Prodigality of ill-tim'd Praise?

Seof. Were you not all my Royal Master said,
Form'd to enthral the Hearts of the soft Sex,
Yet that she loves is plain, from——

Ari. Hence, thou Sycophant!

Seof. Your Pardon, Sir; it has not been my Office
To forge a Tale, or cheat your Ear with Flattery,
Nor have I other Meaning than your Service;
But that the Princess loves you is most true.

Emma, the chief, most favour'd of her Women,
The only Partner of her secret Soul,
To me avow'd her Passion; and howe'er
Her haughty Looks resent the King's Delay,
Yet in her Heart with Pleasure she applauds it,
And would forego, tho' hard to Womankind,
The Pride, high Place and Dignity of Empire,
To share an humbler Fate with princely *Aribert*.

King. Why dost thou turn away? Wherefore deform
The Grace and Sweetness of thy smiling Youth,
With that ungentle Frown? Art thou not pleas'd
To see the Tyrant Beauty kneel before thee,
Divested of her Pride, and yield to thee
Unask'd a Prize, for which, like *Gracian Helen*,
The Great Ones of the Earth might strive in Arms,
And Empires well be lost?

Ari. Are we not Brothers?

We are; and Nature form'd us here alike;
Save that her partial Hand gave all the Majesty
And Greatness to my King, and left me rich
Only in Plainness, Friendship, Truth and Tenderness.
Then wonder not our Passions are the same;

That

The Royal Convert.

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That the same Objects cause our Love and Hate.
You say, you cannot love this beauteous Stranger;
Is not my Heart like yours?

King. Come near, my Brother;
And while I lean thus fondly on thy Bosom,
I will disclose my inmost Soul to thee,
And shew the ev'ry secret Sorrow there.
I love, my *Aribert*; I dote to Death:
The raging Flame has touch'd my Heart, my Brain,
And Madness will ensue.

Ari. 'Tis most unhappy!
But say, what Royal Maid, or *Saxon* born,
Or in the *British* Court, what fatal Beauty
Can rival *Rodogune's* Imperial Charms?

King. 'Tis all a Tale of Wonder, 'tis a Riddle.
High on a Throne, and Royal as I am,
I want a Slave's Consent to make me happy.
Nay more, possess'd of her I love, or Love,
Or some Divinity, more strong than Love,
Forbids my Bliss, nor have I yet enjoy'd her.
Tho' I have taught my haughty Heart to bow,
Tho' lowly as she is, of Birth obscure,
And of a Race unknown, I oft have offer'd
To raise her to my Throne, make her my Queen;
Yet still her colder Heart denies my Suit,
And weeping, still she answers, 'tis in vain.

Ari. Mysterious all, and dark! Yet such is Love,
And such the Laws of his fantastick Empire.
The wanton Boy delights to bend the Mighty,
And scoffs at the vain Wisdom of the Wise.

King. Here in my Palace, in this next Apartment
Unknown to all but this my faithful *Seofrid*;
The Charmer of my Eyes, my Heart's dear Hope

Remains, at once my Captive and my Queen.

Ari. Ha! in your Palace! here!—

King. Ev'n here, my Brother.

But thou, thou shalt behold her, for to thee,
As to my other self, I trust. The Cares
Of Courts, and Tyrant Business draw me hence,
But *Seofrid* shall stay, and to thy Eyes

[*The King signs to Seofrid, who goes out.*
Disclose the secret Treasure! Oh! My *Aribert*,
Thou wo't not wonder what distracts my Peace,
When thou behold'st those Eyes. Pity thy Brother,
And from the Beach lend him thy friendly Hand,
Left while conflicting with a Sea of Sorrows,
The proud Waves over-bear him, and he perish.

Ari. Judge me, just Heav'n, and you, my Royal
Brother,

If my own Life be dear to me as yours.
All that my scanty Pow'r can give is yours.
If I am circumscrib'd by Fate, oh! pity me,
That I can do no more; for oh! my King,
I would be worthy of a Brother's Name,
Would keep up all my Int'rest in your Heart.
That when I kneel before you (as it soon
May happen that I shall) when I fall prostrate,
And doubtfully and trembling ask a Boon,
The greatest you can give, or I can ask,
I may find Favour in that Day before you,
And bless a Brother's Love, that bids me live.

King. Talk not of asking, but command my Pow'r.
By *Thor*, the greatest of our *Saxon* Gods,
I swear, the Day that sees three join'd to *Rodogune*,
Shall see thee crown'd, and Partner of my Throne.
Whate'er our Arms shall conquer more in *Britain*,

Thine

Thine be the Pow'r, and mine but half the Name,
With Joy to thee, my *Aribert*, I yield
The Wreaths and Trophies of the dusty Field,
To thee I leave this noblest Isle to sway,
And teach the stubborn *Britons* to obey;
While from my Cares to Beauty I retreat,
Drink deep the luscious Banquet, and forget
That Crowns are glorious, or that Kings are great.

[Exit King.]

Manet Aribert.

Ari. Oh fatal Love! ——— curst un auspicious Flame!
Thy baleful Fires blaze o'er us like a Comet,
And threaten Discord, Desolation, Rage,
And most malignant Mischief. ——— Lov'd by *Rodogune*!
What I! ——— must I wed *Rodogune*! ——— O Misery!
Fantastick Cruelty of Hoodwink'd Chance!
There is no end of Thought ——— the Labyrinth Wind,
And I am lost for ever ——— Oh! where now,
Where is my *Ethelinda* now! ——— that dear one,
That gently us'd to breathe the Sounds of Peace,
Gently as Dews descend, or Slumbers creep,
That us'd to brood o'er my tempestuous Soul,
And hush me to a Calm.

Enter Seofrid and Ethelinda.

Seof. Thus still to weep,
Is to accuse my Royal Master's Truth.
He loves you with the best, the noblest Meaning,
With Honour ———

Ethel. Keep, oh keep him in that Thought,
And save me from Pollution. Let me know
All Miseries beside, each kind of Sorrow,
And prove me with Variety of Pains,

Whips, Racks and Flames: For I was born to suffer;
And when the Measure of my Woes is full,
That Pow'r in whom I trust will set me free.

Ari. It cannot be----No, 'tis Illusion all. [*Seeing her.*
Some mimic Fantom wears the lovely Form,
Has learnt the Musick of her Voice, to mock me,
To strick me dead with Wonder and with Fear.

Ethel. And do I see thee then! my Lord! my

Aribert!

What! once more hold thee in my trembling Arms!
Here let my Days, and here my Sorrows end,
I have enough of Life.

Seof. Ha! What is this!

But mark a little farther.

[*Aside.*

Ethel. Keep me here,

Oh bind me to thy Breast, and hold me fast;

For if we part once more, 'twill be for ever.

It is not to be told what Ruin follows.

'Tis more than Death, 'tis all that we can fear,

And we shall never, never meet again.

Ari. Then here, thus folded in each others Arms,

Here, let us here resolve to die together;

Defy the Malice of our cruel Fate,

And thus preserve the sacred Bond inviolable,

Which Heav'n and Love ordain'd to last for ever.

But 'tis in vain, 'tis torn, 'tis broke already;

And envious Hell, with its more potent Malice,

Has ruin'd and deform'd the beauteous Work of

Heav'n:

Else, wherefore art thou here! Tell me at once,

And strike me to the Heart----But 'tis too plain:

I read thy Wrongs----I read the horrid Incest----

Seof. Ha! Incest, said he, Incest-----

[*Aside.*

Ethel.

Ethel. Oh! forbear
The dreadful impious Sound; I shake with Horror
To hear it nam'd? Guard me, thou gracious Heav'n;
Thou that hast been my sure Defence 'till now,
Guard me from Hell, and that its blackest Crime.

Ari. Yes, ye Celestial Host, ye Saints and Angels,
She is your Care, you Ministers of Goodness.
For this bad World is leagu'd with Hell against her,
And only you can save her.----I my self, [To *Ethel.*
Ev'n I am sworn thy Foe, I have undone thee,
My Fondness now betrays thee to Destruction.

Ethel. Then all is bad indeed.

Ari. Thou seest it not.
My heedless Tongue has talk'd away thy Life:
And mark the Minister of both our Fates.

[Pointing to *Seofrid.*
Mark with what Joy he hugs the dear Discovery,
And thanks my Folly for the fatal Secret:
Mark how already in his working Brain,
He forms the well-concerted Scheme of Mischief:
'Tis fix'd, 'tis done, and both are doom'd to Death--
And yet there is a Pause--If Graves are silent,
And the Dead wake not to molest the Living,
Be Death thy Portion---die, and with thee die
The Knowledge of our Love.-----

[*Aribert catches hold of Seofrid with one Hand, with
the other draws his Sword, and holds it to his Breast.*

Seof. What means my Lord?-----

Ethel. Oh hold! for Mercy's sake restrain thy Hand,
[Holding his Hand.
Blot not thy Innocence with guiltless Blood.
What would thy rash, thy frantick Rage intend?

Ari. Thy Safety and my own-----

Ethel. Trust 'em to Heav'n.

Seof. Has then my hoary Head deserv'd no better,
Than to behold my Royal Master's Son
Lift up his armed Hand against my Life?
Oh Prince, oh wherefore burn your Eyes, and why,
Why is your sweetest Temper turn'd to Fury?

Ari. Oh thou hast seen, and heard, and known too
much,
Hast pry'd into the Secret of my Heart,
And found the certain Means of my undoing.

Seof. Where is the Merit of my former Life,
The try'd Experience of my faithful Years!
Are they forgot, and can I be that Villain!

Ari. Thou wert my Father's old, his faithful Servant.

Seof. Now by thy Life, our Empire's other Hope,
O Royal Youth, I swear my Heart bleeds for thee,
Nor can this Object of thy fond Desire,
This lovely weeping Fair, be dearer to thee,
Than thou art to thy faithful *Seofrid*.
I saw thy Love, I heard thy tender Sorrows,
With somewhat like an anxious Father's Pity,
With Cares, and with a thousand Fears for thee.

Ari. What! is it possible!

Seof. Of all the Names
Religion knows, point the most sacred out,
And let me swear by that.

Ari. I would believe thee.

Forgive the Madness of my first Despair,
[*Letting fall his sword.*]
And if thou hast Compassion, shew it now;
Be now that Friend, be now that Father to me,
Be now that Guardian Angel which I want,
Have Pity on my Youth, and save my Love.

Seof.

The Royal Convert.

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Seof. First then, to stay these sudden Gusts of Passion
That hurry you from Reason, rest assur'd
The Secret of your Love lives with me only.
The Dangers are not small that seem to threaten you;
Yet, would you trust you to your old Man's Care,
I durst be bold to warrant yet your Safety.

Ari. Perhaps the ruling Hand of Heav'n is in it;
And working thus unseen by second Causes,
Ordains thee for its Instrument of Good,
To me, and to my Love. Then be it so,
I trust thee with my Life; but oh! yet more,
I trust thee with a Treasure that transcends
To infinite Degrees the Life of *Aribert*;
I trust thee with the Partner of my Soul,
My Wife, the kindest, dearest, and the truest,
That ever wore the Name.

Seof. Now Blessings on you—
May Peace of Mind and mutual Joys attend
To crown your fair Affections. May the Sorrows,
That now sit heavy on you, pass away,
And a long Train of smiling Years succeed,
To pay you for the past.

Ari. It was my Chance,
On that distinguish'd Day when valiant *Flavian*,
A Name renown'd among the *British* Chiefs,
Fell by the Swords of our victorious Saxons,
To rescue this his Daughter from the Violence
Of the fierce Soldiers Rage. Nor need I tell thee,
For thou thy self behold'st her, that I lov'd her,
Lov'd her and was belov'd; our meeting Hearts
Consented soon, and Marriage made us one.
Her holy Faith and Christian Cross, oppos'd
Against the *Saxon* Gods, join'd with the Memory

Of

Of the dread King my Father's fierce Command,
 Urg'd me to seek my *Ethelinda's* Safety,
 And hide her from the World. Just to my Will,
 Beneath the friendly Covert of a Wood,
 Close by whose Side the silver *Medway* ran,
 I found a little pleasant, lonely Cottage,
 A Mansion fit for Innocence and Love,
 Had but a Guard of Angels dwelt around it
 To keep off Violence---But forc'd from thence---
 By whom betray'd -----Why I behold her here----
 There I am lost----

Ethel. There my sad Part begins.

It was the second Morn since thou hadst left me,
 When through the Wood I took my usual Way,
 To seek the Coolness of the well-spread Shade
 That overlooks the Flood. On a sear Branch,
 Low bending to the Bank, I sat me down,
 Musing and still; my Hand sustain'd my Head,
 My Eyes were fix'd upon the passing Stream,
 And all my Thoughts were bent on Heav'n and thee.
 When sudden through the Woods a bounding Stag
 Rush'd headlong down, and plung'd amidst the River.
 Nor far behind, upon a foaming Horse,
 There follow'd hard a Man of Royal Port.
 I rose, and would have sought the thicker Wood;
 But while I hurry'd on my hasty Flight,
 My heedless Feet deceiv'd me, and I fell.
 Straight leaping from his Horse, he rais'd me up,
 Surpris'd and troubl'd at the sudden Chance,
 I begg'd he would permit me to retire;
 But he, with furious, wild, disorder'd Looks,
 His Eyes and glowing Visage flashing Flame,
 Swore 'twas impossible; he never would,

He could not leave me, with ten thousand Ravings,
The Dictates of his looser Rage. At length
He seiz'd my trembling Hand: I shriek'd and call'd
To Heav'n for Aid, when in a luckless Hour,
Your faithful Servants, *Adelmar* and *Kenwald*,
Came up, and lost their Lives in my Defence.

Ari. Where will the Horror of thy Tale have End?

Ethel. The furious King (for such I found he was)
By three Attendants join'd, bore me away,
Resistless, dying, senseless with my Fears.
Since then, a wretched Captive, I deplore
Our Common Woes; for mine, I know, are thine.

Ari. Witness the Sorrows of the present Hour,
The Fears that rend ev'n now my lab'ring Heart,
For thee, and for my self. And yet, alas!
What are the present Ills, compar'd to those
That yet remain behind, for both to suffer
Think where thy helpless Innocence is lodg'd;
The Rage of lawless Pow'r, and burning Lust,
Are bent on thee; 'tis Hell's important Cause,
And all its blackest Fiends are arm'd against thee.

Ethel. 'Tis terrible! my Fears are mighty on me,
And all the Coward Woman trembles in me.
But oh! when Hope and never failing Faith
Revive my fainting Soul, and lift my Thoughts
Up to yon azure Sky, and burning Lights above,
Methinks I read my Safety written there;
Methinks I see the Warlike Host of Heav'n
Radiant in glittering Arms, and beamy Gold,
The great Angelick Pow'rs go forth by Bands,
To succour Truth and Innocence below.
Hell trembles at the Sight, and hides its Head
In utmost Darkness, while on Earth each Heart,

Like

Like mine, is fill'd with Peace and Joy unutterable.

Seof. What e'er Gods there be, their Care you are;
Not let your gentle Breast harbour one Thought
Of Outrage from the King: His Noble Nature,
Tho' warm, tho' fierce, and prone to sudden Passions,
Is just and gentle, when the torrent Rage
Ebbs out, and cooler Reason comes again.
Should be, (which all ye holy Pow'rs avert)
Urg'd by his Love, rush on to impious Force,
If that should happen, in that last Extreme,
On Peril of my Life I will assist you,
And you shall find your Safety in your Flight.

Ari. Oh guard her Innocence, let all thy Care
Be watchful, to preserve her from Dishonour.

Seof. Rest on my Diligence and Caution safe.
Ere twice the Ruler of the Day return,
To gild the chalky Cliffs on Britain's Shore,
Some favourable Moment shall be found,
To move the King, your Royal Brother's Heart,
With the sad tender Story of your Loves.
'Till then be chear'd, and hide your inward Sorrows
With well-dissembled necessary Smiles.
Let the King read Compliance in your Dooks,
A free and ready yielding to his Wishes.
At present, to prevent his Doubts, 'twere fit
That you should take a hasty Leave, and part.

Ethel. What! must we part?

Seof. But for a few short Hours,
That you may meet in Joy, and part no more.

Ari. Oh fatal Sound! oh Grief unknown 'till now!
While thou art present my sad Heart seems lighter;
I gaze, and gather Comfort from thy Beauty,
Thy gentle Eyes send forth a quick'ning Spirit,

And

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And feed the dying Lamp of Life within me;
But oh! when thou art gone, and my fond Eyes
Shall seek thee all around, but seek in vain,
What Pow'r, what Angel shall supply thy Place,
Shall help me to support my Sorrows then,
And save my Soul from Death?

Ethel. My Life! my Lord!

What would my Heart say to thee! — but no more —
Oh lift thy Eyes up to that Holy Pow'r,
Whose wondrous Truths, and Majesty Divine,
Thy *Ethelinda* taught thee first to know,
There fix thy Faith, and triumph o'er the World:
For who can help, or who can save besides?
Does not the Deep grow calm, and the rude North
Be hush'd at his Command? thro' all his Works,
Does not his Servant Nature hear his Voice?
Hear and Obey? Then what is impious Man
That we should fear him, when Heav'n owns our Cause?
That Heav'n shall make my *Ariens* its Care,
Shall to thy Groans and Sighings lend an Ear,
And save thee in the Moment of Despair.

Ari. Oh! thou hast touch'd me with the sacred Theme,
And my cold Heart is kindled at thy Flame;
An active Hope grows busy in my Breast,
And something tells me we shall both be blest.
Like thine, my Eyes the Starry Thrones pursue,
And Heav'n disclos'd stands open to my View;
And see the Guardian Angels of the Good,
Reclining soft on many a Golden Cloud,
To Earth they seem their gentle Heads to bow,
And pity what we suffer here below;
But oh! to thee, thee most they seem to turn,
Joy in thy Joys, and for thy Sorrows mourn:

Thee,

Thee, oh my Love, their common Care they make;
 Me to their kind Protection too they take,
 And save me for my *Ethelinda's* sake.

[*Exeunt Seofrid and Ethelinda at one Door,*

Aribert at the other.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Seofrid.

Seof. **W**HAT is the boasted Majesty of Kings,
 Their Godlike Greatness, if their Fate de-
 pends

Upon that meanest of their Passions, Love?
 The Pile their warlike Fathers toil'd to raise,
 To raise a Monument of deathless Fame,
 A Woman's Hand o'er turns. The Cedar thus,
 That lifted his aspiring Head to Heav'n,
 Secure, and fearless of the sounding Axe,
 Is made the Prey of Worms; his Root destroy'd,
 He sinks at once to Earth, the mighty Ruin,
 And Triumph of a wretched Insect's Pow'r.
 Is there a Remedy in human Wisdom,
 My Mind has left unfought, to help this Evil?
 I would preserve 'em both, the Royal Brothers;
 But if their Fates ordain that one must fall;
 Then let my Master stand. This Christian Woman—
 Ay, there the Mischief comes!—What are our Gods,
 That they permit her to defy their Pow'r?

But

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But that's not much, let their Priests look to that.
Were she but well remov'd——But then the King——
Why, Absence, Business, or another Face,
A thousand Things may cure him——would 'twere done,
And my Head safe——That! let me look to that——
But see the Husband comes!——ha!——not ill thought,
It shall be try'd at least——

Enter Aribert.

Ari. Still to this Place

My Heart inclines, still hither turn my Eyes,
Hither my Feet unbidden find their way,
Like a fond Mother from her dying Babe
Forc'd by officious Friends, and Servants Care,
I linger at the Door, and wish to know,
Yet dread to hear the Fate of what I Love.
Oh *Seofrid*! dost thou not wonder much,
And pity my weak Temper, when thou seest me
Thus in a Moment chang'd from Hot to Cold,
My active Fancy glowing now with Hopes,
Anon thus drooping; Death in my pale Visage,
My Heart, and my chill Veins, all freezing with Despair?

Seof. I bear an equal Portion of your Sorrows,
Your Fears too all are mine. And oh! my Prince,
I would partake your Hopes; but my cold Age,
Still apt to doubt the worst——

Ari. What dost thou doubt?

Seof. Nay! nothing worse than what we both have
feard.

Ari. How! nothing!——speak thy Fear.

Seof. Why——nothing new.

The King——that's all.

Ari. The King!——Oh that's too much!

And

But

And yet—yet there is more, I read it plain
 In thy dark sullen Visage—like a Storm
 That gathers black upon the frowning Sky,
 And grumbles in the Wind—But let it come,
 Let the whole Tempest burst upon my Head,
 Let the fierce Lightning blast, the Thunder rive me,
 For oh 'tis sure the Fear of what may come,
 Does far transcend the Pain.

Seof. You fear too soon,

And Fancy drives you much too fiercely on.
 I do not say that what may happen, will;
 Chance often mocks what wisely we foresee.
 Besides, the ruling Gods are over all,
 And order as they please their World below.
 The King, 'tis true, is Noble—but Impetuous,
 And Love, or call it by the courser Name,
 Lust, is, of all the Frailties of our Nature,
 What most we ought to fear; the headstrong Beast
 Rushes along, impatient for the Course,
 Nor hears the Rider's Call, nor feels the Rein.

Ari. What would'st thou have me think?

Seof. Think of the worst,
 Your better Fortune will arrive more welcome.
 To speak then with that Openness of Heart
 That should deserve your trust, I have my Fears.
 What if, at some dead Hour of Night, the King
 Intend a Visit to your weeping Princess?

Ari. Ha! ———

Seof. He may go, 'tis true, with a fair Purpose;
 Suppose her sunk into a downy Slumber,
 Her beating Heart just tir'd, and gone to Rest:
 Methinks I see her on her Couch repos'd,
 The lovely, helpless, sweet, unguarded Innocence;

With

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With gentle Heavings rise her snowy Breasts,
Soft steals the balmy Breath, the rosy Hew
Glow on her Cheek, a deep Vermilion dyes
Her dewy Lip, while Peace and smiling Joy
Sit hush'd and silent on the sleeping Fair.
Then think what Thoughts invade the gazing King;
Catch'd with the sudden Flame, at once he burns,
At once he flies resistless on his Prey.
Waking she starts distracted with the Fright,
To *Aribert's* lov'd Name in vain she flies;
Shrieking she calls her absent Lord in vain.
The King possess'd of all his furious Will

Ari. First sink the Tyrant Ravisher to Hell,
Seize him, ye Fiends — first perish thou and I,
Let us not live to hear of so much Horror.
The cursed Deed will turn me savage wild,
Blot ev'ry Thought of Nature from my Soul.
A Brother! — I will rush and tear his Breast,
Be drunk with gushing Blood, and glut my Vengeance
With his incestuous Heart.

Seof. It is but just
You should be mov'd, for sure the Thought is dreadful.
But keep this swelling Indignation down,
And let your cooler Reason now prevail,
That may perhaps find out some means of Safety.

Ari. Talk'st thou of Safety! — we may talk of Heav'n,
May gaze with Rapture on yon starry Regions,
But who shall lend us Wings to reach their height?
Impossible! —

Seof. There is a Way yet left,
And only one.

Ari. Ha! speak —

Seof. Her sudden Flight.

Ari.

Ari. Oh! by what friendly Means? Be swift to answer,
Nor waste the precious Minutes with Delay.

Seof. The King, now absent from the Palace, seems
To yield a fair Occasion for your Wilhes;
A private Postern opens to my Gardens,
Thro' which the beauteous Captive might remove
Till Night, and a Disguise shall farther aid her,
To fly with Safety to the Britons Camp.
'Tis true, one Danger I might well object —

Ari. Oh! do not, do not blast the springing Hopes
Which thy kind Hand has planted in my Soul.
If there be Danger, turn it all on me.
Let my devoted Head —

Seof. Nay! — 'tis not much,
'Tis but my Life; and I would gladly give it,
To buy your Peace of Mind.

Ari. Alas! what mean'st thou?

Seof. Does it not follow plain? shall not the King
Turn all his Rage upon this hoary Head?
Shall not all Arts of Cruelty be try'd,
To find out Tortures equal to my Falshood?
Imagine you behold me bound and scourg'd,
My aged Muscles harrow'd up with Whips,
Or hear me groaning on the rending Rack,
Groaning and screaming with the sharpest Sense
Of piercing Pain; or see me gash'd with Knives,
And fear'd with burning Steel, till the scorch'd Marrow
Fries in the Bones, the shrinking Sinews start,
A smeary Foam works o'er my grinding Jaws,
And utmost Anguish shakes my lab'ring Frame:
For thus it must be.

Ari. Oh! my Friend! my Father!

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It must not be, it never can, it sha' not.
Wouldst thou be kind, and save my *Ethelinda*,
Leave me to answer all my Brother's Fury.
The Crime, the Falshood, shall be all my own!

Seof. Just to my Wish. [Aside.

Ari. Thou shalt accuse me to him.
Thou know'st his own Admittance gave me Entrance;
Swear that I stole her, that I forc'd her from thee;
Frame, with thy utmost Skill, some artful Tale,
And I'll avow it all.

Seof. Then have you thought
Upon the Danger, Sir?

Ari. Oh, there is none,
Can be no Danger while my Love is safe!

Seof. Methinks indeed it lessens to my View,
When the first Violence of Rage is over,
The Fondness of a Brother will return,
And plead your Cause with Nature in his Heart;
You will, you must be safe; and yet 'tis hard,
And grieves me much I should accuse you to him.

Ari. 'Tis that must cover the Design. But fly,
Lose not a Minute's time.

Haste to remove her from this cursed Place;
My faithful *Oswald* shall at Night attend thee,
And help to guard her to the *British* Camp;
Thou know'st that is not far.

Seof. Too near I know it. [Aside.

Ari. She has a Brother there, the noble *Lucius*,
A galant Youth, and dear to brave *Ambrosius*;
To his kind Care resign thy beauteous Charge.

Seof. This Instant I obey you. [Going.

Ari. Half my Fears
Are over now ———

Seof.

Seof. One thing I had forgot.

It will import us much, that you should seem

Inclin'd to meet the Love of haughty *Rodogune*;

'Twill cost you but a little courtly Flattery,

A kind respectful Look, join'd with a Sigh,

And few soft tender Words, that mean just nothing,

Yet win most Womens Hearts. But see she comes,

Constrain your Temper, Sir, be false, and meet her

With her own Sex's Arts; pursue your Task,

And doubt not all shall prosper to your Will.

[*Exit Seofrid.*]

Aribert solus.

Ari. She comes indeed! Now where shall I begin,

How shall I teach my Tongue to frame a Language

So different from my Heart? Oh *Eshelinda*!

My Heart was made to fit and pair with thine,

Simple and plain, and fraught with artless Tenderness;

Form'd to receive one Love, and only one,

But pleas'd and proud, and dearly fond of that,

It knows not what there can be in Variety,

And would not if it could.

[*Enter Rodogune.*]

Rodo. Why do I stay,

Why linger thus within this hated Place,

Where ev'ry Object shocks my loathing Eyes,

And calls my injur'd Glory to Remembrance?

The King! — the Wretch; but wherefore did I name
him?

Find out, my Soul, in thy rich Store of Thought,

Somewhat more Great, more Worthy of thy self;

Or let the mimic Fancy shew its Art,

And paint some pleasing Image to delight me.

Let

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Let Beauty mix with Majesty and Youth,
Let manly Grace be temper'd well with Softness;
Let Love, the God himself, adorn the Work,
And I will call the charming Fantom, *Ariber.*

Oh *Venus*! — whither — whither would I wander?
Be hush'd, my Tongue — ye Gods! — 'tis he himself. —

[Seeing *Ari.*

Ari. When, fairest Princess, you avoid our Court,
And lonely thus from the full Pomp retire,
Love and the Graces follow to your Solitude;
They croud to form the shining Circle round you,
And all the Train seems yours; while Purple Majesty,
And all those outward Shews which we call Greatness,
Languish and droop, seem empty and forsaken,
And draw the wondering Gazer's Eyes no more.

Rodo. The Courtier's Art is meanly known in *Britain*,
If yours present their Service, and their Vows,
At any Shrine but where their Master kneels.

You know your Brother pays not his to me,
Nor would I that he should.

Ari. The Hearts of Kings
Are plac'd; 'tis true, beyond their Subjects Search;
Yet might I judge by Love's or Reason's Rules,
Where shall my Brother find on Earth a Beauty,
Like what I now behold?

Rodo. That you can flatter,
Is common to your Sex; you say indeed,
We Women love it — and perhaps we do.
Fools that we are, we know that you deceive us,
And yet, as if the Fraud were pleasing to us,
And our undoing Joy — still you go on,
And still we hear you — But, to change the Theme,
I'll find a fitter for you than my Beauty. —

Ari.

Ari. Then let it be the Love of Royal Hengist.

Rodo. The King, your Brother, could not choose an Advocate,
Whom I would sooner hear on any Subject,
Bating that only one, his Love, than you;
Tho' you perhaps (for some have wond'rous Arts)
Could soften the harsh Sound. The String that jars,
When rudely touch'd ungrateful to the Sense,
With Pleasure feels the Master's flying Fingers,
Swells into Harmony, and charms the Hearers.

Ari. Then hear me speak of Love, ---

Rodo. But not of his.

Ari. 'Tis true, I should not grace the Story much,
Rude and unskilful in the moving Passion,
I should not paint its Flames with equal Warmth,
Strength, Life, and glowing Colours, would be wanting,
And languid Nature speak the Work imperfect.

Rodo. Then happily yet your Breast remains un-
touch'd;

Though that seems strange: You've seen the Court of
Britain;

There, as I oft have heard, imperial Beauty
Reigns in its native Throne, like Light in Heav'n;
While all the Fair Ones of our neighb'ring World,
With second Lustre meanly seem to shine,
The faint Reflexions of the Glory there.

Ari. If e'er my Heart incline to Thoughts of Love,
Methinks I should not (tho' perhaps I err)
Expect to meet the gentle Passion join'd
With Pomp and Greatness: Courts may boast of Beauty,
But Love is seldom found to dwell amongst 'em.

Rodo. Then Courts are wretched.

Ari. So they seem to Love.

From

From Pride, from Wealth, from Business, and from
Pow'r,

Loathing he flies, and seeks the peaceful Village;
He seeks the Cottage in the tufted Grove,
The russet Fallows, and the verdant Lawns,
The clear cool Brook, and the deep woody Glade;
Bright Winter Fires, and Summer Ev'nings Suns;
These he prefers to gilded Roofs and Crowns;
Here he delights to pair the constant Swain,
With the sweet, unaffected, yielding Maid;
Here is his Empire, here his Choice to reign,
Here, where he dwells with Innocence and Truth.

Rodo. To Minds, which know no better, these are
Joys;

But Princes, sure, are born with nobler Thoughts.
Love, is in them a Flame that mounts to Heav'n,
And seeks its Source Divine, and Kindred Stars;
That urges on the Mortal Man to dare,
Kindles the vast Desires of Glory in him,
And makes Ambition's sacred Fires burn bright.
Nor you, howe'er your Tongue disguise your Heart,
Have meaner Hopes than these:

Ari. Mine have been still

Match'd with my Birth; a younger Brother's Hopes.

Rodo. Nay more; Methinks I read your future Great-
ness;

And, like some Bard inspir'd, I could foretel
What wondrous things our Gods reserve for you.
Perhaps, ev'n now, your better Stars are join'd,
Auspicious Love and Fortune now conspire,
At once to crown you, and bestow that Greatness,
Which partial Nature at your Birth deny'd.

*The Royal Convert.**Enter the King, Guards and other Attendants.*

King. She must, she shall be found, tho' she be sunk
 Deep to the Center, tho' Eternal Night
 Spread wide her sable Wing, to shade her Beauties,
 And shut me from her Sight. But say, thou Traitor;
 Thou that hast made the Name of Friendship vile,
 And broke the Bonds of Duty and of Nature,
 Where hast thou hid thy Theft? --- So young, so false ---
 Have I not been a Father to thy Youth,
 And lov'd thee with a more than Brother's Love?
 And am I thus repaid? --- But bring her forth,
 Or by our Gods thou dy'st.

Rodo. What means this Rage? [*Aside.*]

Ari. Then briefly thus: You are my King and Brother,
 The Names which most I reverence on Earth,
 And fear offending most. Yet to defend
 My Honour and my Love from Violation,
 O'er ev'ry Bar resistless will I rush,
 And, in despite of proud Tyrannick Pow'r,
 Seize and assert my Right.

King. What, thine! thy Right!
 Riddles and Tales.

Ari. Mine by the dearest Tie,
 By holy Marriage mine, she is my Wife.

Rodo. Racks, Tortures, Madness, seize me! Oh
 Confusion!

Ari. I see thy Heart swells, and thy flaming Visage
 Reddens with Rage at this unwelcome Truth;
 But since I know my *Ethelinda* safe,
 I have but little Care for what may happen.
 To Morrow may be Heav'n's — or yours to take,
 If this Day be my last, why farewell Life;

I hold

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I hold it well bestow'd for her I love.

Rodo. May Sorrow, Shame and Sickness overtake her,
And all her Beauties, like my Hopes, be blasted. [*Aside.*

King. So brave! But I shall find the Means to tame
you,

To make thee curse thy Folly, curse thy Love,
And to the dreadful Gods, who reign beneath,
Devote thy fatal Bride. She is a Christian;
Remember that, fond Boy, and then remember
That sacred Vow, which, perjur'd as thou art,
Prostrate at Woden's Altar, and invoking
With solemn Runick Rites, our Country's Gods,
Thou mad'st in Presence of our Royal Father.

Ari. Yes, I remember well the impious Oath,
Hardly extorted from my trembling Youth;
When burning with misguided Zeal, the King
Compell'd my Knee to bend before his Gods,
And forc'd us both to swear to what we knew not.

King. Now by the Honours of the Saxon Race,
A long and venerable Line of Heroes,
I swear thou art abandon'd, lost to Honour,
And fall'n from ev'ry great and godlike Thought.
Some whining Coward Priest has wrought upon thee,
And drawn thee from our brave Forefathers Faith,
False to our Gods, as to thy King and Brother.

Ari. 'Tis much beneath my Courage and my Truth,
To borrow any mean Disguise from Falshood.
No! — 'tis my Glory that the Christian Light
Has dawn'd, like Day, upon my darker Mind,
And taught my Soul the noblest use of Reason;
Taught her to soar aloft, to search, to know
The vast eternal Fountain of her Being;
Then, warm with Indignation, to despise

The Things you call our Country's Gods, to scorn
And trample on their ignominious Altars.

King. 'Tis well, Sir, — impious Boy! — Ye Saxon Gods;
And thou, oh Royal Hengist, whose dread Will
And injur'd Majesty I now assert,
Hear, and be present to my Justice, hear me,
While thus I vow to your offended Deities
This Traitor's Life, he dies, nor ought on Earth
Saves his devoted Head. One to the Priests;

[*To the Attendants.*
Bid 'em be swift, and dress their bloody Altars
With ev'ry Circumstance of Tragick Pomp;
To Day a Royal Victim bleeds upon 'em.
Rich shall the Smoke and steaming Gore ascend,
To glut the Vengeance of our angry Gods.

Rodo. At once ten thousand racking Passions tear me,
And my Heart heaves, as it would burst my Bosom.
Oh can I, can I hear him doom'd to Death,
Nor stir, nor breathe one single Sound to save him?
It wo't not be — and my fierce haughty Soul,
Whate'er she suffers, still disdains to bend,
To sue to the curst, hated Tyrant King.
Oh Love! Oh Glory! — Would'st thou die thus tamely?

[*To Aribert.*
Is Life so small a Thing, so mean a Boon,
As is not worth the asking? — Thou art silent;
Wilt thou not plead for Life? — Intreat the Tyrant,
And waken Nature in his Iron Heart.

Ari. Life has so little in it good or pleasing,
That since it seems not worth a Brother's Care,
'Tis hardly worth my asking.

King. Seize him, Guards,
And bear him to his Fate. [*Guards seize Aribert*

Rodo.

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Rodo. Yet, *Hengist*, know,
If thou shalt dare to touch his precious Life,
Know that the Gods and *Rodogune* prepare
The sharpest Scourges of vindictive War.
Fly where thou wilt, the Sword shall still pursue
With Vengeance, to a Brother's Murder due,
Driven out from Man, and mark'd for publick Scorn,
Thy ravish'd Sceptre vainly shalt thou mourn.
And when at length thy wretched Life shall cease,
When in the silent Grave thou hop'st for Peace:
Think not the Grave shall hide thy hated Head!
Still, still I will pursue thy fleeting Shade;
I curs'd thee living, and will plague thee dead.

[Exit *Rodogune*.]

King. On to the Temple with him: Let her rave,
And prophesy ten thousand thousand Horrors;
I could join with her now, and bid 'em come;
They fit the present Fury of my Soul:
The Stings of Love and Rage are fix'd within,
And drive me on to Madness. Earthquakes, Whirl-
winds,
A general Wreck of Nature now would please me,
For oh! not all the driving wintry War,
When the Storm groines and bellows from afar,
When thro' the Gloom the glancing Lightnings fly,
Heavy the rattling Thunders roll on high,
And Seas and Earth mix with the dusky Sky;
Not all those warring Elements we fear,
Are equal to the inborn Tempest here,
Fierce as the Thoughts which mortal Man control,
When Love and Rage contend, and tear the lab'ring
Soul.

[Exit.]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a Temple adorn'd according to the Superstition of the Antient Saxons; in the Middle are plac'd their three principal Idols, Thor, Woden, and Freya,

Musick is heard at a Distance, as of the Priests preparing for the Sacrifice. Then

Enter Aribert.

Ari. **A**LL Night the bloody Priests, a dreadful Band,
Have watch'd intent upon their horrid Rites,
With many a dire and execrable Pray'r,
Calling the Fiends beneath the fullen Demons
That dwell in Darkness deep, and Foe to Man,
Delight in reeking Streams of human Gore.
Now huddled on a Heap, they murmur'd hoarse,
And hissing whisper'd round their mystick Charms;
And now, as if by sudden Madness struck,
With Screamings shrill they shook the vaulted Roof,
And vex'd the still, the silent, solemn Midnight.
Such sure in everlasting Flames below,
Such are the Groans of poor lamenting Ghosts,
And such the Howlings of the last Despair.
Anon to Sounds of Woe, and magick Strings,
They danc'd in wild fantastick Measures round;
Then all at once they bent their ghastly Visages

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On me, and yelling, thrice they cry'd out, *Aribert!*
 I have endur'd their Horrors — And at length
 See! the Night wears away, and chearful Morn,
 All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy East;
 Fair Nature seems reviv'd, and ev'n my Heart
 Sits light and jocund at the Day's Return,
 And fearless waits an End of all its Sufferings.

Enter one of the Guards, he delivers a Letter to
Aribert.

Guar. From *Oswald* this, on Peril of my Life
 I have engag'd to render to your Hands. [Exit.

Ari. reads.] *Seofrid* has been just to his Word; he
 has deliver'd the fair *Ethelinda* to my Charge: we
 have happily past all the Guards, and hope in two
 Hours to reach the Britons Camp.

From your faithful Oswald.

Then thou hast nothing left on Earth, my Soul,
 Worthy thy farther Care. Why do I stay,
 Why linger then, and want my Heav'n so long?
 To live is to continue to be wretched,
 And robs me of a great and glorious Death.

Enter Rodogune with an Officer, he speaks to her
entering.

Offic. Thus *Offa* to his beauteous Sister sends:
 Depend upon a Brother's Love and Care,
 To further all you wish.

Rodo. 'Tis well! be near. [Exit Officer.
 And wait my farther Order. See! my Heart,
 See there thy dearest Choice, thy fond Desire,
 See with how clear a Brow, what chearful Grace,
 With all his native Sweetness undisturb'd,
 The noble Youth attends his harder Fate.

C 4

I came

I came to join my friendly Grief with yours, [To Aribo.
 To curse your Tyrant Brother, and deplore
 Your youthful Hopes, thus all untimely blasted:
 But you, I see, have learn'd to scorn your Danger,
 You wear a Face of Triumph, not of Mourning;
 Has Death so little in it?

Ari. Oh! 'tis nothing,
 To Minds that weigh it well: The Vulgar fear it,
 And yet they know not why. Since never any
 Did from that dark and doubtful Land as yet
 Turn back again, to tell us 'tis a Pain.
 To me it seems like a long wish'd-for Happiness,
 Beyond what ev'n our Expectation paints;
 'Tis Comfort to the Soul, 'tis Peace, 'tis Rest;
 It comes like Slumber to the sick Man's Eyes,
 Burning and restless with a Fever's Rage,
 All Night he tosses on his weary Bed;
 He tells the tedious Minutes as they pass,
 And turns, and turns, and seeks for Ease in vain;
 But if, at Morning's Dawn, sweet Sleep falls on him,
 Think with what Pleasure he resigns his Senses,
 Sinks to his Pillow, and forgets his Pain.

Rodo. Perhaps it may be such a State of Indolence;
 But sure the active Soul should therefore fear it.
 The Gods have dealt unjustly with their Creatures,
 If barely they bestow a wretched Being,
 And scatter not some Pleasures with the Pain,
 To make it worth their keeping. Is there nothing
 Could make you wish to live?

Ari. Oh! yes, there is;
 There is a Blessing I could wish to live for,
 To live, for Years, for Ages to enjoy it.
 But far, alas! divided from my Arms,

It leaves the World a Wilderness before me,
With nothing worth desiring.

Rodo. Dull and cold!
Or cold at least to me, dull, dull Indifference. [*Aside.*
What if some pitying Pow'r look down from Heav'n,
And kindly visit your afflicted Fortunes!
What if it send some unexpected Aid,
Some generous Heart, and some prevailing Hand,
Willing to save, and mighty to defend,
Who from the gloomy Confiners of the Grave
Timely shall snatch, shall bring you back to Life,
And raise you up to Empire and to Love?

Ari. The wretched have few Friends, at least on
Earth:

Then what have I to hope?

Rodo. Hope every thing,
Hope all that Merit, such as yours, may claim,
Such as commands the World, exacts their Homages,
And makes ev'n all the Good and Brave your Friends.

Ari. And can you then vouchsafe to flatter Misery?
T'enrich so fall'n, so lost a thing as I am,
With the sweet Breath of Praise? So pious Virgins
Rob the whole Spring to make their Garlands fine,
Then hang 'em on a senseless Marble Tomb.

Rodo. A burning Purple flushes o'er my Face,
And Shame forbids my Tongue, or I would say,
That I ——— Oh *Aribert*! ——— I am thy Friend.
Yet wherefore should I blush to own the Thought?
For who! ——— who would not be the Friend of *Aribert*?

Ari. Why is this wondrous Goodness lost upon me?
Why is this Bounty lavish'd on a Bankrupt,
Who has not left another Hour of Life
To pay the mighty Debt?

Rodo. Oh! let me yet,
 Yet add to it, and swell the Sum yet higher;
 Nor doubt but Fate shall find the Means to pay it.
 Know then that I have pass'd this live-long Night,
 Sleepless and anxious with my Cares for thee;
 The Gods have sure approv'd the pious Thought,
 And crown'd it with Success. Since I have gain'd
Alfred, the Chief of mighty *Woden's* Priests,
 To find a certain Way for thy Escape.
 One of the sacred Habits is at Hand
 Prepar'd for thy Disguise, the holy Man
 Attends to guide thee to thy Brother's Camp:
 My self — Oh! yet lie still, my beating Heart — [*Aside.*
 Whatever Dangers chance, my self will be
 The Partner and the Guardian of thy Flight.

Ari. Now what Return to make — Oh let me sink,
 With all these warring Thoughts together in me,
 Blushing to Earth, and hide the vast Confusion.

Rodo. Ye Gods! he answers not, but hangs his Head
 In sullen Silence; see! he turns away,
 And bends his gloomy Visage to the Earth.
 To what am I betray'd! Oh Shame! Dishonour!
 And more than Woman's Weakness! He has seen me,
 Seen my fond Heart, and scorns the easy Prize.
 Blast me, ye Lightnings, strike me to the Centre,
 Drive, drive me down, down to the Depths beneath;
 Let me not live, nor think — let me not think,
 For I have been despis'd — ten thousand thousand,
 And yet ten thousand Curses — Oh my Folly!

Ari. Thus let me fall, thus lowly to the Earth,
 [*Kneeling.*
 In humble Adoration of your Goodness;
 Thus with my latest Accents breathe your Name,

And

And bless you ere I die. Oh *Rodogune*!
Fair Royal Maid! to thee be all thy Wishes,
Content and everlasting Peace dwell with thee,
And every Joy be thine. Nor let one Thought
Of this ungrateful, this unhappy *Aribert*
Remain behind, to call a sudden Sigh,
Or stain thee with a Tear. Behold I go,
Doom'd by Eternal Fate, to my long Rest;
Then let my Name too die, sink to Oblivion,
And sleep in Silence with me in the Grave.

Rodo. Dost thou not wish to live?

Ari. I cannot.

Rodo. Why?

Behold I give thee Life.

Ari. And therefore — oh!

Therefore I cannot take it: I dare die,
But dare not be oblig'd. I dare not owe
What I can never render back.

Rodo. Confusion!

Is then the Blessing, Life, become a Curse,
When offer'd to thee by my baleful Hand?

Ari. Oh no! for you are all that's good and gracious;
Nature, that makes your Sex the Joy of ours,
Made you the Pride of both; she gave you Sweetness,
So mix'd with Strength, with Majesty so rais'd,
To make the willing World confess your Empire,
And love; while they obey. Nor stay'd she there,
But to the Body fitted to the Mind,
As each were fashion'd singly to excel,
As if so fair a Form disdain'd to harbour
A Soul less great, and that great Soul could find
Nothing so like the Heav'n from whence it came,
As that fair Form to dwell in.

Rodo.

Rodo. Soothing Sounds! Delightful Flattery from him we love;
But what are these to my impatient Hopes!

Ari. Yet wherefore should this mighty Mass of Wealth
Be vainly plac'd before my wond'ring Eyes,
Since I must ne'er possess it, since my Heart,
Once giv'n, can ne'er return, can know no Name
But *Ethelinda*, only *Ethelinda*?
Fix'd to its Choice, and obstinately constant,
It listens not to any other Call.
So rigid Hermits, that forsake the World,
Are deaf to Glory, Greatness, Poms and Pleasures;
Severe in Zeal, and insolently pious,
They let attending Princes vainly wait,
Knock at their Cells, and lure 'em forth in vain.

Rodo. How is she form'd? with what superior Grace,
This Rival of my Love? What envious God,
In scorn of Nature's wretched Works below,
Improv'd and made her more than half-Divine?
How has he taught her Lips to breathe *Ambrosia*?
How dy'd her Blushes with the Morning's Red,
And cloath'd her with the fairest Beams of Light,
To make her shine beyond me?

Ari. Spare the Theme.

Rodo. But then her Mind! ye Gods, which of you all
Could make that great, and fit to rival mine?
What more than heavenly Fire informs the Mass?
Has she a Soul can dare beyond our Sex?
Beyond ev'n Man himself, can dare like mine?
Can she resolve to bear the secret Stings
Of Shame and conscious Pride, distracting Rage,
And all the deadly Pangs of Love despis'd?
Oh no! she cannot, Nature cannot bear it; [Weeping.

It sinks ev'n me, the Torrent drives me down,
The native Greatness of my Spirit fails,
Thus melts, and thus runs gushing thro' my Eyes,
The Floods of Sorrow drown my dying Voice,
And I can only call thee — Cruel *Arbiter*!

Ari. Oh thou, just Heav'n, if mortal Man may dare
To look into thy great Decrees, thy Fate,
Were it not better I had never been,
Than thus to bring Affliction and Misfortune,
Thus curse what thou hadst made so good and fair?

Rodo. But see! the King and cruel Priests appear,
Nor can I save thee now. Thou hast thy Wish; [*To Ari.*]
But what remains for me? My Heart beats fast,
And swells, impatient at the Tyrant's Sigh.
My Blood, erewhile at Ebb, now flows again,
And with new Rage I burn. Since Love is lost,
Come thou Revenge, succeed thou to my Bosom,
And reign in all my Soul. Yes, I will find her,
This fatal She, for whom I am despis'd,
Look that she be your Master-Piece, ye Gods;
Let each celestial Hand some Grace impart,
To this rare Pattern of your forming Art;
Such may she be, my jealous Rage to move,
Such as you never made till now, to prove
A Victim worthy my offended Love.

[*Exit Rodogune.*]

*Enter at the other Door the King, Priests, Guards, and
other Attendants.*

King. Hast thou bethought thee yet, perfidious Boy?
Wo't thou yet render back thy Theft? Consider,
The Precipice is just beneath thy Feet,
'Tis but a Moment, and I push thee off,
To plunge for ever in eternal Darkness.

Somewhat

Somewhat like Nature has been busy here;
And made a Struggle for thee in my Soul;
Restore my Love, and be again my Brother.

Ari. Rage, and the Violence of lawless Passion,
Have blinded your clear Reason; wherefore else
This frantick wild Demand? What! should I yield,
Give up my Love, my Wife, my *Ethelinda*,
To an incestuous Brother's dire Embrace?
Oh Horror! — But, to bar the impious Thought,
Know! — Heav'n and brave *Ambrosius* are her Guard:
Ere this, her Flight has reach'd the *Britons* Camp,
And found her Safety there.

King. Fled to the *Britons*!
Oh most accursed Traitor! Let her fly,
Far as the early Day-spring in the East,
Or to the utmost Ocean, where the Sun
Descends to other Skies and Worlds unknown;
Ev'n thither shall my Love take Wing and follow,
To seize the flying Fair. The *Britons* — Gods!
Shall they withhold her! — First, my Arms shall shake
Their Island to the Center. But for thee,
Think'st thou to awe me with that Fantom, Incest?
Such empty Names may fright thy Coward Soul;
But know that mine disdains 'em. Bind him straight.

[*To the Priests.*
I wo'not lose another Thought about thee. [*To Aribert.*
Begin the Rites, and dye the hallow'd Steel
Deep in his Christian Blood. The Gods demand him.
Ari. Why then, no more. But if we meet again,
As, when the Day of great Account shall come,
Perhaps we may, may'st thou find Mercy there,
More than thou shew'st thy Brother here. Farewel.

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King. Farewel. To Death with him, and end the
Dreamer.

[*The Priests bind Aribert, and lead him to the Altar.*

While the solemn Musick is playing,

Enter Seofrid.

Seof. Haste, and break off your unauspicious Rites;
The instant Dangers summon you away;
Destruction threatens in our frightened Streets,
And the Gods call to Arms.

King. What means the Fear
That trembles in thy pale, thy haggard Visage?
Speak out, and ease this Labour of thy Soul.

Seof. Oh fly, my Lord; the Torrent grows upon us;
And while I speak we're lost. Fierce *Offa* comes;
From ev'ry Part his crowding Ensigns enter,
And this way waving bend. With idle Arms
Your Soldier careless stands, and bids 'em pass;
Some join, but all refuse to arm against 'em;
They call 'em Friends, Companions, and their Country-
men.

A chosen Band, led by the haughty Princess,
Imperious *Rodogune*, move swiftly hither
To intercept your Passage to the Palace.
That only Strength is left, then fly to reach it.

King. Curs'd Chance! But haste, dispatch that Traitor
straight;
They sha' not bar my Vengeance.

Seof. Sacred Sir,
Think only on your Safety. For the Prince,
Your Crown, but more your Love, a thousand Reasons,
All urge you to defer his Fate; Time presses,
Or I could speak 'em plain.

King. Then hear me, Priest,
I give him to thy Charge.

Seof.

Seof. They come, my Lord. [Shout.]

King. Look to him well; for, by yon dreadful Altars,
Thy Life shall pay for his, if he escape:
First kill him, plunge thy Poniard in his Bosom,
And see thy King reveng'd.

[Exit King, Seofrid, Guards and Attendants.]

Priest. Be cheer'd, my Lord,
Nor keep one Doubt of me; I am your Slave.
The King is fled, and with him all your Dangers;
Fate has reserv'd you for some glorious Purpose;
And see, your Guardian Goddess comes to save you,
To break your Bonds, and make you ever happy.

[Enter Rodogune, Soldiers, and other Attendants.]

Rodo. Well have our Arms prevail'd: Behold, he lives,
Ungrateful as he is, by me he lives.
Do I not come with too officious Haste, [To Aribert.]
Once more to press the Burden, Life upon you?
To offer, with an Idiot's Importunity,
The nauseous Benefit you scorn'd before?

Ari. If I refus'd the Blessing from your Hands,
Think it not rudely done with sullen Pride;
Since Life and you are two of Heav'n's best Gifts,
Yet both should be receiv'd, both kept with Honour.

Rodo. However live — yes, I will bid thee live,
No matter, what ensues. Fly far away,
Forget me, blot my Name from thy Remembrance,
And think thou ow'st me nothing — What! in Bonds!
Well was the Task reserv'd for me. But thus
I break thy Chain — Would I could break my own. [Aside.]

[Enter an Officer.]

Officer. A Party of our Horse, that late went forth
To mark the Order of the Britons Camp,

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Met in their Course some Servants of the King;
For so they call'd themselves: Ours judg'd 'em Traitors,
And would have seiz'd, as flying to the Foe.
After a sharp Resistance some escap'd,
The rest, for so your Princely Brother wills,
Without attend your Order.

Rodo. Let 'em enter,

A Woman! —————

Enter Ethelinda, and two Attendants, guarded.

Ethel. Is there an End of Sorrows?

[Running to Aribert.]

Has then that cruel Chance that long pursu'd me,
That vex'd me with her various Malice long,
Been kind at last, and blest me to my Wish,
Lodg'd me once more within thy faithful Arms!

Ari. Oh my foreboding Heart! Oh fatal Meeting!

Ethel. Why droops my Love, my Lord, my Aribert?
Why dost thou sigh and press me? and oh! wherefore,
Wherefore these Tears that stain thy manly Visage?
They told me Heav'n had strove for thy Deliverance,
Had rais'd thee up some kind, some great Preserver,
To save thee from thy cruel Brother's Hand.

Why therefore dost thou mourn, when thou art blest?
Or does some new Affliction wound thee? Say:
Perhaps I am the Cause.

Rodo. By all the Tortures,
The Pangs that rend my groining Breast, 'tis she,
My curst, my happy Rival. See the Siren,
See how with eager Eyes he drinks her Charms,
Mark how he listens to her sweet Allurements;
She winds her self about his easy Heart,
And melts him with her soft enchanting Tongue.

Ethel. Wot't thou not answer yet?

Ari.

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Ari. Oh *Ethelinda*!
Why art thou here? Is this the *Britons* Camp?
Is *Lucius* here? Hast thou a Brother here,
To guard thy helpless Innocence from Wrong?

Ethel. Hays I not thee?

Ari. Me! — what can I do for thee?
For we are wretched both.

Rodo. I'll doubt no more.

My jealous Heart confesses her its Foe,
And beats and rises eager to oppose her;
Nor shall she Triumph o'er me. No, ye Gods!
If I am doom'd by you to be a Wretch,
She too shall suffer with me. Prince, you seem [To *Arib.*
To know this Pris'ner, whom the *Saxon* Chiefs
Accuse of flying to our Foes, the *Britons*.
However, I will think more nobly of you,
Than to believe you conscious of the Treason;
Nor can you grieve, if Justice dooms her to
That Fate she has deserv'd. Bear her to Death.

[To the Guards.

Ethel. Alas! to Death! — What mean you? say
by what

Unknown, unwilling Crime have I offended?
To you, fair Princess, since 'tis you that judge me,
Tho' now this Moment to my Eyes first known,
To you I bend, to you I will appeal, [Kneeling.
And learn my Crime from you.

Ari. Learn it from me;
I am thy Crime, 'tis *Aribert* destroys thee.

Ethel. If thou art my Offence I've sinn'd indeed,
Ev'n to a vast and numberless Account;
For from the Time when I beheld thee first, [To *Arib.*
My Soul has not one Moment been without thee;

Still

Still thou hast been my Wish, my constant Thought,
Like Light, the daily Blessing of my Eyes,
And the dear Dream of all my sweetest Slumbers.

Rodo. Oh the distracting Thought!

Ethel. Nor will you think it [To Rodogune]

A Crime to love, for that I love is true.

In your fair Eyes I read your native Goodness.

Hap'ly some noble Youth shall in your Breast

Kindle the pure, the gentle Flame, and prove

As dear to you, as *Aribert* to me.

Would it be just that you should die for loving?

Think but on that, and I shall find your Pity;

For Pity sure and Mercy dwell with Love.

Rodo. Be dumb for ever, let the Hand of Death

Close thy bewitching Eyes, and seal thy Lips,

That thou may'st look and talk no more Delusion.

For oh! thy ev'ry Glance, each Sound shoots thro' me,

And kills my very Heart. Hence, bear her hence:

My Peace is lost for ever ——— but she dies. ———

Ari. Oh hold! for ———

Rodo. Wherefore dost thou catch my Garment?

Thou that hast set me on the Rack; com'st thou

To double all my Pains, and with new Terrors,

Dreadful, to shake my agonizing Soul?

Ari. What shall I say to move thee?

Rodo. Talk for ever,

Winds shall be still, and Seas forget to roar,

The Din of babling Crowds, and peopled Cities,

All shall be hush'd as Death, while thou art speaking,

For there is Musick in thy Voice.

Ari. Then hear me;

With gentlest Patience, with Compassion hear me,

Thus while I fall before thee, grasp thee thus,

Thus,

Thus, with a bleeding Heart, and streaming Eyes,
Implore thee for my *Ethelinda's* Life.

Rodo. Tho' thou wert dearer to my doating Eyes
Than all they knew besides, tho' I could hear thee
While Ages past away; yet, by the Gods,
If such there are, who rule o'er Love and Jealousy,
And swell our heaving Breasts with mortal Passions,
I swear she dies, my hated Rival dies.

Ari. Then I have only one Request to make,
Which sha' not be deny'd; to share one Fate,
And die with her I love.

Rodo. Ungrateful Wretch!

Yet I would make thy Life my Care —

Ari. No more:

Now I scorn Life indeed. Tho' you had Beauty,
More than the great Creator's bounteous Hand
Bestow'd on all his various Works together,
Tho' all Ambition asks, the kindly Purple,
Glory, and Wealth, and Pow'r, were yours to give,
Tho' length of Days, and Health were in your Hand,
And all were to be mine, yet I would choose
To turn the Gift with Indignation back,
And rather fold my *Ethelinda* thus,
And sleep for ever with her in the Grave.

Rodo. Then take thy Wish, and let both die together.
Yes, I will tear thee out from my Remembrance,
And be at Ease for ever.

Ethel. Oh my Love!
What can I pay thee back for all this Truth?
What? but, like thee, to triumph in my Fate,
And think it more than Life to die with thee.
Haste then, ye Virgins, break the tender Turf,
And let your chaster Hands prepare the Bed,

and T

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Where my dear Lord and I must rest together:
Then let the Mistle and the Rose be strow'd,
For 'tis my second better Bridal Day.
On my cold Bosom let his Head be laid,
And look that none disturb us,
'Till the last Trumpet's Sound break our long Sleep,
And call us up to everlasting Bliss.

Rodo. Hence with 'em, take 'em, drive 'em from my
Sight,

The fatal Pair.— [*Exeunt Aribert and Ethelinda guarded.*]
That Look shall be my last.

I feel my Soul impatient of its Bondage,
Disdaining this unworthy, idle Passion,
And struggling to be free. Now, now it shoots,
It tow'rs upon the Wing to Crowns and Empire;
While Love and *Aribert*, those meaner Names,
Are left far, far behind, and lost for ever.

So if by chance the Eagle's noble Offspring,
Ta'en in the Nest, becomes some Peasant's Brize,
Compell'd a while he bears his Cage and Chains,
And like a Pris'ner with the Clown remains;
But when his Plumes shoot forth, and Pinions swell,
He quits the Rustick, and his homely Cell,
Breaks from his Bonds and in the Face of Day,
Full in the Sun's bright Beams he soars away;
Delights thro' Heav'n's wide-pathless Ways to go,
Plays with *Jove's* Shafts, and grasps his dreadful Bow,
Dwells with immortal Gods, and scorns the World be-
low.

[*Exeunt Rodogune and Attendants.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The PALACE.**Enter the King and Seofrid.*

King. **N**O! I will follow the fond Chace no more;
 No more pursue the flying Fantom, Glory;
 But lay me down, and rest in fullen Peace;
 Secure of all Events to come, and careless
 If the Gods guide the World by Fate, or Fortune.
 Let 'em take back the worthless Crown they gave,
 Since they refuse their better Blessings to me.

Seof. If not to Glory, yet awake to Love:
 And tho' regardless of your Royal State,
 Yet live for *Ethelinda*, live to save her,
 Doom'd by the cruel *Rodogune* to die.
 Helpless and desolate methinks she stands,
 And calls you to her Aid.

King. What! doom'd to die!
 Shall those dear glowing Beauties then grow cold,
 Pale, stiff, and cold? nor shall I fold her once?
 Shall she not pant beneath my strong Embrace,
 Swell to Desire, and meet my furious Joy?
 Shall she not breathe, and look, and sigh, and murmur,
 Till I am lost for ever, sunk in Exstasies,
 And bury'd in ten thousand thousand Sweets?
 What! shall she die? No, by the God of Arms,
 No — I will once more rouse me to the War,
 And snatch her from her Fate.

Seof. Then hear the Means,

By

By which the Gods preserve your Crown and Love,
Oswald, of all our *Saxon* Chiefs the first,
 And nearest to your Brother's Heart, had drawn
 The chosen Strength of all the *British* Youth,
 Under the Leading of the galant *Lucius*,
 To save the Prince from your impending Wrath.
 By secret Marches they are near advanc'd,
 And meant this Night to make their bold Attempt.

King. How favours this my Purpose?

Seof. Thus, my Lord.

I have prevail'd their Force shall join with all
 Those faithful *Saxons* who are still your Subjects.
 Your Foes, fierce *Offa* and his haughty Sister,
 Secure and insolent with new Success,
 Despise your Numbers, and inferior Strength,
 And may this Night with ease become your Prey.
Oswald attends without to learn your Pleasure,
 And bear it to the valiant *British* Chiefs.

King. The *Britons*! Gods! — the Nation which I
 hate.

That *Oswald* too! — The Traitor still has been
 Avow'd the Slave of *Ariber*, his Creature.
 His bosom, fawning Parasite — No matter;
 They serve the present Purpose of my Heart;
 And I will use 'em now. Taught by thy Arts,
 I will look kindly on the Wretch I lothe,
 And smile on him I destine to Destruction.
 Bid him approach.

[*Exit Seofrid, and Re-enter with Oswald*.]

Seof. The Valiant *Oswald*, Sir.

King. Your Friend has spoke at large your bold De-
 sign,

Worthy your Courage, and your Princely Friend.

And

And howsoever the meddling Hand of Chance
Has sown th' unlucky Seeds of Strife between us,
Yet I have still a Brother's Part in *Aribert*.
Nor shall my Hand be slow to lead you on,
Till we have driven these haughty Inmates forth,
And independent fix'd that Sov'reign Right,
Which our brave Fathers fought to gain in *Britain*.

Osw. With honourable Purpose are we come,
With friendly Greeting from the *Britons* King,
And the fair Offer of an equal Peace.
This only he demands; send back the Troops
Which late arriv'd with *Offa*, now your Foe
As well as his; and set your Princely Brother,
With the Fair *Eshelinda*, safe and free,
These just Conditions once confirm'd to *Lucius*,
Ambrosius is the Friend of Royal *Hengist*.
The *Britons* then shall join their Arms with yours,
To drive out these unhospitable Guests,
And leave you peaceful Lord of fruitful *Kent*,
The first Possession of your warlike Father.

King. In friendly Part, take we his proffer'd Love;
Bear this our Signet to the galant *Lucius*,

[Giving his Ring to *Oswald*.]

Our Bond and Pledge of Peace, which in full Form
We will confirm, soon as the present Danger
Is well remov'd, and better Time allows.
Haste thou to join our valiant Friends the *Britons*,
My faithful *Seofrid* shall soon attend you,
With full Instructions for your private March,
And means of Entrance here; with the whole Order
In which we mean t' attack the common Foe.

Osw. I go, my Lord, and may the Gods befriend us. [Exit]

[The King looks after *Oswald*, then turns and walks twice
or three times hastily cross the Stage.

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Seof. Ha! whence this sudden Start! [*Aside.*] That
wrathful Frown,

Your Eyes fierce glancing, and your changing Visage,
Now pale as Death, now purpled o'er with Flame,
Give me to know your Passions are at odds,
And your whole Soul is up in Arms within.

King. Oh thou hast read aright, hast seen me well:
To thee I have thrown off that Mask I wore;
And now the secret Workings of my Brain,
Stand all reveal'd to thee. I tell thee, *Seofrid*,
There never was a Medley of such thinking.
Ambition, Hatred, Mischief, and Revenge,
Gather like Clouds on Clouds; and then anon,
Love, like a golden Beam of Light, shoots thro',
Smiles on the Gloom, and my Heart bounds with Pleasure.
But 'tis no time for Talk. To *Siwald* fly,
My Soldier and my Servant, often try'd;
Bid him draw out a hundred chosen Horse,
And hold 'em ready by the Night's first Fall.
Let 'em be all of Courage, well approv'd;
Such as dare follow wherefoe'er I lead,
Where-e'er this Night, or Fate, or Love shall bear me.

Seof. I hasten to obey you. But alas!
Might your old Man have leave to speak his Fears—

King. I read thy Care for me in all those Fears;
But be not wise too much. Oft thou hast told me
Love is a base, unmanly, whining Passion.
This Night I mean to prove it, and forsake it.
I was, 'tis true, the Slave of this soft Folly,
And waited at an awful, abject Distance,
Restrain'd by idle Rules, which scornful Beauty
And sullen Honour dictate; but no more,
No! by our Gods, I'll suffer it no more.

D

Seof.

Seof. Where will this Fury drive you?

King. To my Heav'n,

To *Erhelinda's* Arms. This very Evening,
While the deluded Britons urge our Foes,
And wreak my Vengeance on the *Saxon* Offa,
Amidst the first Disorder of the Fray,
'Twill not be hard to seize the weeping Fair;
And, while the fighting Fools contend in vain,
With all the Wings the God of Love can lend,
To bear her far away.

Seof. Ha! — whither mean you
To bend this rash (I fear) this fatal Flight?

King. Near where the *Medway* rolls her gentle Waves,
To meet the *Thames* in his Imperial Stream,
Thou know'st I have a Castle of such Strength,
As well may scorn the Menace of a Siege.
Thither I mean to bear my lovely Prize,
And, in Despite of all the envious World,
There riot in her Arms. But break we off.
Haste to perform my Orders, and then follow,
And share in all the Fortunes of thy King. *[Exit King.]*

Manet Seofrid.

Seof. Fools that we are! to vex the lab'ring Brain,
And waste decaying Nature thus with Thought;
To keep the weary Spirits waking still;
To goad and drive 'em in eternal Rounds
Of restless wracking Care; 'tis all in vain.
Blind Goddess Chance! henceforth I follow thee.
The Politicians of the World may talk,
May make a mighty Bufile with their Foresight,
Their Schemes and Arts; their Wisdom is thy Slave.

[Exit Seofrid.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Temple.*

Enter Aribert and Ethelinda.

Ethel. When this, the last of all our Days of Sorrow,
Flies fast, and hastens to fulfil its Course;
When the blest Hour of Death at length is near,
Why dost thou mourn? when that good time is come,
When we shall weep no more, but live for ever:
In that dear Place, where no Misfortunes come;
Where Age, and Want, and Sicknefs are not known,
And where this wicked World shall cease from troubling,
When thick descending Angels croud the Air,
And wait with Crowns of Glory to reward us;
Why art thou sad, my Love, my Lord, my *Aribert*?

Ari. It comes, indeed, the cruel Moment comes,
That must divide our faithful Loves for ever.
A few short Minutes more, and both shall perish,
Sink to the Place where all things are forgotten.
Our Youth and fair Affections shall be barren;
Shall know no Joys, which other Lovers know;
Shall leave no Name behind us, no Posterity,
Only the sad Remembrance of our Woes,
To draw a Tear from each who reads our Story.
And dost thou ask me wherefore I am sad?

Ethel. 'Tis hard indeed, 'tis very hard to part.
Tho' my Heart grieves to want its Heav'n so long;
Pants for its Bliss, and sickens with Delay;
Yet I could be content to live for thee.
Yes, I will own thy Image stands before me,
And intercepts my Journey to the Stars,
Calls back the fervent Breathings of my Soul

To Earth and thee; with longing Looks I turn,
Forget my Flight, and linger here below.

Ari. Is it decreed, by Heav'n's Eternal Will,
That none shall pass the golden Gates above,
But those who sorrow here? Must we be wretched?
Must we be drown'd in many Floods of Tears,
To wash our deep, our inborn Stains away,
Or never see the Saints, and taste their Joys?

Ethel. The great o'er-ruling Author of our Beings,
Deals with his Creature Man in various Ways,
Gracious and good in all; some feel the Rod,
And own, like us, the Father's chast'ning Hand.
Sev'n times, like Gold, they pass the purging Flame,
And are at last refin'd; while gently some
Tread all the Paths of Life without a Rub,
With Honour, Health, with Friends and Plenty blest,
Their Years roll round in Innocence and Ease.
Hoary at length, and in a good old Age,
They go declining to the Grave in Peace,
And change their Pleasures here for Joys above.

Ari. To have so many Blessings heap'd upon me,
Transcends my Wish. I ask'd but only thee.
Give me, I said, but Life and *Ethelinda*;
Let us but run the common Course together,
Grow kindly old in one another's Arms,
And take us to thy Mercy then, good Heav'n.
But Heav'n thought that too much.

Ethel. If our dear Hopes,
If what we value most on Earth, our Loves,
Are blasted thus by Death's untimely Hand;
If nothing good remains for us below,
So much the rather let us turn our Thoughts,
To seek beyond the Stars our better Portion;

That.

That wond'rous Bliss which Heav'n reserves in store,
Well to reward us for our Losses here;
That Bliss which Heav'n, and only Heav'n can give,
Which shall be more to thee than *Ethelinda*,
And more to me——Oh vast Excess of Happiness!
Where shall my Soul make room for more than *Alibert*!

Enter Rodogune and Attendants.

Rodo. If, while she lives, still I am doom'd to suffer,
Why am I cruel to my self? — No more —
'Tis foolish Pity — How secure of Conquest
The soft Enchantress looks! but be at Peace;
Beat not, my Heart, for she shall fall thy Victim.
Appear, ye Priests, ye dreadful holy Men;
Ye Ministers of the Gods Wrath and mine,
Appear and seize your Sacrifice, this Christian.
Bear her to Death, and let her Blood atone
For all the Mischiefs of her Eyes and Tongue.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers the inner
Part of the Temple. A Fire is prepar'd on
one of the Altars, near it are plac'd a Rack,
Knives, Axes, and other Instruments of Tor-
ture, several Priests attending as for a Sa-
crifice.*

Ari. See where Death comes, array'd in all its Ter-
rors;

The Rack, consuming Flames, and wounding Steel.
Your cruel Triumph had not been compleat,
Without this Pomp of Horror. Come, begin;
Tear off my Robes, and bind me to the Rack;

Stretch out my corded Sinews 'till they burst;
 And let your Knives drink deep the flowing Blood.
 You shall behold how a Prince ought to die,
 And what a Christian dares to suffer.

[*The Guards seize Aribert and Ethelinda.*]

Offic. Hold! —

The Prince's Fate is yet deferr'd: The Woman
 Is first ordain'd to suffer. — Ere she fall
 A Victim to our Gods, she must kneel to 'em,
 Or prove the Torture.

Ethel. I disdain those Gods.

Offic. Bind her straight, and bear her to the Rack,

Ari. What her! — Oh merciless!

Ethel. Oh, stay me not, my Love! with Joy I
 go,

To prove the bitter Pains of Death before thee,
 And lead thee on in the triumphant Way.

Ari. And can my Eyes endure it! to behold
 Thy tender Body torn? these dear, soft Arms,
 That oft have wreath'd their snowy Folds about me,
 Distorted, bent, and broke with rending Pain?
 Oh *Rodogune*! read, read in my full Eyes,
 More than my Tongue can speak, and spare my
 Love. —

Rodo. And couldst thou find no other Name but that?
 Thy Love! — oh fatal, curst, distracting Sound!
 No, I will steel my Heart against thy Pray'r,
 And whisper to my self with sullen Pleasure,
 The Gods are just at length, and thou shalt feel
 Pains, such as I have known.

Ari. Let me but die,
 Cut off this hated Object from your Sight. —

Rodo. Nor that—for know that I can too deny,

And

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And make thee mourn my Coldness and Disdain.
No more! I'll hear no more.

Ari. They bind her! see!

See with what Cords they strain her tender Limbs,
Till the red Drops start from their swelling Channels,
And with fresh Crimson paint her dying Paleness.
Oh all ye Host of Heav'n! ye Saints and Angels!

Ethel. Oh stay thy Tears, and mourn no more for
me,

Nor fear the Weakness of my Woman's Soul,
For I am arm'd, and equal to the Combat.

In vain they lavish all their cruel Arts,
And bind this feeble Body here in vain;

The free, impassive Soul mounts on the Wing;
Beyond the reach of Racks, and tort'ring Flames,
And scorns their Tyranny—Oh follow thou!

Be constant to the last, be fix'd, my *Aribert*.

'Tis but a short, short Passage to the Stars.

Oh follow thou! Nor let me want thee long,

And search the blissful Regions round in vain.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. Arm, Royal Maid, and take to your Defence.

The King with sudden Fury sallies forth,
And drives our utmost Guards with foul Confusion.

Rodo. The King! What Frenzy brings the Madman
on

Thus headlong to his Fate? — But let him come,
His Death shall fill my Triumph — Wealth and Ho-
nours.

The noblest, best Reward, shall wait the Man,
Whose lucky Sword shall take his hated Head.

Enter.

Enter a second Officer, his Sword drawn.

Second Offic. Hengist is here; he bears down all before him:

The Britons too have join'd their Arms to his,
And this way bend their Force.

Rodo. Fly to my Brother, [To her Attendants,
And call him to our Aid.

[*Shout within, and clashing of Swords.*

King within.] Slave, give me way,
Or I will tear thy Soul. ———

Sold. within.] You pass not here.

Seof. within.] What, know'st thou not the King? —
oh cursed Villain!

*Enter the King wounded, Seofrid, Oswald and Soldiers,
with their Swords drawn. Oswald runs to Aribert.*

Seof. Perdition on his Hand—you bleed, my Lord!

King: My Blood flows fast—What, can I languish
now!

So near my Wish—Lend me thy Arm, old *Seofrid*,
To bear me to her——Ha! bound to the Rack!

Merciless Dogs——ye most pernicious Slaves!

And stand ye stupid, haggard and amaz'd!

Fly swift as Thought, and set her free this Moment,
Or by my injur'd Love, a Name more sacred)

Than all your Function knows, your Gods and you,
Your Temples, Altars, and your painted Shrines,
Your holy Trumpery shall blaze together.

[*They unbind Ethelinda.*

Rodo. 'Tis vain to rave and curse my Fortune now,
Thou native Greatness of my Soul befriend me,
And help me now to bear it as I ought.

King.

The Royal Convert.

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King. The feeble Lamp of Life shall lend its Blaze,
To light me---thus far---only---and no farther.

[*Falling at Ethelinda's Feet.*]

Yet I look up, and gaze on those bright Eyes,
As if I hop'd to gather Heat from thence,
Such as might feed the vital Flame for ever.

Ethel. Alas! you faint! your hasty Breath comes
short,

And the red Stream runs gushing from your Breast.
Call back your Thoughts from each deluding Passion;
And wing your parting Soul for her last Flight;
Call back your Thoughts to all your former Days;
To ev'ry unrepented Act of Evil;
And sadly deprecate the Wrath Divine.

King. Oh! my fair Teacher, you advise in vain:
The Gods and I have done with one another.
This Night I meant to rival them in Happiness.
Spite of my Brother, and thy cruel Coldness,
This Night I meant t'have pass'd within thy Arms.

Ethel. Oh! Horror!

King. But 'tis gone: Those envious Gods
Have done their worst, and blasted all my Hopes;
They have despoil'd me of my Crown and Life,
By a Slave's Hand-----but I forgive 'em that:
Thee---they have robb'd me of my Joys in thee-----
Have trod me down to wither in the Grave.-----

Seof. My Master, and my King!

King. Old Man, no more:

I have not Leisure for thy Grief----Farewel----
Thou, *Aribert*----shalt live, and wear my Crown---
Take it, and be as curst with it as I was.
But *Ethelinda*, she too shall be thine:

That:

That——that's too much. This World has nothing
in it.

So good to give—the next may have—I know not——

[The King dies.

Ari. There fled the fierce, untam'd, disdainful Soul,
Turn thee from Death, and rise, my gentle Love;
A Day of Comfort seems to dawn upon us,
And Heav'n at length is gracious to our Wishes.

Ethel. So numberless have been my daily Fears,
And such the Terrors of my sleepless Nights,
That still, methinks, I doubt t'uncertain Happiness:
Tho' at the Musick of thy Voice, I own,
My Soul is hush'd, it sinks into a Calm,
And takes sure Omen of its Peace from thee.

Ofw. To end your Doubts, your Brother, the brave

Lucius, [To Ethelinda.

Will soon be here: Ev'n now he sends me Word,
Fierce *Offa* and his *Saxons* fly before him;
The conqu'ring *Britons* fence you round from Danger,
And Peace and Safety wait upon your Loves.

Ari. Nor you, fair Princess, frown upon our Happiness.

Still shall my grateful Heart retain your Goodness,
And still be mindful of the Life you gave.

Nor must you think your self a Pris'ner here:
Whene'er you shall appoint, a Guard attends,
To wait you to your Brother's Camp with Honour.

Rodo. Yes, I will go, fly, far as Earth can bear me,
From thee, and from the Face of Man for ever.

Curst be your Sex, the Cause of all our Sorrows;
Curst be your Looks, your Tongues, and your false
Arts,

That cheat our Eyes, and wound our easy Hearts;

Curst

The Royal Convert.

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Curst may you be for all the Pains you give,
And for the scanty Pleasures we receive;
Curst be your brutal Pow'r, your tyrant Sway,
By which you bend, and force us to obey.
Oh Nature! partial Goddess, let thy Hand
Be just for once, and equal the Command;
Let Woman once be Mistress in her turn,
Subdue Mankind beneath her haughty Scorn,
And smile to see the proud Oppressor mourn.

[Exit Rodogune.]

Ofw. The Winds shall scatter all those idle Curses
Far, far away from you, while ev'ry Blessing
Attends to crown you. From your happy Nuptials,
From Royal *Aribert*, of Saxon Race,
Join'd to the Fairest of the *British* Dames,
Methinks I read the Peoples future Happiness;
And *Britain* takes its Pledge of Peace from you.

Ethel. Nor are those pious Hopes of Peace in vain;
Since I have often heard a holy Sage,
A venerable, old, and Saint-like Hermit,
With Visions often blest, and oft in Thought
Rapt to the highest, brightest Seats above,
Thus, with Divine, Prophetick Knowledge fill'd,
Disclose the Wonders of the Times to come.
Of Royal Race a *British* Queen shall rise,
Great, Gracious, Pious, Fortunate and Wise,
To distant Lands she shall extend her Fame,
And leave to latter Times a mighty Name:
Tyrants shall fall, and faithless Kings shall bleed,
And groining Nations by her Arms be freed.
But chief this happy Land her Care shall prove,
And find from her a more than Mother's Love.

From

The Royal Convert.

From Hostile Rage she shall preserve it free,
 Safe in the Compass of her ambient Sea:
 Tho' fam'd her Arms in many a cruel Fight,
 Yet most in peaceful Arts she shall delight,
 And her chief Glory shall be to UNITE
Picts, Saxons, Angles, shall no more be known,
 But *Briton* be the noble Name alone.
 With Joy their ancient Hate they shall forgo,
 While Discord hides her baleful Head below:
 Mercy, and Truth, and Right she shall maintain,
 And ev'ry Virtue croud to grace her Reign:
 Auspicious Heav'n on all her Days shall smile,
 And with Eternal UNION bless her *British* Isle.

[*Exeunt.*]*The End of the Fifth Act.**F I N I S.*





6

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
JANE SHORE.

Written in Imitation of
SHAKESPEAR'S Style.

By N. ROWE, Esq;

— *Conjux ubi pristinus illi*
Respondet Curis.

Virg.

The Fifth Edition.



L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by
W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, against *St. Clement's*
Church in the *Strand*. 1733.

TRADE

MARK

REGISTERED



LONDON
Printed by D. BARNARD, at the
W. L. BARNARD, at the
Office of the Librarian



TO HIS
GRACE *the* DUKE
OF
Queensberry and Dover,
Marquiss of *Beverley, &c.*

MY LORD,

I Have long lain under the greatest Obligations to Your Grace's Family, and nothing has been more in my Wishes, than that I might be able to discharge some part, at least, of so large a Debt. But Your Noble Birth and Fortune, the Power, Number, and Goodness of those Friends You have already, have placed You in such an Independency on the rest of the World, that the

DEDICATION.

Services I am able to render to Your Grace can never be advantageous, I am sure not necessary, to You in any part of Your Life. However, the next piece of Gratitude, and the only one I am capable of, is the Acknowledgment of what I owe: And as this is the most publick, and indeed the only way I have of doing it, Your Grace will pardon me if I take this Opportunity to let the World know the Duty and Honour I had for Your Illustrious Father. It is, I must confess, a very tender Point to touch upon; and at the first-sight may seem an ill-chosen Compliment, to renew the Memory of such a Loss, especially to a Disposition so sweet and gentle, and to a Heart so sensible of filial Piety as Your Grace's has been, even from Your earliest Childhood. But perhaps this is one of those Grievs by which the Heart may be made better; and if the Remembrance of his Death bring Heaviness along with it, the Honour that is paid to his Memory by all good Men, shall wipe away those Tears, and the Example of his Life set before Your Eyes, shall be of the greatest Advantage to Your Grace in the Conduct and future Disposition of Your Own.

In a Character so amiable as that of the *Duke of QUEENSBERRY* was, there can be no Part so proper to begin with, as that which
was

DEDICATION.

was in him, and is in all good Men, the Foundation of all other Virtues, either Religious or Civil, I mean Good-nature: Good-nature, which is Friendship between Man and Man, Good-Breeding in Courts, Charity in Religion, and the true Spring of all Beneficence in general. This was a Quality he possess'd in as great a measure as any Gentleman I ever had the honour to know. It was this natural Sweetness of Temper, which made him the best Man in the world to live with, in any kind of relation. It was this made him a good Master to his Servants, a good Friend to his Friends, and the tenderest Father to his Children. For the last, I can have no better Voucher than Your Grace; and for the rest, I may appeal to all that have had the honour to know him. There was a Spirit and Pleasure in his Conversation, which always enliven'd the Company he was in; which, together with a certain Easiness and Frankness in his Disposition, that did not at all derogate from the Dignity of his Birth and Character, render'd him infinitely agreeable. And as no Man had a more delicate Taste of natural Wit, his Conversations always abounded in Good-humour.

For those Parts of his Character which related to the Publick, as he was a Noble-
man

DEDICATION.

man of the first Rank, and a Minister of State, they will be best known by the great Employments he past through; all which he discharg'd worthily as to himself, justly to the Princes who imploy'd him, and advantageously for his Country. There is no occasion to enumerate his several Employments, as Secretary of State, for *Scotland* in particular, for *Britain* in general, or Lord High Commissioner of *Scotland*; which last Office he bore more than once; but at no time more honourably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the present Age, and for Posterity, than when he laid the Foundation for the *British* Union. The Constancy and Address which he manifested on that Occasion, are still fresh in every body's Memory; and perhaps when our Children shall reap those Benefits from that Work, which some People do not foresee and hope for now, they may remember the Duke of QUEENSBERRY with that Gratitude, which such a piece of Service done to his Country deserves.

He shew'd upon all Occasions a strict and immediate Attachment to the Crown, in the legal Service of which, no Man could exert himself more dutifully nor more strenuously: And at the same time no Man gave more bold and more generous Evidences of the
Love

DEDICATION.

Love he bore to his Country. Of the latter, there can be no better Proof than the share he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful Respect, and unshaken Fidelity, which he preserv'd for her present Majesty, even to his last Moments.

With so many good and great Qualities, it is not at all strange that he possess'd so large a Share, as he was known to have, in the Esteem of the Queen, and her immediate Predecessor; nor that those great Princes should repose the highest Confidence in him: And at the same time, what a Pattern has he left behind him for the Nobility in general, and for Your Grace in particular to copy after!

Your Grace will forgive me, if my Zeal for Your Welfare and Honour (which nobody has more at heart than myself) shall press You with some more than ordinary Warmth to the Imitation of Your noble Father's Virtues. You have, my Lord, many great Advantages, which may encourage You to go on in pursuit of this Reputation; it has pleas'd God to give You naturally that Sweetness of Temper, which, as I have before hinted, is the Foundation of all good Inclinations. You have the Honour to be born, not only of the greatest, but of the best Parents; of a Gentleman generally belov'd, and
ge-

DEDICATION.

generally lamented; and of a Lady adorn'd with all Virtues that enter into the Character of a good Wife, an admirable Friend, and a most indulgent Mother. The natural Advantages of Your Mind, have been cultivated by the most proper Arts and Manners of Education. You have the Care of many noble Friends, and especially of an excellent Uncle, to watch over You in the Tenderness of Your Youth. You set out amongst the first of Mankind, and I doubt not but your Virtues will be equal to the Dignity of Your Rank.

That I may live to see your Grace eminent for the Love of Your Country, for Your Service and Duty to Your Prince, and, in convenient Time, adorn'd with all the Honours that have ever been conferr'd upon Your Noble Family: That you may be distinguish'd to Posterity, as the bravest, greatest, and best Man of the Age You live in, is the hearty Wish, and Prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most Obedient, and

most Faithful, Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO-Night, if you have brought your good old Taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English Feast.
A Tale, which told long since in homely wise,
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle Eyes.
Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,
Because recording Ballads chaunt her Name;
Those venerable ancient Song-Enditers
Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers:
They caterwaul'd in no Romantick Disty,
Sighing for Phillis's, or Chloë's Pity.
Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christ'an Name—'twas Jane.
Our Numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gain'd in Verse, we've lost in Prose.
Their Words no Shuffling, Double-Meaning knew,
Their Speech was homely, but their Hearts were true.
In such an Age, Immortal Shakespear wrote,
By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught;
With rough majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength and Nature made Amends for Art.
Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;
And in these Scenes has made it more his Care
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.
Yet for those gentle Beaux who love the Chime,
The Ends of Acts still jingle into Rhime.
The Ladies too, he hopes, will not complain,
Here are some Subjects for a softer Strain,
A Nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd Swain.
What most he fears, is, lest the Dames should frown,
The Dames of Wit and Pleasure about Town,
To see our Picture drawn, unlike their own.
But lest that Error should provoke to Fury
The hospitable Hundreds of Old Drury,

PROLOGUE.

*He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's Defence,
She do'd about the charitable Pence,
Built Hospitals, turn'd Saint, and dy'd long since.
For her Example, whatso'er we make it,
They have their Choice to let alone, or take it.
Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,
To weep so sorely for a Sin so sweet:
Or mourn and mortify the pleasant Sense,
To rise in Tragedy two Ages hence.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Gloster.

Lord Hastings.

Catesby.

Sir Richard Ratcliffe.

Bellmour.

Dumont.

Mr. Cibber.

Mr. Booth.

Mr. Husbands.

Mr. Bowman.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Wilks.

Alicia.

Jane Shore.

Mrs. Porter.

Mrs. Oldfield.

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE LONDON.

Advertisement to the Reader.

I Take this Opportunity to acknowledge the Favour of several Copies of Verses that have been sent to me on occasion of this Tragedy: I take it for granted, that the greatest part of them were not design'd, by the Authors, to be made publick, since they did not think fit to let me know to whom I was obliged.

N. ROWE.

(1)

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
JANE SHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Tower.*

Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

GLOSTER.



HUS far Success attends upon our Counsels,
And each Event has answer'd to my Wish;
The Queen and all her upstart Race are
quell'd;

Dorset is banish'd, and her Brother *Rivers*
E'er this lies shorter by the Head at *Pomfret*.

B

The

The TRAGEDY of

The Nobles have with joint Concurrence nam'd me
 Protector of the Realm: My Brother's Children,
 Young *Edward* and the little *York*, are lodg'd
 Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, Sirs,
 Does not this Business wear a lucky Face?
 The Scepter and the Golden Wreath of Royalty
 Seem hung within my Reach.

Ratcl. Then take 'em to you,
 And wear 'em long and worthily; you are
 The last remaining Male of Princely *York*:
 (For *Edward's* Boys, the State esteems not of 'em,)
 And therefore on your Sovereignty and Rule,
 The Common-Weal does her Dependance make,
 And leans upon your Highness' able Hand.

Cat. And yet to-morrow does the Council meet
 To fix a Day for *Edward's* Coronation.
 Who can expound this Riddle?

Gloft. That can I.
 Those Lords are each one my approv'd good Friends,
 Of special Trust and Nearness to my Bosom;
 And howsoever busy they may seem,
 And diligent to bustle in the State,
 Their Zeal goes on no further than we lead,
 And at our bidding stays.

Cat. Yet there is one,
 And he amongst the foremost in his Power,
 Of whom I with your Highness were assur'd:
 For me, perhaps it is my Nature's Fault,
 I own I doubt of his inclining much.

Gloft. I guess the Man at whom your Words wou'd
 point:

Wastings ———

Cat.

JANE SHORE

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Cat. The same.

Gloft. He bears me great good Will.

Cat. 'Tis true, to you, as to the Lord Protector,
And *Gloster's* Duke, he bows with lowly Services
But were he bid to cry, God save King *Richard*,
Then tell me in what Terms he would reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the Man, and found him;
I know he bears a most religious Reverence
To his dead Master *Edward's* Royal Memory,
And whither that may lead him, is most plain.
Yet more—One of that stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an Opinion,
They call it Honour, Honesty, and Faith,
And sooner part with Life than let it go.

Gloft. And yet this tough impracticable Heart;
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd Girl;
Such Flaws are found in the most worthy Natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering She,
Shall make him amble on a Gossip's Message,
And take the Distaff with a Hand as patient
As e'er did *Hercules*.

Rachel. The fair *Alicia*,
Of noble Birth and exquisite of Feature,
Has held him long a Vassal to her Beauty.

Cat. I fear, he fails in his Allegiance there;
Or my Intelligence is false, or else
The Dame has been too lavish of her Feast,
And fed him 'till he loaths.

Gloft. No more, he comes.

B 2

Enter

The TRAGEDY of

Enter Lord Hastings.

L. *Hast.* Health and the Happiness of many Days
Attend upon your Grace.

Gloft. My good Lord-Chamberlain!
We are much beholden to your gentle Friendship.

L. *Hast.* My Lord, I come an humble Suitor to you.

Gloft. In right good time. Speak out your Pleasure
freely.

L. *Hast.* I am to move your Highness in behalf
Of *Shore's* unhappy Wife.

Gloft. Say you, of *Shore*?

L. *Hast.* Once a bright Star that held her Place on high;
The first and fairest of our *English* Dames,
While Royal *Edward* held the Sov'reign Rule.
Now sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
Her waining Form no longer shall incite
Envy in Woman, or Desire in Man.
She never sees the Sun, but thro' her Tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long Night away.

Gloft. Marry! the Times are badly chang'd with her
From *Edward's* Days to these. Then all was Jollity,
Feasting and Mirth, light Wantonness and Laughter,
Piping and Playing, Minstrelsy and Masquing;
'Till Life fled from us like an idle Dream,
A Shew of Mommery without a Meaning.
My Brother, Rest and Pardon to his Soul,
Is gone to his Account, for this his Minion,
The Revel-rout is done—But you were speaking
Concerning her—I have been told that you
Are frequent in your Visitation to her.

L. *Hast.* No farther, my good Lord, than friendly Pity,
And tender-hearted Charity allow.

Gloft.

JANE SHORE.

Gloft. Go to: I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the Distress'd—On with your Tale.

L. Haft. Thus it is, gracious Sir, that certain Officers
Using the Warrant of your mighty Name,
With Insolence unjust, and lawless Power,
Have seiz'd upon the Lands, which late she held
By Grant from her great Master *Edward's* Bounty.

Gloft. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard,
And tho' some Counsellors of forward Zeal,
Some of most ceremonious Sanctity,
And bearded Wisdom, often have provok'd
The Hand of Justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still in kind Compassion of her Weakness,
And tender Memory of *Edward's* Love,
I have with-held the merciless stern Law
From doing Outrage on her helpless Beauty.

L. Haft. Good Heav'n, who renders Mercy back for
Mercy,

With open-handed Bounty shall repay you:
This gentle Deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild Escapes of lawless Passion,
And the long Train of Frailties Flesh is Heir to.

Gloft. Thus far, the Voice of Pity pleaded only;
Our farther and more full Extent of Grace
Is given to your Request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her Grievs.
She shall be heard with Patience, and each Wrong
At full redrest. But I have other News
Which much import us both, for still my Fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours: Our common Foes,

The TRAGEDY of

The Queen's Relations, our new-fangled Gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty Crests—That for your Privacy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Jane Shore's House.

Enter Bellmour and Dumont.

Bell. How she has liv'd you've heard my Tale already.
The rest your own Attendance in her Family,
Where I have found the Means this Day to place you,
And nearer Observation best will tell you.
See with what sad and sober Cheer she comes.

Enter Jane Shore.

Sure, or I read her Visage much amiss,
Or Grief besets her hard! Save you, fair Lady,
The Blessings of the cheerful Morn be on you,
And greet your Beauty with its opening Sweets:

J. Sh. My gentle Neighbour! your good Wishes still
Pursue my hapless Fortunes: Ah! good *Bellmour*!
How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity?
Like thee reserve their Raiment for the Naked,
Reach out their Bread, to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix their pitying Tears with those that weep?
Thy Praise deserves a better Tongue than mine
To speak and bless thy Name. Is this the Gentleman,
Whose friendly Service you commended to me?

Fell. Madam! It is.

J. Sh. A venerable Aspect!

[*Aside.*]

Age

Age fits with decent Grace upon his Visage,
 And worthily becomes his silver Locks;
 He wears the Marks of many Years well-spent,
 Of Virtue, Truth well try'd, and wise Experience;
 A Friend like this, would suit my Sorrows well.
 Fortune, I fear me, Sir, has meant you ill, [*to Dumont.*
 Who pays your Merit with that scanty Pittance,
 Which my poor Hand and humble Roof can give.
 But to supply these golden Vantages,
 Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
 A just Regard and Value for your Worth,
 The Welcome of a Friend, and the free Partnership,
 Of all that little Good the World allows me.

Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my Answer
 Must be my future Truth; let that speak for me,
 And make up my deserving.

J. Sh. Are you of *England*?

Dum. No, gracious Lady, *Flanders* claims my Birth;
 At *Antwerp* has my constant bidding been,
 Where sometimes I have known more plenteous Days
 Than those which now my failing Age affords.

J. Sh. Alas! at *Antwerp*!—Oh forgive my Tears!

[*Weeping.*

They fall for my Offences—and must fall
 Long, long, e'er they shall wash my Stains away.
 You knew perhaps—oh Grief! oh Shame!—my Husband!

Dum. I knew him well—but stay this Flood of Anguish,
 The senseless Grave feels not your pious Sorrows:
 Three Years and more are past, since I was bid,
 With many of our common Friends, to wait him
 To his last peaceful Mansion. I attended,

The TRAGEDY of

Sprinkled his clay-cold Corse with holy Drops,
According to our Church's rev'rend Rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd Ground, to rest.

J. Sh. Oh! that my Soul had known no Joy but him,
That I had liv'd within his guiltless Arms,
And dying slept in Innocence beside him!
But now his honest Dust abhors the Fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lady *Alicia*,
Attends your Leisure.

J. Sh. Say, I wish to see her. *[Exit Servant.]*
Please, gentle Sir, one Moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the Instant; and inform you
Of each unhappy Circumstance, in which
Your friendly Aid and Counsel much may stead me.

[Exeunt Bellmour and Dumont.]

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Still, my fair Friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these Sighs heave after one another,
These trickling Drops chase one another still,
As if the posting Messengers of Grief,
Could overtake the Hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back?

J. Sh. No, my *Alicia*,
Heaven and his Saints be witness to my Thoughts,
There is no Hour of all my Life o'er-past,
That I could wish should take its turn again.

Alic. And yet some of those Days my Friend has known,
Some of those Years might pass for golden ones,
At least, if Womankind can judge of Happiness.

What

What could we wish, we who delight in Empire,
 Whose Beauty is our Sov'reign Good, and gives us
 Our Reasons to rebel, and Pow'r to reign,
 What could we more than to behold a Monarch,
 Lovely, Renown'd, a Conqueror, and Young,
 Bound in our Chains, and sighing at our Feet?

J. Sh. 'Tis true, the Royal *Edward* was a Wonder;
 The goodly Pride of all our *English* Youth;
 He was the very Joy of all that saw him,
 Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
 Impassive Spirits, and angelick Natures
 Might have been charm'd, like yielding human Weakness,
 Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking,
 But what had I to do with Kings and Courts?
 My humble Lot had cast me far beneath him;
 And that he was the first of all Mankind;
 The bravest and most lovely, was my Curse.

Alic. Sure, something more than Fortune join'd your
 Loves;

Nor could his Greatness, and his gracious Form,
 Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the Sweetness
 And Beauty of my Friend.

J. Sh. Name him no more:
 He was the Bane and Ruin of my Peace.
 This Anguish and these Tears, these are the Legacies
 His fatal Love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
 Believe me, my *Alicia*, thou wilt see me,
 E'er yet a few short Days pass o'er my Head,
 Abandon'd to the very utmost Wretchedness.
 The Hand of Pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
 Of what was left for needy Life's Support;

The TRAGEDY *of*

Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable Door for Bread.

Alic. Joy of my Life, my dearest *Shore*, forbear
To wound my Heart with thy foreboding Sorrows.
Raise thy sad Soul to better Hopes than these,
Lift up thy Eyes, and let 'em shine once more,
Bright as the Morning Sun above the Mists.
Exert thy Charms, seek out the stern Protector,
And sooth his savage Temper, with thy Beauty:
Spite of his deadly unrelenting Nature,
He shall be mov'd to pity and redress Thee.

J. Sh. My Form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd,
No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheek,
Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;
But haggard Grief lean-looking fallow Care,
And pining Discontent, a rueful Train,
Dwell on my Brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only Shadow of a Hope is left me;
The noble-minded *Hastings*, of his Goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my Advocate,
And move my humble Suit to angry *Glaister*.

Alic. Does *Hastings* undertake to plead your Cause?
But wherefore should he not? *Hastings* has Eyes;
The gentle Lord has a right tender Heart,
Melting and easy yielding to Impression,
And catching the soft Flame from each new Beauty;
But yours shall charm him long.

J. Sh. Away, you Flatterer!
Nor charge his generous Meaning with a Weakness,
Which his great Soul and Virtue must disdain.
Too much of Love thy hapless Friend has prov'd,

Too

Too many giddy foolish Hours are gone,
 And in fantastick Measures dane'd away:
 May the remaining few know only Friendship.
 So thou, my dearest, truest, best *Alicia*,
 Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle Heart,
 A Partner there; I will give up Mankind,
 Forget the Transports of encreasing Passion,
 And all the Pangs we feel for its Decay.

Alic. Live! live and reign for ever in my Bosom.

[*Embracing.*

Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own;
 And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
 Ye Saints that once were Women here below,
 Be witness of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
 Which here to this my other self I vow.
 If I not hold her nearer to my Soul,
 Than ev'ry other Joy the World can give,
 Let Poverty, Deformity and Shame,
 Distraction and Despair seize me on Earth,
 Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter,
 Nor taste the Bliss of your celestial Fellowship.

J. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
 Therefore these Jewels, once the lavish Bounty
 Of Royal *Edward's* Love, I trust to thee; [*Giving a Casket.*
 Receive this all, that I can call my own,
 And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
 That if the State's Injustice should oppress me,
 Strip me of all, and turn me out a Wanderer,
 My Wretchedness may find Relief from thee,
 And Shelter from the Storm.

Alic. My all is thine;

One common Hazard shall attend us both,
 And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
 But let thy fearful doubting Heart be still,
 The Saints and Angels have thee in their Charge,
 And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
 The gentle Deeds of Mercy thou hast done,
 Shall die forgotten all; the Poor, the Pris'ner,
 The Fatherless, the Friendless, and the Widow,
 Who daily own the Bounty of thy Hand,
 Shall cry to Heav'n, and pull a Blessing on thee;
 Ev'n Man, the merciless Insulter Man,
 Man, who rejoices in our Sex's Weakness,
 Shall pity thee, and with unwonted Goodness,
 Forget thy Failings, and record thy Praise.

J. Sh. Why should I think that Man will do for me
 What yet he never did for Wretches like me?
 Mark by what partial Justice we are judg'd:
 Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
 And such the Curse intail'd upon our Kind,
 That Man, the lawless Libertine, may rove,
 Free and unquestion'd through the Wilds of Love;
 While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
 If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
 If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,
 And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray;
 Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
 And one false Step entirely damns her Fame.
 In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before,
 She sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more.

[Exeunt.]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.**Enter Alicia.**[Speaking to Jane Shore as entering.]*

Alic. **N**O farther, gentle Friend; good Angels guard
you,

And spread their gracious Wings about your Slumbers.

The drowsy Night grows on the World, and now

The busy Craftsmen and o'erlabour'd Hind

Forget the Travail of the Day in Sleep:

Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness;

With meagre discontented Looks they sit,

And watch the wasting of the Midnight Taper.

Such Vigils must I keep, so wakes my Soul,

Restless and self-tormented! Oh false *Hastings*!

Thou hast destroy'd my Peace. *[Knocking without.]*

What Noise is that?

What Visitor is this, who with bold Freedom

Breaks in upon the peaceful Night and Rest.

With such a rude Approach?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One from the Court,
Lord *Hastings* (as I think) demands my Lady.

Alic. *Hastings*! Be still my Heart, and try to meet
him

With his own Arts: With Falshood—But he comes.

Enter

The TRAGEDY of

*Enter Lord Hastings.**[Speaks to a Servant as entering.]**Hast.* Dismiss my Train, and wait alone without.*Alicia here! Unfortunate Encounter!*

But, be it as it may.

Alic. When humbly, thus,

The Great descend to visit the Afflicted,

When thus unmindful of their Rest they come

To sooth the Sorrows of the midnight Mourner:

Comfort comes with them, like the Golden Sun,

Dispels the fullen Shades with her sweet Influence,

And cheers the melancholy House of Care.

L. Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a Courtesy,

Nor let the Coldness of Delay hang on it,

To nip and blast its Favour, like a Frost;

But rather chose, at this late Hour, to come,

That your fair Friend may know I have prevail'd;

The Lord Protector has receiv'd her Suit,

And means to shew her Grace.

Alic. My Friend! my Lord.*L. Hast.* Yes, Lady, yours: None has a Right more
ample

To task my Pow'r than you.

Alic. I want the Words,

To pay you back a Compliment so courtly;

But my Heart guesses at the friendly Meaning,

And wo'not die your Debtor.

L. Hast. 'Tis well, Madam.

But I would see your Friend,

Alic. Oh thou false Lord!

I would be Mistress of my heaving Heart;

Stiffe

Stifle this rising Rage, and learn from thee
To dress my Face in easy dull Indifference:
But 'two'not be, my Wrongs will tear their Way,
And rush at once upon thee.

L. Hast. Are you wise!
Have you the Use of Reason? Do you wake?
What means this Raving! this transporting Passion?

Alie. O thou cool Traitor! thou insulting Tyrant,
Dost thou behold my poor distracted Heart,
Thus rent with agonizing Love and Rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken and abandon'd,
Left, like a common Wretch, to Shame and Infamy,
Giv'n up to be the Sport of Villains Tongues,
Of laughing Parasites, and leud Buffoons;
And all because my Soul has doated on thee
With Love, with Truth, and Tenderness unutterable?

L. Hast. Are these the Proofs of Tenderness and Love?
These endless Quarrels, Discontents, and Jealousies,
These never-ceasing Wailings and Complaining,
These furious Starts, these Whirlwinds of the Soul,
Which every other moment rise to Madness?

Alie. What Proof, alas! have I not given of Love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy Arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble Birth,
A spotless Fame, and an unblemish'd Race,
The Peace of Innocence, and Pride of Virtue?
My Prodigality has giv'n thee all;
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched Bankrupt you have made.

L. Hast. Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,

Rep:

Kept in the View, and cross'd at every turn?
 In vain I fly, and like a hunted Deer,
 Scud o'er the Lawns, and hasten to the Covert;
 E'er I can reach my Safety, you o'ertake me
 With the swift Malice of some keen Reproach,
 And drive the winged Shaft deep in my Heart.

Alic. Hither you fly, and here you seek Repose;
 Spite of the poor Deceit, your Arts are known,
 Your Pious, Charitable, Midnight Visits.

L. Haft. If you are wise, and prize your Peace of Mind,
 Yet take the friendly Counsel of my Love;
 Believe me true, nor listen to your Jealousy,
 Let not that Devil, which undoes your Sex,
 That cursed Curiosity seduce you,
 To hunt for needless Secrets, which neglected,
 Shall never hurt your Quiet, but once known,
 Shall sit upon your Heart, pinch it with pain,
 And banish the sweet Sleep for ever from you.
 Go to—be yet advis'd—

Alic. Dost thou in Scorn,
 Preach Patience to my Rage? And bid me tamely
 Sit like a poor contented Ideot down,
 Nor dare to think thou'lt wrong'd me—Ruin seize thee
 And swift Perdition overtake thy Treachery!
 Have I the least remaining Cause to doubt?
 Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy Falshood?
 To hide it, might have spoke some little Tenderness;
 And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
 But thou disdain'st the Weakness of Humanity,
 Thy Words, and all thy Actions, have confess'd it;
 E'en now thy Eyes avow it, now they speak,

And

And insolently own the glorious Villany, [Chains.

L. Haft. Well then, I own my Heart has broke your Patient I bore the painful Bondage long.
At length my gen'rous Love disdains your Tyranny;
The Bitterness and Stings of taunting Jealousy,
Vexatious Days, and jarring joyless Nights,
Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer Shelter,
Where he may rest his weary Wings in peace.

Alic. You triumph! do! And with gigantick Pride;
Defy impending Vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
No more his Arm shall roll the dreadful Thunder,
Nor send his Lighnings forth: No more his Justice
Shall visit the presuming Sons of Men,
But Perjury, like thine, shall dwell in Safety.

L. Haft. Whate'er my Fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better Angel!
Preserve me from the Storm which threatens now,
And if I have beyond Atonement sinn'd;
Let any other kind of Plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the Fury of that Tongue.

Al. Thy Pray'r is heard—I go—but know, proud Lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the Weakness of my Sex,
This feeble Hand may find the Means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in Pow'r, and Greatness plac'd,
With Royal Favour guarded round, and grac'd;
On Eagle's Wings my Rage shall urge her Flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost Height;
Then like thy Fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my Feet;
See thy last Breath with Indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the Shades below. [*Exit Alic.*

L. Haft.

The TRAGEDY of

L. Haſt. How fierce a Fiend is Paſſion? With what
 Wildneſs,
 What Tyranny untam'd, it reigns in Woman!
 Unhappy Sex! whoſe eaſy yielding Temper
 Gives way to ev'ry Appetite alike!
 Each Guſt of Inclination, uncontroll'd,
 Sweeps thro' their Souls, and ſets them in an uproar;
 Each Motion of the Heart riſes to Fury,
 And Love in their weak Boſoms is a Rage
 As terrible as Hate, and as deſtructive.
 So the Wind roars o'er the wide fenceleſs Ocean,
 And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep,
 Alike from *North*, from *South*, from *East*, from *West*;
 With equal Force the Tempeſt blows by turns
 From ev'ry Corner of the Seaman's Compaſs.
 But ſoft ye now—for here comes one diſclaims
 Strife, and her wrangling Train; of equal Elements,
 Without one jarring Atom was ſhe form'd,
 And Gentleneſs, and Joy, make up her Being.

Enter Jane Shore.

Forgive me, Fair-one, if officious Friendſhip
 Intrudes on your Repoſe, and comes thus late,
 To greet you with the Tidings of Succeſs.
 The Princely *Gloſter* has vouchſaf'd you Hearing,
 To-morrow he expects you at the Court;
 There plead your Cauſe with never-failing Beauty,
 Speak all your Griefs, and find a full Redreſs.

J. Sh. Thus humbly let your lowly Servant bend; [*Kneeb-*
 Thus let me bow my grateful Knee to Earth, *ing.*
 And bleſs your noble Nature for this Goodneſs. (much,

L. Haſt. Riſe, gentle Dame, you wrong my Meaning
 Think

Think me not guilty of a Thought so vain,
To sell my Courtesy for Thanks like these.

J. Sh. 'Tis true, your Bounty is beyond my Speaking;
But tho' my Mouth be dumb, my Heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
Mourning, and bleeding, for my past Offences,
My fervent Soul shall breath one Prayer for you,
If Prayers of such a Wretch are heard on high,
That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The Grace and Goodness you have shewn to me.

L. Hast. If there be aught of Merit in my Service,
Impute it there where most 'tis due, to Love;
Be kind, my gentle Mistress, to my Wishes,
And satisfy my panting Heart with Beauty.

J. Sh. Alas! my Lord——

L. Hast. Why bend thy Eyes to Earth?
Wherefore these Looks of Heaviness and Sorrow?
Why breaths that Sigh, my Love? And wherefore falls
This trickling Show'r of Tears, to stain thy Sweetness?

J. Sh. If Pity dwells within your noble Breast,
(As sure it does) oh speak not to me thus.

L. Hast. Can I behold thee, and not speak of Love?
Ev'n now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy Softness steals upon my yielding Senses,
'Till my Soul faints, and sickens with Desire;
How canst thou give this Motion to my Heart,
And bid my Tongue be still?

J. Sh. Cast round your Eyes
Upon the High-born Beauties of the Court;
Behold, like opening Roses, where they bloom,

Sweet

Sweet to the Sense, unfully'd all and spotless;
 There chuse some worthy Partner of your Heart,
 To fill your Arms, and bless your virtuous Bed;
 Nor turn your Eyes this way, where Sin and Misery,
 Like loathsome Weeds, have over-run the Soil,
 And the Destroyer Shame has laid all waste.

L.H. What means this peevish, this fantastick Change?
 Where is thy wonted Pleasantness of Face?
 Thy wonted Graces, and thy dimpled Smiles?
 Where hast thou lost thy Wit, and sportive Mirth?
 That chearful Heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
 And cast a Day of Gladness all around thee?

J. Sh. Yes, I will own I merit the Reproach;
 And for those foolish Days of wanton Pride,
 My Soul is justly humbled to the Dust:
 All Tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
 Still to repeat my Guilt, to urge my Infamy,
 And treat me like that abject Thing I have been:
 Yet let the Saints be witness to this Truth,
 That now, tho' late, I look with Horror back,
 That I detest my wretched self, and curse
 My past polluted Life. All-judging Heav'n
 Who knows my Crimes, has seen my Sorrow for them.

L. Hast. No more of this dull Stuff. 'Tis time enough
 To whine and mortify thyself with Penance,
 When the decaying Sense is pall'd with Pleasure,
 And weary Nature tires in her last Stage:
 Then weep and tell thy Beads, when alt'ring Rheums
 Have stain'd the Lustre of thy starry Eyes,
 And failing Palsies shake thy wither'd Hand.
 The present Moments claim more gen'rous use;

Thy

Thy Beauty, Night and Solitude reproach me,
For having talk'd thus long—Come let me press thee,

[*Laying hold on her.*]

Pant on thy Bosom, sink into thy Arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious Fold.

J. Sh. Never! By those chaste Lights above, I swear,
My Soul shall never know Pollution more;
Forbear my Lord!—Here let me rather die, [*Kneeling.*]
Let quick Destruction overtake me here,
And end my Sorrows and my Shame for ever.

L. Hast. Away with this Perverseness,—'tis too much;
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous Affectation. [*Striving.*]

J. Sh. Retire! I beg you leave me——

L. Hast. Thus to coy it!——
With one who knows you too.

J. Sh. For Mercy's Sake——

L. Hast. Ungrateful Woman! Is it thus you pay
My Services?——

J. Sh. Abandon me to Ruin——
Rather than urge me——

L. Hast. This way to your Chamber, [*Pulling her.*]
There if you struggle——

J. Sh. Help! Oh gracious Heaven!
Help! Save me! Help! [*Crying out.*]

Enter Dumont, he interposes.

Dum. My Lord! for Honour's sake——

L. Hast. Hah! What art thou? Be gone!

Dum. My Duty calls me
To my Attendance on my Mistress here.

J. Sh. For Pity let me go——

L. Hast. Avaunt! Base Groom——

At distance wait, and know thy Office better.

Dum. Forego your hold, my Lord! 'tis most unmanly
This Violence——

L. Hast. Avoid the Room this moment,
Or I will tread thy Soul out.

Dum. No, my Lord——
The common Ties of Manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the Defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless Woman.

L. Hast. And dost thou know me, Slave?

Dum. Yes, thou proud Lord!
I know thee well, know thee with each Advantage,
Which Wealth, or Power, or noble Birth can give thee.
I know thee too for one who stains those Honours,
And blots a long illustrious Line of Ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a Woman.

L. Hast. 'Tis wondrous well! I see, my Saint-like Dame,
You stand provided of your Braves and Ruffians,
To man your Cause, and bluster in your Brothel.

Dum. Take back the foul Reproach, unmanner'd Railer;
Nor urge my Rage too far, lest thou should'st find
I have as daring Spirits in my Blood
As thou, or any of thy Race e'er boasted;
And tho' no gaudy Titles grac'd my Birth,
Titles, the servile Courtier's lean Reward,
Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft
The Hire which Greatness gives to Slaves and Sycophants,
Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever King did, when he made a Lord.

L. Hast. Insolent Villain! Henceforth let this reach thee

[Draws and strikes him.

The

The distance 'twixt a Peasant and a Prince.

Dum. Nay then, my Lord! (*drawing*) Learn you by
this how well

An Arm resolv'd can guard it's Master's Life. [*They fight.*

J. Sh. Oh my distracting Fears! hold, for sweet Heav'n.

[*They fight. Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.*

L. Hast. Confusion! baffled by a base-born Hind! O

Dum. Now haughty Sir, where is our difference now?

Your Life is in my hand, and did not Honour,

The Gentleness of Blood and inborn Virtue

(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)

Plead in my Behom, I should take the Forfeit.

But wear your Sword again; and know, a Lord

Oppos'd against a Man is but a Man.

L. H. Curse on my failing Hand! Your better Fortune

Has giv'n you Vantage o'er me; but perhaps

Your Triumph may be bought with dear Repentance. [*Ex.*

J. Sh. Alas! what have you done! Know you the Power
The Mightiness that waits upon this Lord?

Dum. Fear not, my worthiest Mistress; 'tis a Cause,

In which Heav'n's Guard shall wait you. O pursue,

Pursue the sacred Counsels of your Soul,

Which urge you on to Virtue; let not Danger,

Nor the incumbring World make faint your Purpose.

Assisting Angels shall conduct your Steps,

Bring you to Bliss; and crown your End with Peace.

J. Sh. Oh that my Head were laid, my sad Eyes clos'd,

And my cold Corse wound in my Shroud to rest;

My painful Heart will never cease to bear,

Will never know a Moment's Peace 'till then.

Dum. Wou'd you be happy? Leave this fatal Place,

Fly

Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighbourhood;
 Where Innocence is shame'd, and blushing Modesty
 Is made the Scorners's Jest; where Hate, Deceit,
 And deadly Ruin, wear the Masques of Beauty,
 And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure.

J. Sh. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
 Of Friends, and all the Means of Life bereft? [you,

Dum. Bellmour, whose friendly Care still wakes to serve
 Has found you out a little peaceful Refuge,
 Far from the Court and the tumultuous City.

Within an ancient Forest's ample Verge,
 There stands a lonely, but a healthful Dwelling,
 Built for Convenience, and the Use of Life:
 Around it Fallows, Meads, and Pastures fair,
 A little Garden, and a limpid Brook,

By Nature's own Contrivance seem dispos'd;
 No Neighbours, but a few poor simple Clowns,
 Honest and true, with a well-meaning Priest:

No Faction, or Domestick Fury's Rage,
 Did e'er disturb the Quiet of that Place,

When the contending Nobles shook the Land
 With *York* and *Lancaster's* disputed Sway.

Your Virtue there may find a safe Retreat
 From the insulting Pow'rs of wicked Greatness.

J. Sh. Can there be so much Happiness in store!

A Cell like that, is all my Hopes aspire to.

Haste then, and thither let us take our Flight,

E'er the Clouds gather, and the Wintry Sky

Descends in Storms to intercept our Passage.

Dum. Will you then go? You glad my very Soul!

Banish your Fears, cast all your Cares on me;

JANE SHORE.

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Plenty, and Ease, and Peace of Mind shall wait you,
And make your latter Days of Life most happy,
Oh, Lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your Dangers,
And how my Heart rejoices at your Safety.
So when the Spring renews the flow'ry Field,
And warns the pregnant Nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest Shelter of the Wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful Brood;
Where no rude Swains her shady Cell may know,
No Serpents climb, nor blasting Winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen Place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the Grove no more:
Warbling she charms it each returning Night,
And loves it with a Mother's dear Delight. [Exeunt:



C

ACT

Soul!

Plenty

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Court.**Enter Alicia with a Paper.*

Alic. **T**HIS Paper, to the great Protector's Hand,
 With Care and Secrecy must be convey'd;
 His bold Ambition now avows its Aim,
 To pluck the Crown from *Edward's* Infant Brow;
 And fix it on his own. I know he holds
 My faithless *Hastings*, adverse to his Hopes,
 And much devoted to the Orphan King;
 On that I build: This Paper meets his Doubts;
 And marks my hated Rival as the Cause
 Of *Hastings'* Zeal for his dead Master's Sons.
 Oh Jealousy! Thou Bane of pleasing Friendship,
 Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms;
 How does thy Rancour poison all our Softness,
 And turn our gentle Natures into Bitterness?
 See where she comes! Once my Heart's dearest Blessing,
 Now my chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty,
 Loath that known Face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter Jane Shore.

J. Sh. Now whither shall I fly, to find Relief?
 What charitable Hand will aid me now?
 Will stay my falling Steps, support my Ruins,

And

And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?

Oh, my *Alicia*!

Alic. What new Grief is this?

What unforeseen Misfortune has surpriz'd thee,

That racks thy tender Heart thus?

J. Sh. Oh! *Dumont*!

Alic. Say! What of him?

J. Sh. That friendly, honest Man,

Whom *Bellmour* brought off late to my Assistance,

On whose kind Cares, whose Diligence and Faith,

My surest Trust was built, this very Morn

Was seiz'd on by the cruel Hand of Pow'r,

Forc'd from my House, and born away to Prison.

Al. To Prison, said you! Can you guess the Cause?

J. Sh. Too well, I fear. His bold Defence of me,
Has drawn the Vengeance of Lord *Hastings* on him.

Alic. Lord *Hastings*! Ha!

J. Sh. Some fitter Time must tell thee

The Tale of my hard Hap. Upon the present,

Hang all my poor, my last remaining Hopes.

Within this Paper is my Suit contain'd;

Here, as the princely *Gloster* passes forth,

I wait to give it on my humble Knees,

And move him for Redress.

[*She gives the Paper to Alicia, who opens and seems to read it.*]

Alic. [*Aside.*] Now for a Wile,

To sting my thoughtless Rival to the Heart;

To blast her fatal Beauties, and divide her

For ever from my perjur'd *Hastings'* Eyes:

The Wanderer may then look back to me,

The TRAGEDY of

And turn to his forsaken Home again :
 Their Fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[Pulling out the other Paper.]

J. Sh. But see the great Protector comes this way,
 Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers.
 Give me the Paper, Friend.

Alic. [Aside.] For Love and Vengeance !

[She gives her the other Paper.]

*Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Catesby,
 Courtiers, and other Attendants.*

J. Sh. [Kneeling.] O noble Gloster, turn thy gracious Eye,
 Incline thy pitying Ear to my Complaint,
 A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless Woman,
 Intreats a little Bread for Charity,
 To feed her Wants, and save her Life from perishing.

Gloft. Arise, fair Dame, and dry your wat'ry Eyes.

[Receiving the Paper, and raising her.]

Beshrew me, but 'twere Pity of his Heart,
 That could refuse a Boon to such a Suitress.
 Y'have got a noble Friend to be your Advocate;
 A worthy and right gentle Lord he is,
 And to his Trust most true. This Present, now,
 Some Matters of the State detain our Leisure;
 Those once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
 And give your Griefs Redress. Go to ! be comforted.

J. Sh. Good Heavens repay your Highness for this Pity,
 And show'r down Blessings on your Princely Head.
 Come my *Alicia*, reach thy friendly Arm,
 And help me to support that feeble Frame;
 That nodding totters with oppressive Woe,
 And sinks beneath its Load, *[Ex. J. Shott and Alic.]*

Gloft.

Gloft. Now by my Holidame!
 Heavy of Heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
 But thus it is when rude Calamity
 Lays its strong Gripe upon these mincing Minions;
 The dainty gew-gaw Forms dissolve at once; (*to read.*
 And shiver at the Shock. What says her Paper? [*seeming*
 Ha! What is this? Come nearer *Ratcliffe!* *Catesby!*
 Mark the Contents, and then divine the Meaning.

[*He reads.*]

Wonder not, Princely *Gloster*, at the Notice
 This Paper brings you from a Friend unknown;
 Lord *Hastings* is inclin'd to call you Master,
 And kneel to *Richard*, as to *England's* King;
 But *Shore's* bewitching Wife misleads his Heart,
 And draws his Service to King *Edward's* Sons:
 Drive her away, you break the Charm that holds him,
 And he, and all his Powers, attend on you.

Rat. 'Tis wonderful!

Cat. The Means by which it came,
 Yet stranger too!

Gloft. You saw it given but now.

Rat. She could not know the Purport.

Gloft. No, 'tis plain——

She knows it not, it levels at her Life;
 Should she presume to prate of such high Matters,
 The meddling Harlot! Dear she should abide it.

Cat. What Hand soe'er it comes from, be assur'd,
 It means your Highness well——

Gloft. Upon the Instant,
 Lord *Hastings* will be here; this Morn I mean,
 To prove him to the Quick; then if he flinch,

No more but this, away with him at once,
 He must be mine or nothing——But he comes!
 Draw nearer this way, and observe me well. [*They whisper.*]

Enter Lord Hastings.

L. Hast. This foolish Woman hangs about my Heart,
 Lingers and wanders in my Fancy still;
 This Coyness is put on, 'tis Art and Cunning,
 And worn to urge Desire——I must possess her:
 The Groom, who lift his saucy Hand against me,
 E'er this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
 Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' Example,
 And teach her Beauty not to scorn my Pow'r.

Gloft. This do, and wait me e'er the Council sits.

[*Exeunt Rat. and Catef.*]

My Lord, y'are well encounter'd, here has been,
 A fair Petitioner this Morning with us;
 Believe me she has won me much to pity her:
 Alas! her gentle Nature was not made
 To buffet with Adversity. I told her,
 How worthily her Cause you had befriended;
 How much for your good sake we meant to do,
 That you had spoke, and all things shou'd be well.

L. Hast. Your Highness binds me ever to your Service.

Gloft. You know your Friendship is most potent with us,
 And shares our Power. But of this enough,
 For we have other Matters for your Ear:
 The State is out of Tune; distracting Fears,
 And jealous Doubts jar in our Publick Counsels;
 Amidst the wealthy City, Murmurs rise,
 Leud Railings, and Reproach, on those that rule,
 With open Scorn of Government; hence Credit,
 And publick Trust 'twixt Man and Man are broke.

The

The golden Streams of Commerce are with-held,
Which fed the Wants of needy Hinds, and Artizans,
Who therefore curse the Great, and threat Rebellion.

L. Hast. The resty Knaves are over-run with Ease,
As Plenty ever is the Nurse of Faction:
If in good Days, like these, the headstrong Herd
Grow madly wanton and repine; it is
Because the Reins of Power are held too slack,
And reverend Authority of late
Has worn a Face of Mercy more than Justice.

Gloft. Bestrew my Heart! but you have well divin'd
The Source of these Disorders. Who can wonder
If Riot and Mis-rule o'erturn the Realm,
When the Crown sits upon a Baby Brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral Cry,
And Sum of all Complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well
With *England* (thus they talk) while Children govern.

L. Hast. 'Tis true the King is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of *Edward's* riper Years,
While *Glocester's* Valour, and most Princely Wisdom,
So well supply our Infant Sov'reign's Place,
His Youth's Support, and Guardian of his Throne.

Gloft. The Council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a Pageant Sceptre in my Hand,
Barren of Pow'r, and subject to controul;
Scorn'd by my Foes, and useless to my Friends.
Oh, worthy Lord! were mine the Rule indeed,
I think, I should not suffer rank Offence
At large to lord it in the Common-weal;
Nor wou'd the Realm be rent by Discord thus;
Thus Fear and Doubt betwixt disputed Titles.

L. Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A Doubt like this——

Gloft. Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much Concern. Have you not heard
How on a late Occasion, Doctor *Shaw*
Has mov'd the People much about the Lawfulness
Of *Edward's* Issue? By right grave Authority
Of Learning and Religion, plainly proving,
A Bastard Scion never should be grafted
Upon a Royal Stock; from thence, at full
Discourfing on my Brother's former Contract
To Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, long before
His jolly March with that fame buxom Widow
The Queen he left behind him——

L. Hast. Ill befall—
Such meddling Priests, who kindle up Confusion;
And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples;
By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect Spight to Peace.
Did not the King,
Our Royal Master *Edward*, in Concurrence
With his Estates assembled, well determine (ward?
What Courfe the Sovereign Rule should take hencefor—
When shall the deadly Hate of Faction cease,
When shall our long divided Land have Rest,
If every peevish, moody Malecontent
Shall fet the senseless Rabble in an uproar?
Fright them with Dangers, and perplex their Brains,
Each Day with some fantastick giddy Change?

Gloft. What if some Patriot for the publick Good,
Should vary from your Scheme, new-mould the State?

L. Hast. Curse on the innovating Hand attempts it!

Remember

Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heaven
In thy great Day of Vengeance! Blast the Traitor
And his pernicious Counsels; who for Wealth,
For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,
Would plunge his Native Land in Civil Wars.

Gloft. You go too far, my Lord.

L. Haft. Your Highness' Pardon——

Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
When *York* and *Lancaster* drew forth the Battels;
When, like a Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,
And cast beside some common way of Spectacle
Of Horror and Affright to Passers by,
Our groaning Country bled at every Vein,
When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd;
When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd;
When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away Distinction; Peasants trod
Upon the Necks of Nobles: Low were laid
The Reverend Crosier, and the Holy Mitre,
And Desolation cover'd all the Land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a Dagger in his Heart,
Whose damn'd Ambition would renew those Horrors,
And set, once more, that Scene of Blood before us?

Gloft. How now! So hot!

L. Haft. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Gloft. Is then our Friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your Hand against my Life?

L. Haft. I hope your Highness does not think I meant it,
No, Heaven forefend that e'er your Princely Person
Should come within the Scope of my Resentment.

Gloft. Oh! noble *Hastings*! Nay, I must embrace you;

[Embraces him.]

By holy *Paul*! y'are a right honest Man;
The Time is full of Danger and Distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for Jealoufy and light Surmize,
If when I meant to lodge you next my Heart;
I put your Truth to trial. Keep your Loyalty,
And live your King and Country's best Support:
For me, I ask no more than Honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your Friends:

L. Haft. Accept what Thanks a grateful Heart should pay.

Oh! Princely *Gloster*! judge me not ungentle,
Of Manners rude, and insolent of Speech,
If, when the Publick Safety is in question,
My Zeal flows warm and eager from my Tongue.

Gloft. Enough of this: To deal in wordy Complement
Is much against the Plainness of my Nature;
I judge you by myself, a clear true Spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my Bosom;
Farewel, and be my Friend.

[Exit *Gloster*.]

L. Haft. I am not read,
Not skill'd and practis'd in the Arts of Greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to Passion.
The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest Point; the Master-string
That makes most Harmony or Discord to me.
I own the glorious Subject fires my Breast,
And my Soul's darling Passion stands confest;
Beyond or Love's or Friendship's sacred Band,
Beyond myself I prize my native Land:

On this Foundation would I build my Fame,
 And emulate the *Greek* and *Roman* Name;
 Think *England's* Peace bought cheaply with my Blood,
 And die with pleasure for my Country's Good. [Exit.]



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Duke of Gloster, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Gloster. **T**HIS was the Sum of all; that he would brook:
 No Alteration in the present State.
 Marry! at last, the testy Gentleman
 Was almost mov'd to bid us bold Defiance;
 But there I dropt the Argument, and changing
 The first Design and Purport of my Speech,
 I prais'd his good Affection to young *Edward*,
 And left him to believe my Thoughts like his.
 Proceed we then in this fore-mention'd Matter,
 As nothing bound or trusting to his Friendship.

Rat. Ill does it thus befall! I cou'd have wish'd
 This Lord had stood with us. His Friends are weakly;
 Thereto, his own Possessions large and mighty;
 The Vassals and Dependants on his Power
 Firm in Adherence, ready, bold and many;
 His Name had been of Vantage to your Highness,
 And stood our present Purpose much in stead.

Gloster. This wayward and perverse declining from us,
 Has warrant'd at full the friendly Notice,
 Which we this Morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
 This puling whining Harlot rules his Reason,
 And prompts his Zeal for *Edward's* Bastard Brood.

Catesby

Cat. If she have such Dominion o'er his Heart,
And turn it at her Will, you rule her Fate;
And should, by Inference and apt Deduction,
Be Arbiter of his. Is not her Bread
The very Means immediate to her Being,
The Bounty of your Hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield Obedience to your Pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?

Rat. Let her instruct her Tongue to bear your Message;
Teach every Grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluding Eyes to gloat for you;
His ductile Reason will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the Yoke, and yield exact Obedience.

Gloß. Your Counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd:
She waits without, attending on her Suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone. [*Ex. Rat. and Cat.*]
How poor a thing is he, how worthy Scorn,
Who leaves the Guidance of Imperial Manhood
To such a paltry piece of Stuff as this is!
A Moppet made of Prettiness and Pride;
That oftner does her giddy Fancies change,
Than glittering Dew-drops in the Sun do Colours—
Now shame upon it! Was our Reason given
For such a Use! To be thus puff'd about
Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather,
The Sport of every whiffling Blast that blows?
Beslrew my Heart, but it is wondrous strange;
Sure there is something more than Witchcraft in them;
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

The TRAGEDY of

Enter Jane Shore.

Oh! You are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
 On this your Grievance: And tho' some there are,
 Nay, and those Great Ones too, who wou'd enforce
 The Rigour of our Pow'r to afflict you,
 And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,
 We've ta'en you to our Favour, our Protection
 Shall stand between, and shield you from Mishap.

J. Sh. The Blessings of a Heart with Anguish broken,
 And rescu'd from Despair, attend your Highness,
 Alas! my gracious Lord! what have I done
 To kindle such relentless Wrath against me?
 If in the Days of all my past Offences,
 When most my Heart was lifted with Delight,
 If I with-held my Morsel from the Hungry,
 Forgot the Widow's Want, and Orphan's Cry;
 If I have known a Good I have not shar'd,
 Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion with me,
 Let my worst Enemies stand forth, and now
 Deny the Succour, which I gave not then.

Gloster. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
 Who say you meddle in Affairs of State:
 That you presume to prattle, like a Busy-body,
 Give your Advice, and teach the Lords o'th' Council
 What fits the Order of the Common-weal.

J. Sh. Oh that the busy World, at least in this,
 Would take Example from a Wretch like me!
 None then would waste their Hours in foreign Thoughts;
 Forget themselves, and what concerns their Peace,
 To tread the Mazes of fantastick Falshood,
 To haunt her idle Sounds and flying Tales,

Thro'

Thro' all the giddy noisy Courts of Rumour;
 Malicious Slander never wou'd have leisure
 To search with prying Eyes for Fautes abroad,
 If all, like me, consider'd their own Hearts,
 And wept the Sorrows which they found at home?

Gloft. Go to! I know your Pow'r, and tho' I trust not
 To ev'ry Breath of Fame, I'm not to learn
 That *Hastings* is profess'd your loving Vassal,
 But fair befall your Beauty: Use it wisely,
 And it may stand your Fortunes much in stead;
 Give back your forfeit Land with large Increase,
 And place you high in Safety and in Honour:
 Nay, I could point a Way, the which pursuing,
 You shall not only bring yourself Advantage,
 But give the Realm much worthy Cause to thank you?

J. Sh. Oh! where or how?—Can my unworthy Hand
 Become an Instrument of Good to any?
 Instruct your lowly Slave, and let me fly
 To yield Obedience to your dread Command.

Gl. Why that's well said--Thus then--Observe me well,
 The State, for many high and potent Reasons,
 Deeming my Brother *Edward's* Sons unfit
 For the Imperial Weight of *England's* Crown—

J. Sh. Alas! for Pity. [Aside]

Gloft. Therefore have resolv'd
 To set aside their unavailing Infancy,
 And vest the Sov'reign Rule in abler Hands.
 This, tho' of great Importance to the Publick,
Hastings, for very Peevishness and Spleen,
 Does stubbornly oppose.

J. Sh. Does he! Does *Hastings*!

Gloft.

Gloft. Ay, *Hastings*.

J. Sh. Reward him for the noble Deed, just Heavens :
For this one Action, guard him and distinguish him
With signal Mercies, and with great Deliverance,
Save him from Wrong, Adversity and Shame:
Let never-fading Honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his Name ev'n to Time's end :
Let him know nothing else but Good on Earth,
And everlasting Blessedness hereafter.

Gloft. How now !

J. Sh. The poor forsaken, Royal little Ones !
Shall they be left a Prey to savage Power ?
Can they lift up their harmless Hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for Help, and not be heard ?
Impossible ! O gallant generous *Hastings*,
Go on, pursue ! Assert the sacred Cause :
Stand forth, thou Proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless Infants from Oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing Prayers,
And warring Angels combat on thy side.

Gloft. You're passing rich in this same heav'nly Speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me !
My Favour is not bought with Words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your Tongue another Tale.

J. Sh. No, tho' the Royal *Edmund* has undone me,
He was my King, my gracious Master still ;
He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty Flame,
And fatal to my Peace, yet still he lov'd me ;
With Fondness, and with Tenderness he doated,
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles.
And can I—Oh my Heart abhors the Thought ;

Stand

Stand by, and see his Children robb'd of Right?

Gloſt. Dare not, ev'n for thy Soul, to thwart me further;
None of your Arts, your Feigning, and your Foolery,
Your dainty, squeamiſh Coying it to me.
Go—to your Lord, your Paramour, be gone;
Liſp in his Ear, hang wanton on his Neck,
And play your Monkey Gambols o'er to him:
You know my Purpoſe, look that you purſue it,
And make him yield Obedience to my Will.
Do it—or woe upon thy Harlot's Head.

J. Sh. Oh that my Tongue had ev'ry Grace of Speech;
Great and commanding as the Breath of Kings,
Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing
As ſoft Perſuaſion to a Love-ſick Maid?
That I had Art and Eloquence divine!
To pay my Duty to my Maſter's Aſhes,
And plead till Death the Cauſe of injur'd Innocence.

Gloſt. Ha! Do'ſt thou brave me, Minion! Do'ſt thou know
How vile, how very a Wretch, my Pow'r can make thee;
That I can let looſe Fear, Diſtreſs and Famine,
To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-hounds, thro' the World;
That I can place thee in ſuch abject State,
As Help ſhall never find thee; where repining,
Thou ſhalt ſit down, and gnaw the Earth for Anguiſh,
Groan to the pitileſs Winds without Return,
Howl like the Midnight Wolf amidſt the Deſart,
And curſe thy Life in Bitterneſs and Miſery?

J. Sh. Let me be branded for the publick Scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a Vagabond,
Be friendleſs and forſaken, ſeek my Bread
Upon the barren Wild, and deſolate Waſte,

Feed.

Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears;
 E'er I consent to teach my Lips Injustice,
 Or wrong the Orphan, who has none to save him.

Gloſt. 'Tis well—we'll try the Temper of your Heart;
 What, ho! Who waits without!

Enter Rateliff, Catesby, and Attendants.

Rat. Your Highness' Pleasure——

Gloſt. Go some of you, and turn this Strumpet forth;
 Spurn her into the Street, there let her perish,
 And rot upon a Dunghill. Thro' the City
 See it proclaim'd, That none, on pain of Death,
 Presume to give her Comfort, Food, or Harbour;
 Who ministers the smallest Comfort, dies.
 Her House, her costly Furniture and Wealth,
 The Purchase of her loose luxurious Life,
 We seize on, for the Profit of the State.
 Away! Be gone!

J. sh. O thou most righteous Judge——
 Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
 And own thy Justice in this hard Decree:
 No longer then my ripe Offences spare,
 But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
 Yet since 'tis all my Wretchedness can give,
 For my past Crimes my forfeit Life receive;
 No Pity for my Suff'rings here I crave,
 And only hope Forgiveness in the Grave.

[Exit J. Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.]

Gl. So much for this. Your Project's at an end: *[To Rat.]*
 This idle Toy, this Hilding scorns my Power,
 And sets us all at nought. See that a Guard
 Be ready at my Call——

Rat.

Rat. The Council waits
Upon your Highness' Leisure.——

Gloß. Bid 'em enter.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Bp of Ely,
L. Hastings and others, as to the Council. The Duke of
Gloster take his Place at the upper end, then the rest sit.*

Derb. In happy time are we assembled here,
To point the Day, and fix the solemn Pomp,
For placing *England's* Crown with all due Rites,
Upon our Sov'reign *Edward's* youthful Brow.

L. Hast. Some busy meddling Kaves, 'tis said there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his Royal Right;
Therefore I hold it fitting, with the soonest
T'appoint the Order of the Coronation;
So to approve our Duty to the King,
And stay the Babbling of such vain Gainstayers.

Derb. We all attend to know your Highness' Pleasure,
[To Gloster.

Gloß. My Lords! A Set of worthy Men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the State:
Therefore to your most grave Determination,
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What Punishment your Wisdom shall think meet
T'inflct upon those damnable Contrivers,
Who shall with Potions, Charms, and witching Drugs,
Practise against our Person and our Life.

L. Hast. So much I hold the King your Highness' Debtor:
So precious are you to the Common-weal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble Brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit Death.

Gloß.

The TRAGEDY of

Gl. Then judge yourselves, convince your Eyes of Truth;
Behold my Arm thus blasted, dry and wither'd,

[*Pulling up his Sleeve.*

Shrunk like a foul Abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely Product of the Seasons,
Robb'd of its Properties of Strength and Office.

This is the Sorcery of *Edward's* Wife,
Who in conjunction with that Harlot *Shore*,
And other like confed'rate midnight Haggs,
By force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
And Conjurations horrible to hear,
Call Fiends and Spectres from the yawning Deep,
And set the Ministers of Hell at work,
To torture and despoil me of my Life.

L. Hast. If they have done this Deed——

Gloster. If they have done it!

Talk'st thou to me of If's, audacious Traitor!
Thou art that Strumpet Witch's chief Abettor,
The Patron and Complotter of her Mischiefs,
And join'd in this Contrivance for my Death.
Nay, start not, Lords,—What ho! a Guard there, Sirs!

Enter Guard.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of High-Treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.
He sha' not live an hour. By holy *Paul*!
I will not dine before his Head be brought me :
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt Gloster, and Lords following.*

Manent Lord Hastings, Ratcliffe, and Guard.

L. Hast. What! and no more but this—how, to the
Scaffold! Oh

Oh gentle *Ratcliffe*! tell me, do I hold thee?
 Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
 To break, to struggle thro' this dread Confusion?
 For surely Death itself is not so painful
 As is this sudden Horror and Surprise. [absolute,

Rat. You heard, the Duke's Commands to me were
 Therefore my Lord, address you to your Shrift,
 With all good speed you may. Summon your Courage,
 And be yourself; for you must die this instant.

L. Hast. Yes, *Ratcliffe*, I will take thy friendly Counsel,
 And die as a Man should; 'tis somewhat hard
 To call my scatter'd Spirits home at once:
 But since what must be, must be——let Necessity
 Supply the Place of Time and Preparation,
 And arm me for the Blow. 'Tis but to die,
 'Tis but to venture on that common hazard
 Which many a time in Battle I have run;
 'Tis but to do, what, at that very moment,
 In many Nations of the peopled Earth,
 A thousand and a thousand shall do with me:
 'Tis but to close my Eyes, and shut out Day-light,
 To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
 No longer to behold the Tyrant *Gloster*,
 And be a weeping Witness of the Woes,
 The Desolation, Slaughter and Calamities,
 Which he shall bring on this unhappy Land.

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Stand off! and let me pass—I will, I must,
 Catch him once more in these despairing Arms,
 And hold him to my Heart——Oh *Hastings*, *Hastings*!

L. Hast. Alas! Why com'st thou at this dreadful mo-
 ment,

To

To fill me with new Terrors, new Distractions,
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd Rage,
And shock the Peace of my departing Soul?
Away! I prithee leave me!

Alic. Stop a Minute.——

'Till my full Grievs find Passage.—Oh the Tyrant!
Perdition fall on *Gloster's* Head and mine.

L. Hast. What means thy frantick Grief?

Alic. I cannot speak——

But I have murder'd thee——Oh I could tell thee!

L. Hast. Speak and give ease to thy conflicting Passions;
Be quick, nor keep me longer in Suspence,
Time presses, and a thousand crouding Thoughts
Break in at once; this way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurry'd Soul: All claim Attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh speak and leave me,
For I have Business wou'd employ an Age,
And but a Minute's time to get it done in.

Alic. That, that's my Grief—'tis I that urge thee on,
Thus haunt thee to the Toil, sweep thee from Earth,
And drive thee down this Precipice of Fate. [Hand

L. Hast. Thy Reason is grown wild. Could thy weak
Bring on this mighty Ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy Soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of Pardon,
That nothing but my Life can make Atonement?

Alic. Thy cruel Scorn had stung me to the Heart,
And set my burning Bosom all in Flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my Revenge,
And writ I know not what—told the Protector,
That *Shore's* detested Wife by Wiles had won thee,

To plot against his Greatness—He believ'd it;
(Oh dire Event of my pernicious Counsel)
And while I meant Destruction on her head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine.

L. Haft. Accursed Jealousy!
O merciless, wild and unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd Mischief;
And murders all it meets. Curst be its Rage,
For there is none so deadly; doubly curs'd
Be all those easy Fools who give it harbour:
Who turn a Monster loose among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or spotted Pestilence;
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell.

Ali. If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own Falshood;
Curse the leud Maxims of thy perjur'd Sex,
Which taught thee first to laugh at Faith and Justice,
To scorn the solemn Sanctity of Oaths,
And make a Jest of a poor Woman's Ruin:
Curse thy proud Heart, and thy insulting Tongue,
That rais'd this fatal Fury in my Soul,
And urg'd my Vengeance to undo us both.

L. Haft. Oh thou Inhuman! turn thy Eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive Beams:
Why shou'd I curse thee with my dying Breath?
Be gone! and let me sigh it out in peace.

Alic. Can'st thou—oh cruel *Hastings*, leave me thus!
Hear me, I beg thee—I conjure thee, hear me!
While with an agonizing Heart, I swear,
By all the Pangs I feel; by all the Sorrows
The Terrors and Despair thy Loss shall give me,
My Hate was on my Rival bent alone.

Oh!

The TRAGEDY of

Oh! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,
A Danger to thy Life, I would have dy'd,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful Breast to save thee from it.

L. Hast. Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's just Award,
While thy insatiate Wrath and fell Revenge
Pursu'd the Innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold! the Mischief falls on thee and me;
Remorse and Heaviness of Heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting Anguish be thy Portion:
For me, the Snares of Death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor Moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender Thought remaining,
Fly to thy Closet, fall upon thy Knee,
And recommend my parting Soul to Mercy.

Alic. Oh! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in Gentleness and Pity to me, [Kneeling
And in compassion of my strong Affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal Rashness of ungovern'd Love?
For oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee,
Beyond my Peace, my Reason, Fame and Life,
Desir'd to death, and doated to distraction,
This Day of Horror never should have known us.

L. Hast. Oh! Rise, and let me hush thy stormy Sorrows,
[Raising her.

Assuage thy Tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy Fair-One.
I see the Hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me,
And, in mysterious Providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaking Hand.

Most

Most Righteous Doom! for, oh! while I behold thee,
 Thy Wrongs rise up in terrible Array,
 And charge thy Ruin on me; thy fair Fame,
 Thy spotless Beauty, Innocence, and Youth,
 Dishonour'd, blasted and betray'd by me.

Alic. And does thy Heart relent for my undoing?
 Oh! that inhuman *Gloster* could be mov'd,
 But half so easily as I can pardon!

L. Hast. Here then exchange we mutually Forgiveness,
 So may the Guilt of all my broken Vows,
 My Perjuries to thee be all forgotten,
 As here my Soul acquits thee of my Death,
 As here I part without one angry Thought,
 As here I leave thee with the softest Tenderness,
 Mourning the Chance of our disastrous Loves,
 And begging Heav'n to bless and to support thee.

Rat. My Lord, dispatch; the Duke has sent to chide me
 For loitering in my Duty—

L. Hast. Lobey.

Alic. Infatiate, savage Monster! Is a Moment
 So tedious to thy Malice? Oh! repay him,
 Thou great Avenger, give him Blood for Blood:
 Guilt haunt him! Fiends pursue him! Lightnings blast him;
 Some horrid, cursed kind of Death o'ertake him,
 Sudden, and in the Fullness of his Sins!
 That he may know how terrible it is,
 To want that Moment he denies thee now.

L. Hast. 'Tis all in vain, this Rage that tears thy Bosom;
 Like a poor Bird that flutters in its Cage,
 Thou beat'st thyself to death. Retire, I beg thee;

The TRAGEDY of

To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me,
 Thy Agonies are added to my own,
 And make the Burden more than I can bear.
 Farewel——Good Angels visit thy Afflictions,
 And bring thee Peace and Comfort from above.

Alic. Oh! stab me to the heart, some pitying hand,
 Now strike me dead——

L. Hast. One thing I had forgot——
 I charge thee by our present common Miseries,
 By our past Loves, if yet they have a Name,
 By all thy Hopes of Peace here and hereafter,
 Let not the Rancour of thy Hate pursue
 The Innocence of thy unhappy Friend:
 Thou know'st who 'tis I mean; Oh! should'st thou
 wrong her,

Just Heav'n shall double all thy Woes upon thee,
 And make 'em know no End——Remember this
 As the last Warning of a dying Man:

Farewel for ever! [*The Guards carry Hastings off.*]

Alic. For ever? Oh! For ever!

Oh! who can bear to be a Wretch for ever!
 My Rival too! His last Thoughts hung on her:
 And, as he parted, left a Blessing for her,
 Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever!
 No; since her fatal Beauty was the Cause
 Of all my Suff'rings, let her share my Pains:
 Let her, like me, of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
 Devote the Hour when such a Wretch was born,
 Like me to Desarts and to Darkness run,
 Abhor the Day, and curse the golden Sun;

JANE SHORE

11

Cast ev'ry Good, and ev'ry Hope behind;
Detest the Works of Nature, loath Mankind;
Like me, with Cries distracted fill the Air;
Tear her poor Bosom, rend her frantick Hair;
And prove the Torments of the last Despair.

[Exit.]



ACT II

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE the Street.

Enter Bellmour, Dumont and Shore.

Sh. **Y**OU saw her then?

Bell. I met her as returning
In solemn Penance from the publick Crofs:
Before her, certain Rascal Officers,
Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice,
Proclaim'd the Tyrant *Gloster's* cruel Orders.
On either side her march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
Who with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
Did ever and anon by turns upbraid her,
And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation.
Around her, numberless the Rabble flow'd,
Shouldring each other, crouding for a View,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few!
The most, such Iron Hearts we are, and such
The base Barbarity of Human Kind,
With Insolence and leud Reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and railing, and with villainous Hands
Gath'ring the Filth from out the common Ways,
To hurl upon her Head.

Sh. Inhuman Dogs!
How did she bear it?

Bell.

Bell. With the gentlest Patience.

Submissive, sad, and lowly was her Look;
A burning Taper in her Hand she bore,
And on her Shoulders carelessly confus'd
With loose Neglect her lovely Tresses hung;
Upon her Cheek a faintish Flush was spread,
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with Pain,
While bare-foot as she trod the flinty Pavement,
Her Footsteps all along were mark'd with Blood.
Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining;
Her streaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
Except when in some bitter Pang of Sorrow,
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent Zeal to raise,
And beg that Mercy Man deny'd her here.

Sh. When was this piteous Sight?

Bell. These last two Days.

You know my Care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy Means of your Deliverance,
Which but for *Hastings'* Death I had not gain'd.
During that Time, altho' I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty Messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit Convenience
To give her some Relief; but all in vain:
A churlish Guard attends upon her Steps,
Who menace those with Death that bring her Comfort,
And drive all Succour from her.

Sh. Let 'em threaten;

Let proud Oppression prove its fiercest Malice;
So Heav'n befriend my Soul, as here I vow
To give her Help, and share one Fortune with her.

Bell. Mean you to see her, thus, in your own Form?

Sh. I do.

Bell. And have you thought upon the Consequence?

Sh. What is there I should fear?

Bell. Have you examin'd

Into your inmost Heart, and try'd at leisure
The sev'ral secret Springs that move the Passions?
Has Mercy fix'd her Empire there so sure,
That Wrath and Vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a Husband's Name, and bid
That wakeful Dragon, fierce Resentment, sleep?

Sh. Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my Memory?
To conjure up my Wrongs to Life again?
I have long labour'd to forget myself,
To think on all Time, backward, like a Space,
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had Being;
But thou hast peopled it again; Revenge
And Jealousy renew their horrid Forms,
Shoot all their Fires, and drive me to Distraction.

Bell. Far be the Thought from me! my Care was only
To arm you for the Meeting: Better were it
Never to see her, than to let that Name
Recall forgotten Rage, and make the Husband
Destroy the gen'rous Pity of *Dumont*.

Sh. Oh! thou hast set my busy Brain at work,
And now she musters up a Train of Images,
Which to preserve my Peace I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep Oblivion—Oh! that Form!
That Angel-face on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her! till my Soul
With very Eagerness went forth towards her,

And

JANE SHORE.

55

And issu'd at my Eyes——Was there a Gem,
Which the Sun ripens in the *Indian* Mine,
Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields,
What was there Art could make, or Wealth cou'd buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her Beauty?
What cou'd her King do more?——And yet she fled.

Bell. Away with that sad Fancy.——

Sb. Oh! that Day!

The Thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, *Bellmour*, when the Royal Spoiler
Bore her in Triumph from my widow'd Home!
Within his Chariot by his Side she sat,
And listen'd to his Talk with downward Looks;
'Till sudden as she chanc'd aside to glance,
Her Eyes encounter'd mine——Oh! then, my Friend!
Oh! who can paint my Grief and her Amazement!
As at the Stroke of Death, twice turn'd she pale,
And twice a burning Crimson blush'd all o'er her;
Then, with a Shriek Heart-wounding loud she cry'd,
While down her Cheeks gushing Torrents ran
Fast falling on her Hands, which thus she wrung——
Mov'd at her Grief, the Tyrant Ravisher,
With courteous Action woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead; but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her Sight towards me,
And follow'd me——till I had lost myself.

Bell. Alas! for pity! Oh! those speaking Tears!
Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
And tho' the King by Force possess'd her Person,
Her unconsenting Heart dwelt still with you:
If all her former Woes were not enough,

Look on her now, behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on every side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever Misery were known like hers?

Sh. And can she bear it? Can that delicate Frame
Endure the beating of a Storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various Seasons chang'd,
To court her Appetite, and crown her Board,
For whom the foreign Vintages were press'd,
For whom the Merchant spread his filken Stores,
Can she——

Intreat for Bread, and want the needful Rayment,
To wrap her shivering Bosom from the Weather?
When she was mine, no Care came ever nigh her.
I thought the gentlest Breeze that wakes the Spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her; Chearfulness
Danc'd all the day before her; and at night,
Soft Slumbers waited on her downy Pillow——
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing Winds blow sharp, and the chill Rain
Drops from some Pent-house on her wretched Head,
Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold.
It is too much—Hence with her past Offences,
They are aton'd at full—Why stay we then?
Oh! let us haste, my Friend, and find her out.

Bell. Somewhere about this Quarter of the Town,
I hear the poor abandon'd Creature lingers:
Her Guard, tho' set with strictest Watch to keep
All Food and Friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the Streets, there chuse her Bed,
And rest her Head on what cold Stone she pleases.

Sh. Here let us then divide; each in his Round
To search her Sorrows out, whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting Steps, and meet we here together. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Jane Shore, her Hair hanging loose on her Shoulders,
and bare-footed.

J. Sh. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, Oh! my Soul!
For are not thy Transgressions great and numberless?
Do they not cover thee like rising Floods,
And press thee like a Weight of Waters down?
Does not the Hand of Righteousness afflict thee?
And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
To Pow'r Almighty, Thou hast done enough;
Or bid his dreadful Rod of Vengeance, stay?
Wait then with Patience, till the circling Hours
Shall bring the Time of thy appointed Rest,
And lay thee down in Death. The Hireling thus
With Labour drudges out the painful Day,
And often looks with long-expecting Eyes
To see the Shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.
And hark! methinks the Roar that late pursu'd me,
Sinks, like the Murmurs of a falling Wind,
And softens into Silence. Does Revenge
And Malice then grow weary and forsake me?
My Guard too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the Task of their inhuman Office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My Spirits fail at once—This is the Door
Of my *Alicia*—Blessed Opportunity!
I'll steal a little Succour from her Goodness,
Now, while no Eye observes me. [*She knocks at the Door.*

The TRAGEDY of

Enter Servant.

Is your Lady,

My gentle Friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her. [*Going in.*]*Ser.* Hold Mistress, whither wou'd you? [*Putting her back.*]*J. Sh.* Do you not know me?*Ser.* I know you well, and know my Orders too.

You must not enter here.—

J. Sh. Tell my *Alicia*,

'Tis I would see her.

Ser. She is ill at Ease,

And will admit no Visitor.

J. Sh. But tell her

'Tis I, her Friend, the Partner of her Heart,

Wait at the Door and beg—

Ser. 'Tis all in vain—

Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.

[Shuts the Door, and Exit.]

J. Sh. It was not always thus; the time has been,
 When this unfriendly Door, that bars my Passage,
 Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its Hinges
 To give me Entrance here; When this good House
 Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me;
 When my Approach has made a little Holy-day,
 And ev'ry Face was dress'd in Smiles to meet me:
 But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me,
 Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
 Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!

*[She sits down at the Door.]**Enter Alicia in Disorder; two Servants following.*

Alic. What Wretch art thou? whose Misery and Baseness
 Hangs on my Door; whose hateful Whine of Woe

Breaks

Breaks in upon my Sorrows, and distracts
My jarring Senses with thy Beggar's Cry?

J. Sh. A very Beggar, and a Wretch indeed;
One driv'n by strong Calamity to seek
For Succour here; one perishing for Want;
Whose Hunger has not tasted Food these three Days;
And humbly asks, for Charity's dear sake,
A Draught of Water and a little Bread.

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for Bread?
I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton Hands upon the Earth have scatter'd it,
Or cast it on the Waters—Mark the Eagle,
And hungry Vulture, where they wind the Prey;
Watch where the Ravens of the Valley feed,
And seek thy Food with them—I know thee not.

J. Sh. And yet there was a time, when my *Alicia*
Has thought unhappy *Shore* her dearest Blessing;
And mourn'd that live-long Day she pass'd without me,
When pair'd like Turtles, we were still together;
When often as we prattled Arm in Arm,
Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the World beside.

Alic. Ha! say'st thou! Let me look upon thee well—
'Tis true—I know thee now—A Mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal Fair, that cursed She,
That set my Brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;
Thou hast undone me—Murder! Oh my *Hastings*!
See his pale bloody Head shoots glaring by me!
Give him me back again, thou soft Deluder,
Thou beauteous Witch——

J. Sh. Alas! I never wrong'd you——

Oh! then be good to me; have pity on me:
 Thou never knew'st the Bitterness of Want,
 And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
 Some poor Remain, the voiding of thy Table,
 A Morfel to support my famish'd Soul.

Alic. Avant! and come not near me—

J. Sh. To thy Hand
 I trusted all, gave my whole Store to thee,
 Nor do I ask it back, allow me but
 The smallest Pittance, give me but to eat,
 Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.

Al. Nay! tell not me! Where is thy King, thy *Edward*,
 And all the smiling cringing Train of Courtiers,
 That bent the Knee before thee?

J. Sh. Oh! for Mercy!

Alic. Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.
 I'll give thee Misery, for here she dwells;
 This is her House, where the Sun never dawns,
 The Bird of Night sits screaming o'er the Roof,
 Grim Spectres sweep along the horrid Gloom,
 And nought is heard but Wallings and Lamentings.
 Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
 And see the nodding Ruin falls to crush me!
 'Tis fall'n, 'tis here! I feel it on my Brain!

1 Serv. This Sight disorders her—

2 Serv. Retire, dear Lady—

And leave this Woman—

Alic. Let her take my Counsel!
 Why should'st thou be a Wretch? Stab, tear thy Heart,
 And rid thyself of this detested Being,
 I will not linger long behind thee here.

JANE A SHORE.

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A waving Flood of blewish Fire swells o'er me;
And now 'tis out, and I am drawn'd in Blood.
Hail what art thou! Thou horrid headless Trunk?
It is my *Hastings*! See! he wafts me on!
Away! I go! I fly! I follow thee.
But come not thou with Mischief-making Beauty
To interpose between us, look not on him,
Give thy fond Arts and thy Delusions o'er;
For thou shalt never, never part us more.

[*She runs off, her Servants following.*]

J. Sh. Alas! She raves; her Brain, I fear, is turn'd,
In Mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
Nor visit her for any wrong to me,
Sure I am near upon my Journey's end;
My Head runs round; my Eyes begin to fail,
And dancing Shadows swim before my sight:
I can no more, [*lies down*] receive me thou cold Earth,
Thou common Parent, take me to thy Bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

[*Enter Bellmour.*]

Bell. Upon the Ground!
Thy Miseries can never lay thee lower.
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! Thou Mourner—
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy joyful Days,
Whose Hearts thy warm Prosperity made glad,
Whose Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round thee;
And bind thee to their Bosoms?—Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
For sure thou art the Sister of our Loves,
And nothing shall divide us—Now where are they?

J. Sh.

J. Sh. Ah! *Bellmour*, where indeed! They stand aloof,
 And view my Desolation from afar; when they pass by,
 When they pass by, they shake their Heads in scorn,
 And cry, Behold the Harlot and her End!
 And yet thy Goodness turns aside to pity me.
 Alas! There may be Danger, get thee gone!
 Let me not pull a Ruin on thy head,
 Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
 Never to rise, and all Relief is vain.

Bell. Yet raise thy drooping Head; for I am come
 To chase away Despair. Behold! where yonder
 That honest Man, that faithful brave *Dumont*,
 Is hast'ning to thy Aid——

J. Sh. *Dumont*! Ha! Where! [Raising herself, and looking about]

Then Heav'n has heard my Prayer, his very Name
 Renews the Springs of Life, and cheers my Soul.
 Has he then scape'd the Snare?

Bell. He has, but see——
 He comes unlike to that *Dumont* you knew;
 For now he wears your better Angel's Form,
 And comes to visit you with Peace and Pardon.

Enter Shore.

J. Sh. Speak, tell me! Which is he? And oh! What would
 This dreadful Vision! See, it comes upon me——
 It is my Husband—Ah!

[She swoons.]
Sh. She faints! Supports her!
 Sustain her Head, while I infuse this Cordial
 Into her dying Lips——from spicy Drugs;
 Rich Herbs and Flowers, the potent Juice is drawn
 With wondrous Force it strikes the lazy Spirits,

Drives

Drives 'em around, and wakens Life anew.

Bell. Her Weakness could not bear the strong Surprise,
But see, she stirs! And the returning Blood,
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy Check.—

Sh. So—gently raise her— [Raising her up]

J. Sh. Ha! What art thou! *Bellmour!*

Bell. How fare you, Lady?

J. Sh. My Heart is thrill'd with Horror—

Bell. Be of Courage—

Your Husband lives! 'Tis he, my worthiest Friend—

J. Sh. Still art thou there!—still dost thou hover round:
Oh save me, *Bellmour*, from his angry Shade! [me!]

Bell. 'Tis he himself!—he lives!—look up—

J. Sh. I dare not!

Oh that my Eyes could shut him out for ever—

Sh. Am I so hateful then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy Eyes with Horror? Since I'm grown
A Burthen to the World, myself and thee,
Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

J. Sh. Oh thou most injur'd—Dost thou live indeed!
Fall then ye Mountains on my guilty Head,
Hide me, ye Rocks, within your secret Caverns;
Cast thy black Veil upon my Shame, O Night!
And shield me with thy sable Wing for ever.

Sh. Why dost thou turn away?—Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy Fears? And in Despair,
Abandon thy distracted Soul to Horror?
Cast every black and guilty Thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy Quiet more.

My Arms, my Heart are open to receive thee,

To

To bring thee back to thy forsaken Home;
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
And all the Longings of my first Desires.

F. Sh. No, arm thy Brow with Vengeance; and appear
The Minister of Heav'n's enquiring Justice.

Array thyself all terrible for Judgment,
Wrath in thy Eyes, and Thunder in thy Voice;
Pronounce my Sentence, and if yet there be
A Woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.

Sh. The Measure of thy Sorrows is compleat;
And I am come to snatch thee from Injustice.
The Hand of Pow'r no more shall crush thy Weakness,
Nor proud Oppression grind thy humble Soul.

F. Sh. Art thou not risen by Miracle from Death?
Thy Shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the Grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come
The Messenger of Grace and Goodness to me,
To seal my Peace, and bless me e'er I go.
Oh let me then fall down beneath thy Feet,
And weep my Gratitude for ever there;
Give me your Drops, ye soft descending Rains,
Give me your Streams, ye never-ceasing Springs,
That my sad Eyes may still supply my Duty,
And feed an everlasting Flood of Sorrow.

Sh. Waste not thy feeble Spirits—I have long
Beheld, unknown, thy Mourning and Repentance;
Therefore my Heart has set aside the past,
And holds thee white, as unoffending Innocence:
Therefore in spite of cruel *Gloster's* Rage,
Soon as my Friend had broke my Prison-Doors,
It flew to thy Assistance. Let us haste

Now

JANE SHORE.

63

Now while Occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forfake this Place of Shame, and find a Shelter.

J. Sh. What shall I say to you? But I obey—

Sh. Lean on my Arm—

J. Sh. Alas! I am wondrous faint:

But that's not strange, I have not eat these three Days.

Sh. Oh mercilefs! look here, my Love, I've brought thee
Some rich Conserve—

J. Sh. How can you be so good?

But you were ever thus; I well remember
With what fond Care, what Diligence of Love,
You lavish'd out your Wealth to buy me Pleasures,
Preventing every Wish: Have you forgot
The costly String of Pearl you brought me home,
And ty'd about my Neck?—How could I leave you?

Sh. Taste some of this, or this—

J. Sh. You're strangely alter'd—

Say, gentle *Bellmour*, is he not? How pale
Your Visage is become? Your Eyes are hollow;
Nay, you are wrinkled too—Alas the Day?
My Wretchedness has cost you many a Tear,
And many a bitter Pang, since last we parted.

Sh. No more of that—thou talk'st, but dost not eat.

J. Sh. My feeble Jaws forget their common Office,
My tasteless Tongue cleaves to the clammy Roof,
And now a gen'ral Loathing grows upon me—
Oh, I am sick at heart!—

Sh. Thou murd'rous Sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her Blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die! Oh, my poor Penitent,
Speak Peace to thy sad Heart: She hears me not;

Grief

The TRAGEDY of

Grief masters ev'ry Sense—help me to hold her—

Enter Catesby, with a Guard.

Cat. Seize on 'em both, as Traitors to the State—

Bell. What means this Violence!—

[Guards lay hold on Shore and Bellmour.]

Cat. Have we not found you,

In scorn of the Protector's strict Command,

Assisting this base Woman, and abetting

Her Infamy?

Sh. Infamy on thy Head!

Thou Tool of Power, thou Pander to Authority!

I tell thee, Knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,

And she that bore thee was an *Æthiop* to her.

Cat. You'll answer this at full—Away with 'em.

Sh. Is Charity grown Treason to your Court?

What honest Man would live beneath such Rulers?

I am content that we shall die together—

Cat. Convey the Men to Prison; but for her,

Leave her to hunt her Fortune as she may.

J. Sh. I will not part with him—for me!—for me!

Oh! must he die for me?

[Following him as he is carry'd off—She falls.]

Sh. Inhuman Villains!

[Breaks from the Guard.]

Stand off! the Agonies of Death are on her—

She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold Hand.

J. Sh. Was this Blow wanting to compleat my Ruin!

Oh let him go, ye Ministers of Terror;

He shall offend no more, for I will die,

And yield Obedience to your cruel Master,

Tarry a little, but a little longer,

And take my last Breath with you.

Sh.

Sh. Oh my Love!

Why have I liv'd to see this bitter Moment,
This Grief by far surpassing all my former?
Why dost thou fix thy dying Eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous Look,
As if thy Heart were full of some sad Meaning,
Thou could'st not speak!——

J. Sh. Forgive me!——but forgive me!

Sh. Be Witness for me, ye Celestial Host,
Such Mercy and such Pardon as my Soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to shew thee;
May such befall me at my latest Hour,
And make my Portion blest or curs'd for ever.

J. Sh. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in Peace——
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now——
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad Sigh. Oh Mercy, Heav'n! [*Dies.*]

Bell. There fled the Soul,
And left her Load of Misery behind.

Sh. Oh my Heart's Treasure! Is this pale sad Visage
All that remains of thee? Are these dead Eyes
The Light that cheer my Soul? Oh heavy Hour!
But I will fix my trembling Lips to thine,
'Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part then?—will you—

[*To the Guards taking him away.*]

Fare thee well—

[*Kissing her.*]

Now execute your Tyrant's Will, and lead me
To Bonds, or Death, 'tis equally indifferent.

Bell.

Bell. Let those, who view this sad Example, know,
 What Fate attends the broken Marriage-Vow;
 And teach their Children in succeeding Times,
 No common Vengeance waits upon these Crimes;
 When such severe Repentance could not save
 From Want, from Shame, and an untimely Grave.

[Exeunt.]



EPI

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

YE modest Matrons all, ye virtuous Wives,
Who lead with horrid Husbands, decent Lives;
Ye, who for all you are in such a taking,
To see your Spouses drinking, gaming, raking,
Yet make a Conscience still of Cuckold-making;
What can we say your Pardon to obtain?
This Matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:
She never once deny'd it, but in short,
Whimper'd—and cry'd,—sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't.
'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd Soul,
We are not all so easy to controul:
I fancy one might find in this good Town
Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own;
Have answer'd smart,—To what do you pretend,
Blockhead!—As if I must n't see a Friend:
Tell me of Hackney-Coaches—Jaunts to th' City—
Where shou'd I buy my China—Faith, I'll fit ye—
Our Wife was of a milder, meeker Spirit;
You!—Lords and Masters!—was not that some Merit?
Don't you allow it to be virtuous Bearing,
When we submit thus to your domineering?
Well, Peace be with her, But she's wrong most surely;
But so do many more who look demurely.
Nor shou'd our mourning Madam weep alone,
There are more Ways of Wickedness than one.

If

EPILOGUE.

*If the reforming Stage should fall to shaming;
Ill-nature, Pride, Hypocrisy, and Gaming;
The Poets frequently might move Compassion,
And with She-Tragedies o'er-run the Nation.
Then judge the fair Offender, with Good-nature,
And let your Fellow-feeling curb your Satire.
What if our Neighbours have some little Failing,
Must we need fall to Damning and to Railing?
For her Excuse too, be it understood,
That if the Woman was not quite so good,
Her Lover was a King, she Flesh and Blood.
And since sh^e has dearly paid the sinful Score,
Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.*

FINIS.



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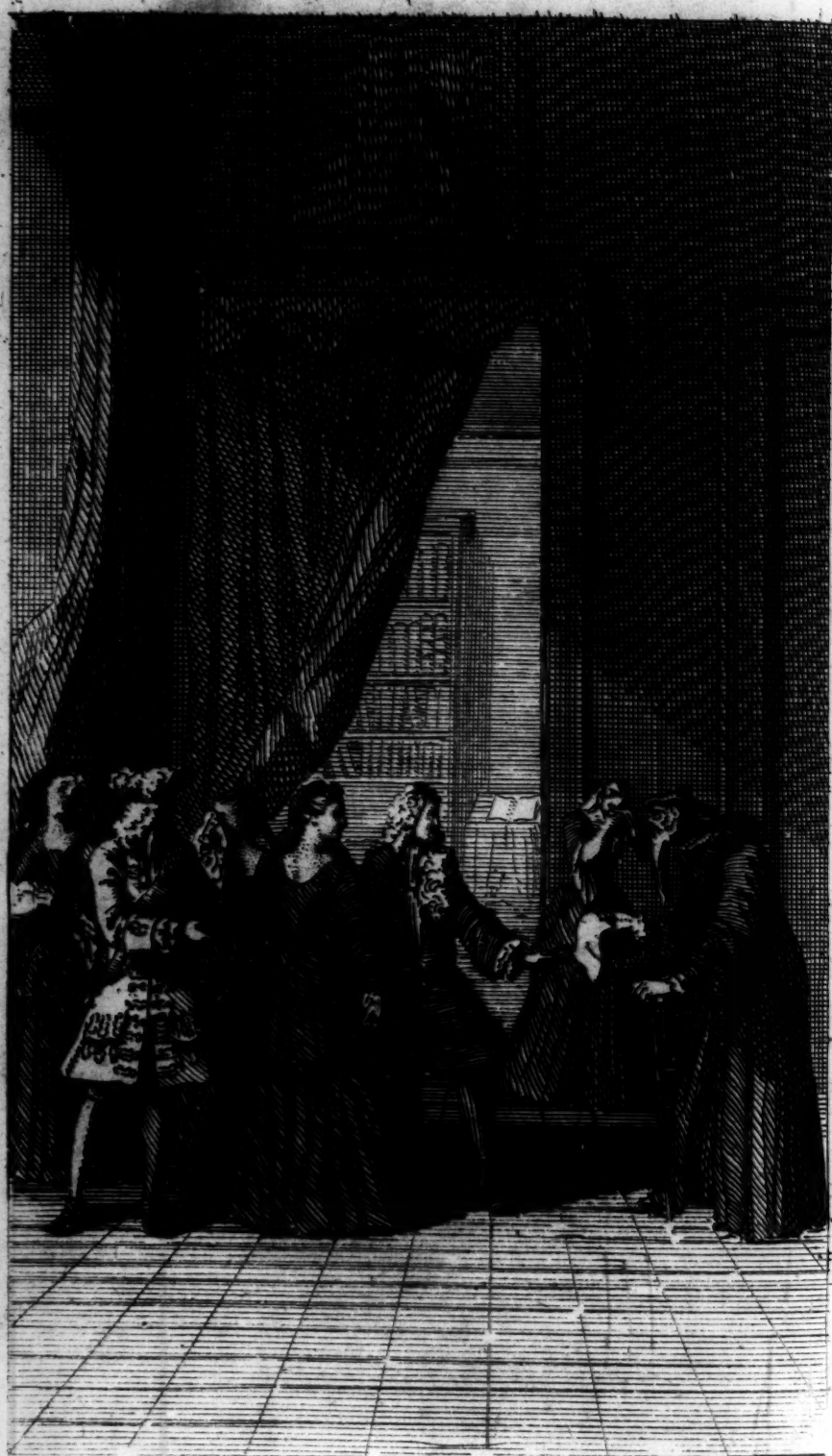
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7

THE
TRAGEDY

Of the LADY

JANE GRAY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

D R U R Y - L A N E.

By N. ROWE Esq;

*Sed frustra Leges & inania Jura tuenti
Scire mori Sors optima.*

The Sixth Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by
W. FEALES, at Rowe's-Head, against St. Clement's
Church in the Strand.

M.DCC.XXXIII.





TO
Her Royal Highness
THE
Princess of WALES.

MADAM,



Princess of the same Royal
Blood to which you are so
closely and so happily ally'd,
presumes to throw herself at
the Feet of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS for
Protection. The Character of that excel-
lent Lady, as it is deliver'd down to us in
History, is very near the same with the Pic-
ture I have endeavour'd to draw of her :
And if, in the poetical Colouring, I have
aim'd

DEDICATION.

aim'd at heightning and improving some of the Features, it was only to make her more worthy of those illustrious Hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the *British* Nation in general is infinitely indebted to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; so every particular Person amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several Capacities and Abilities, towards the discharging that publick Obligation.

We are your Debtors, MADAM, for the Preference You gave us, in chusing to wear the *British* rather than the *Imperial* Crown; for giving the best Daughter to our KING, and the best Wife to our PRINCE. It is to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS we owe the Security that shall be deliver'd down to our Children's Children, by a most hopeful and beautiful, as well as a numerous Royal Issue. These are the Bonds of our Civil Duty: But YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has laid us under others yet more sacred and engaging; I mean, those of Religion. You are not only the Brightest Ornament, but the Patroness and Defender of our Holy Faith.

Nor

DEDICATION.

Nor is it *Britain* alone, but the World, but the present and all succeeding Ages, who shall bless Your Royal Name, for the greatest Example that can be given of a disinterested Piety and unshaken Constancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the Benefits YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has conferr'd upon us. Tho' at the same time, how partial soever we may be, to our selves, we ought not to believe You declin'd the First Crown of *Europe* in regard of *Britain* only. No, MADAM, it is in Justice to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS that we must confess, you had more excellent Motives for so great an Action as that was; since you did it in Obedience to the Dictates of Reason and Conscience, for the Sake of True Religion, and for the Honour of God. All things that are Great have been offer'd to You; and all things that are Good and Happy, as well in this World as a better, shall become the Reward of such exalted Virtue and Piety. The Blessings of our Nation, the Prayers of our Church, with the faithful Service of all good Men, shall wait upon YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS

DEDICATION.

as long as you live. And whenever, for the Punishment of this Land, you shall be taken from us, your Sacred Name shall be dear to Remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, shall bestow upon you the Fulness of Recompence.

Amongst the several Offerings of Duty which are made to you here, be graciously pleas'd to accept of this unworthy Trifle; which is, with the greatest Respect and lowest Submission, presented to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, by

M A D A M,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted, and

Most Faithful

Humble Servant,

N. R O W E.



THE PREFACE.

IHO' I have very little Inclination to write Prefaces before Works of this nature, yet upon this particular occasion, I cannot but think myself obliged to give some short Account of this Play, as well in justice to myself, as to a very learned and ingenious Gentleman, my Friend, who is dead. The Person I mean was Mr. Smith of Christ-Church, Oxon: One whose Character I could with great pleasure enter into, if it was not already very well known to the World. As I had the Happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me that he design'd writing a Tragedy upon the Story of the Lady Jane Gray; and if he had liv'd, I should never have thought of meddling with it myself. But as he died without doing it, in the beginning of the last Summer, I resolv'd to undertake it. And indeed,

THE PREFACE.

dead, the Hopes I had of receiving some considerable Assurances from the Papers he left behind him, were one of the principal Motives that induc'd me to go about it. These Papers were in the Hands of Mr. Duckett; to whom my Friend, Mr. Thomas Burnet, was so kind as to write and procure them for me. The least Return I can make to those Gentlemen, is this publick Acknowledgment of their great Civility on this occasion. I must confess, before those Papers came to my Hand, I had entirely form'd the Design, or Fable of my own Play: And when I came to look them over, I found it was different from that which Mr. Smith intended; the Plan of his being drawn after that which is in Print of Mr. Banks; at least I thought so, by what I could pick out of his Papers. To say the truth, I was a good deal surpriz'd and disappointed at the sight of them. I hoped to have met with great part of the Play written to my Hand, or at the least, the whole Design regularly drawn out. Instead of that, I found the Quantity of about two Quires of Paper written over in odd Pieces, blotted, interlin'd, and confus'd. What was contain'd in them in general, was loose hints of Sentiments, and short obscure Sketches of Scenes. But how they were to be apply'd, or in what order they were to be rang'd, I could not by any Diligence of mine, (and I look'd them very carefully over more than once) come to understand. One Scene there was, and one only, that seem'd pretty near perfect; in which Lord Guilford singly persuades the Lady Jane to take the Crown. From that I borrow'd all that I could, and inserted it in my own Third Act. But indeed the Manner and
Turn

THE PREFACE.

Turn of his Fable was so different from mine, that I could not take above five and twenty or thirty Lines at the most; and even in those I was oblig'd to make some Alteration. I should have been very glad to have come into a Partnership of Reputation with so fine a Writer as Mr. Smith was; but in truth his Hints were so short and dark, (many of them mark'd even in Shorthand) that they were of little Use or Service to me. They might have serv'd as Indexes to his own Memory, and he might have form'd a Play out of them; but I dare say, no body else could. In one part of his Design he seem'd to differ from Mr. Banks, whose Tale he generally design'd to follow; since I observ'd in many of those short Sketches of Scenes, he had introduc'd Queen Mary. He seem'd to intend her Character pitiful and inclining to Mercy, but urg'd on to Cruelty by the Rage and bloody Dispositions of Bonner and Gardiner. This Hint I had likewise taken from the late Bishop of Salisbury's History of the Reformation; who lays, and I believe very justly, the horrible Cruelties that were acted at that Time, rather to the charge of that persecuting Spirit by which the Clergy were then animated, than to the Queen's own natural Disposition.

Many People believ'd, or at least said, that Mr. Smith left a Play very near intire behind him. All that I am sorry for, is, that it was not so in fact; I should have made no scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five Acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the Honesty to let the World know they were his, and not take another Man's Reputation to myself.

The P R E F A C E.

This is what I thought necessary to say, as well on my own Account, as in regard to the Memory of my Friend.

For the Play, such as it is, I leave it to prosper as it can; I have resolv'd never to trouble the World with any publick Apologies for my Writings of this kind, as much as I have been provok'd to it. I shall turn this my youngest Child out into the World, with no other Provision than a Saying which I remember to have seen before one of Mrs. Behn's:

Va ! mon Enfant, prend ta Fortune.



P R O-



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

TO-night the noblest Subject swells our Scene,
A Heroine, a Martyr, and a Queen;
And tho' the Poet dares not boast his Art,
The very Theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous Soul, and touch the tender Heart.
To you, fair Judges, we the Cause submit;
Your Eyes shall tell us how the Tale is writ.
If your soft Pity waits upon our Woe,
If silent Tears for suff'ring Virtue flow;
Your Grief the Muse's Labour shall confess,
The lively Passions, and the just Distress.
Oh! cou'd our Author's Pencil justly paint;
Such as she was in Life, the beauteous Saint;
Boldly your strict Attention might we claim;
And bid you mark, and copy out the Dame.
No wandering Glance one wanton Thought confess'd,
No guilty Wish inflam'd her spotless Breast:
The only Love that warm'd her blooming Youth,
Was Husband, England, Liberty, and Truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a Hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful Land.
But thus the secret Laws of Fate ordain;
WILLIAM's Great Hand was doom'd to break that Chain,
And end the Hopes of Rome's Tyrannick Reign.
For ever, as the circling Tears return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the Hero's Urn;
To his just Care you ev'ry Blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following Reigns bestow.
Tho' his hard Fate a Father's Name deny'd,
To you a Father, he that Loss supply'd.
Then while you view the Royal Line's Increase,
And count the Pledges of your future Peace;

From

PROLOGUE.

*From this great Stock while still new Glories come,
Conquest abroad, and Liberty at home;
While you behold the Beautiful and Brave,
Bright Princesses to grace you, Kings to save,
Enjoy the Gift, but bless the Hand that gave.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N:

Duke of Northumberland,	Mr. Mills.
Duke of Suffolk,	Mr. Roman.
Lord Guilford Dudley,	Mr. Booth.
Earl of Pembroke,	Mr. Elrington.
Earl of Sussex,	Mr. Ryan.
Gardiner Bp. of Winchester,	Mr. Cibber.
Sir John Gates,	Mr. Shepherd.
Lieutenant of the Tower,	Mr. Quin.

W O M E N.

Duchess of Suffolk,	Mrs. Porter.
Lady Jane Gray,	Mrs. Oldfield.

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards,
Women, and Attendants.



THE
TRAGEDY
OF THE
Lady JANE GRAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Court.*

*Enter the Duke of Northumberland, Duke of Suffolk,
and Sir John Gates.*

N O R T H U M B.

TIS all in vain; Heaven has requir'd its Pledge,
And he must die.

Suff. Is there an honest Heart,
That loves our *England*, does not mourn
for *Edward*?

The Genius of our Isle is shook with Sorrow,
He bows his venerable Head with pain,
And labours with the Sickness of his Lord.
Religion melts in ev'ry holy Eye,
All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn
She sits on Earth, and weeps upon her Cross:
Weary of Man, and his detested Ways,

Ev'n

Ev'n now she seems to meditate her Flight,
And waft her Angel to the Thrones above.

North. Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest Loss,
With him our holy Faith is doom'd to suffer;
With him our Church shall veil her sacred Front,
That late from Heaps of *Gothick* Ruins rose,
In her first native simple Majesty;
The Toil of Saints, and Price of Martyrs Blood;
Shall fail with *Edward*, and again *Old Rome*
Shall spread her Banners; and her Monkish Host,
Pride, Ignorance, and Rapine shall return;
Blind bloody Zeal, and cruel Priestly Power
Shall scourge the Land for ten dark Ages more.

Sir J. Gates. Is there no Help in all the healing Art,
No potent Juice or Drug to save a Life
So precious, and prevent a Nation's Fate?

North. What has been left untry'd that Art could do?
The hoary wrinkled Leech has watch'd and toil'd,
Try'd ev'ry Health-restoring Herb and Gum,
And weary'd out his painful Skill in vain.
Close like a Dragon folded in his Den,
Some secret Venom preys upon his Heart;
A stubborn and unconquerable Flame
Creeps in his Veins, and drinks the Streams of Life;
His youthful Sinews are unstrung, cold Sweats,
And deadly Paleness sit upon his Visage,
And ev'ry Gasps we look shall be his last.

Sir J. Gates. Doubt not, your Graces, but the Popish
Will at this Juncture urge their utmost Force. [Faction
All on the Princess *Mary* turn their Eyes,
Well hoping she shall build again their Altars,
And bring their Idol-Worship back in Triumph.

North. Good Heav'n ordain some better Fate for *England*!

Suff. What better can we hope, if she should reign?
I know her well, a blinded Zealot is she,
A gloomy Nature, sullen and severe,
Nurtur'd by proud presuming *Romish* Priests,
Taught to believe they only cannot err,
Because they cannot err; bred up in Scorn
Of Reason, and the whole Lay-World; instructed

the Lady JANE GRAY. 17

To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,
To purge the World from Heresy by Blood,
To massacre a Nation, and believe it
An Act well-pleasing to the Lord of Mercy.
These are thy Gods, Oh *Rome*! and this thy Faith.

North. And shall we tamely yield our selves to Bondage?
Bow down before these holy Purple Tyrants,
And bid 'em tread upon our slavish Necks?
No; let this Faithful free-born *English* Hand
First dig my Grave in Liberty and Honour;
And tho' I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest Man and I would die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are ten thousand, and ten thousand
To own a Cause so just.

Sir J. Gates. The List I gave
Into your Grace's Hand last Night, declares
My Power and Friends at full. [To *Northumb.*

North. Be it your Care,
Good Sir *John Gates*, to see your Friends appointed,
And ready for the Occasion. Hasten this Instant,
Lose not a Moment's Time.

Sir J. Gates. I go, my Lord. [Exit *Sir J. Gates.*

North. Your Grace's Princely Daughter, Lady *JANE*,
Is she yet come to Court?

Suff. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her Duty to the dying King,
Join'd with my strict Commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the Wing.

North. Beseech your Grace,
To speed another Messenger to press her;
For on her happy Presence all our Counsels
Depend, and take their Fate.

Suff. Upon the Instant
Your Grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon her.
[Exit *Suff.*

North. What trivial Influences hold Dominion
O'er Wise Men's Counsels, and the Fate of Empire?
The greatest Schemes that human Wit can forge;

Or

Or bold Ambition dares to put in Practice,
 Depend upon our husbanding a Moment,
 And the light lasting of a Woman's Will;
 As if the Lord of Nature shou'd delight
 To hang this pond'rous Globe upon a Hair,
 And bid it dance before a Breath of Wind.
 She must be here, and lodg'd in *Guilford's* Arms,
 E'er *Edward* dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
 Ha! *Pembroke*! that's a Bar which thwarts my Way?
 His fiery Temper brooks not Opposition,
 And must be met with soft and supple Arts,
 With crouching Courtesy, and honey'd Words,
 Such as assuage the Fierce, and bend the Strong.

Enter the Earl of Pembroke.

Good-morrow, Noble *Pembroke*: We have staid
 The Meeting of the Council for your Presence.

Pem. For mine, my Lord! You mock your Servant, sure,
 To say that I am wanted, where your self,
 The Great *Alcides* of our State, is present.
 Whatever Dangers menace Prince or People,
 Our Great *Northumberland* is arm'd to meet 'em;
 The ablest Head, and firmest Heart you bear,
 Nor need a Second in the glorious Task;
 Equal your self to all the Toils of Empire.

North. No; as I honour Virtue, I have try'd,
 And know my Strength too well; nor can the Voice
 Of friendly Flattery, like yours, deceive me.
 I know my Temper liable to Passions,
 And all the Frailties common to our Nature;
 Blind to Events, too easy of Persuasion,
 And often, too too often, have I err'd.
 Much therefore have I need of some good Man,
 Some wise and honest Heart, whose friendly Aid
 Might guide my treading thro' our present Dangers;
 And by the Honour of my Name I swear,
 I know not one of all our *English* Peers,
 Whom I wou'd chuse for that best Friend, like *Pembroke*.

Pem.

the Lady JANE GRAY. 19

Pem. What shall I answer to a Trust so Noble,
This Prodigality of Praise and Honour?
Were not your Grace too generous of Soul,
To speak a Language differing from your Heart,
How might I think you could not mean this Goodness
To one, whom his Ill-Fortune has ordain'd
The Rival of your Son.

North. No more! I scorn a Thought
So much below the Dignity of Virtue.
'Tis true, I look on *Guilford* like a Father,
Lean to his Side, and see but half his Failings:
But on a Point like this, when equal Merit
Stands forth to make its bold Appeal to Honour,
And calls to have the Balance held in Justice;
Away with all the Fondnesses of Nature!
I judge of *Pembroke* and my Son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your Service.

North. The Realm is now at hazard, and bold Factions
Threaten Change, Tumult, and disastrous Days.
These Fears drive out the gentler Thoughts of Joy,
Of Courtship, and of Love. Grant, Heav'n, the State
To fix in Peace and Safety once again;
Then speak your Passion to the Princely Maid,
And fair Success attend you. For myself,
My Voice shall go as far for you, my Lord,
As for my Son, and Beauty be the Umpire.
But now a heavier Matter calls upon us;
The King with Life just lab'ring; and I fear,
The Council grow impatient at our Stay.

Pem. One Moment's Pause, and I attend your Grace.

[Exit North.]

Old *Winchester* cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud *Northumberland*. The testy Prelate,
Froward with Age, with disappointed Hopes,
And zealous for Old *Rome*, rails on the Duke,
Suspecting him to favour the New Teachers:
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it so, what are these Monkish Quarrels,
These wordy Wars of Proud Ill-manner'd School-men,
To us and our Lay-Interest? Let 'em rail

And

The TRAGEDY of

And worry one another at their pleasure.
 This Duke, of late, by many worthy Offices,
 Has sought my Friendship. And yet more, his Son,
 The noblest Youth our *England* has to boast of,
 The gentlest Nature and the bravest Spirit,
 Has made me long the Partner of his Breast.
 Nay, when he found, in spite of the Resistance
 My struggling Heart had made, to do him Justice,
 That I was grown his Rival; he strove hard,
 And would not turn me forth from out his Bosom,
 But call'd me still his Friend. And see! He comes.

Enter Lord Guilford.

Oh, *Guilford*! Just as thou wer't ent'ring here,
 My Thought was running all thy Virtues over,
 And wondring how thy Soul cou'd chuse a Partner
 So much unlike itself.

Guil. How cou'd my Tongue
 Take Pleasure, and be lavish in thy Praise!
 How could I speak thy Nobleness of Nature,
 Thy open manly Heart, thy Courage, Constancy,
 And in-born Truth unknowing to dissemble!
 Thou art the Man in whom my Soul delights,
 In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.

Pem. Oh! Generous Youth!
 What can a Heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
 Return to all thy Sweetness?——Yet I wou'd,
 I wou'd be grateful.——Oh, my cruel Fortune!
 Wou'd I had never seen her, never cast
 Mine Eyes on *Suffolk's* Daughter!

Guil. So wou'd I;
 Since 'twas my Fate to see and love her first.

Pem. Oh! Why shou'd she, that universal Goodness,
 Like Light, a common Blessing to the World,
 Rise like a Comet fatal to our Friendship,
 And threaten it with Ruin?

Guil. Heaven forbid!
 But tell me, *Pembroke*, Is it not in Virtue
 To arm against this proud imperious Passion?

Does

the Lady JANE GRAY. 21

Does holy Friendship dwell so near to Envy,
She could not bear to see another happy,
If blind mistaken Chance, and partial Beauty
Should join to favour *Guilford*? —————

Pem. Name it not,
My fiery Spirits kindle at the Thought,
And hurry me to Rage.

Guil. And yet I think
I shou'd not murmur, were thy Lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd. Tho', sure, the Loss
Wou'd wound me to the Heart.

Pem. Ha! Could'st thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'st: Thy gentle Temper
Is form'd with Passions mix'd in due Proportion,
Where no one over-bears nor plays the Tyrant,
But join in Nature's Business, and thy Happiness:
While mine disdainng Reason and her Laws,
Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back;
And hurry my unstable flitting Soul
To ev'ry mad Extreme. Then pity me,
And let my Weakness stand. —————

Enter Sir John Gates.

Sir J. Gates. The Lords of Council
Wait with Impatience. —————

Pem. I attend their Pleasure.
This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our Friendship and our Honour. And since Love
Condemns us to be Rivals for one Prize,
Let us contend, as Friends and brave Men ought,
With Openness and Justice to each other;
That he who wins the Fair-One to his Arms,
May take her as the Crown of great Desert:
And if the wretched Loser does repine,
His own Heart and the World may all condemn him.

[*Exit Pem.*]

Guil.

The TRAGEDY of

Guil. How cross the Ways of Life lie! While we think
 We travel on direct in one High Road,
 And have our Journey's End oppos'd in View,
 A thousand thwarting Paths break in upon us,
 To puzzle and perplex our wandering Steps.
 Love, Friendship, Hatred, in their turns mislead us,
 And ev'ry Passion has its separate Interest:
 Where is that piercing Foresight can unfold
 Where all this mazy Error will have end,
 And tell the Doom reserv'd for me and *Pembroke*?
 There is but one End certain, that is—Death:
 Yet ev'n that Certainty is still uncertain.
 For of these several Tracks which lie before us,
 We know that one leads certainly to Death,
 But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain,
 This blind Divining; let me think no more on't:
 And see the Mistress of our Fate appear!

Enter Lady JANE GRAY. Attendants.

Hail, Princely Maid! who with auspicious Beauty
 Cheer'st ev'ry drooping Heart in this sad Place;
 Who, like the Silver Regent of the Night,
 Lift'st up thy sacred Beams upon the Land,
 To bid the Gloom look gay, dispel our Horrors,
 And make us less lament the setting Sun. [Presence

L. J. Gray. Yes, *Guilford*; Well dost thou compare my
 To the faint Comfort of the waning Moon:
 Like her cold Orb, a cheerless Gleam I bring,
 Silence and Heaviness of Heart, with Dews
 To dress the Face of Nature all in Tears.
 But say, how fares the King?

Guil. He lives as yet,
 But ev'ry Moment cuts away a Hope,
 Amidst our Fears, and gives the Infant Saint
 Great Prospect of his opening Heaven.

L. J. Gray. Descend ye Choirs of Angels to receive him,
 Tune your melodious Harps to some high Strain,
 And waft him upwards with a Song of Triumph:
 A purer Soul, and one more like yourselves,

Ne'er

the Lady JANE GRAY. 23

Ne'er enter'd at the Golden Gates of Bliss.
Oh, *Guilford*! What remains for wretched *England*,
When he, our Guardian-Angel, shall forsake us?
For whose dear Sake Heav'n spar'd a guilty Land,
And scatter'd not its Plagues while *Edward* reign'd.

Guil. I own my Heart bleeds inward at the Thought,
And rising Horrors croud the op'ning Scene.
And yet, forgive me, thou, my Native Country,
Thou Land of Liberty, thou Nurse of Heroes,
Forgive me, if in spite of all thy Dangers,
New Springs of Pleasure flow within my Bosom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those Eyes,
Thus gaze and wonder, how excelling Nature
Can give each Day new Patterns of her Skill,
And yet at once surpass'em.

L. J. Gray. Oh, vain Flattery!
Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my Ear;
But on a Day like this, the Raven's Note
Strikes on my my Sense more sweetly. But, no more,
I charge thee touch th' ungrateful Theme no more;
Lead me, to pay my Duty to the King;
To wet his pale cold Hand with these last Tears,
And share the Blessings of his parting Breath.

Guil. Were I like dying *Edward*, sure a Touch
Of this dear Hand wou'd kindle Life a-new.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring Frown;
And Oh! whene'er my Bosom swells with Passion,
And my full Heart is pain'd with ardent Love,
Allow me but to look on you, and sigh;
'Tis all the humble Joy that *Guilford* asks. [Purpose;

L. J. G. Still wilt thou frame thy Speech to this vain
When the wan King of Terrors stalks before us,
When universal Ruin gathers round,
And no Escape is left us? Are we not
Like Wretches in a Storm, whom ev'ry Moment
The greedy Deep is gaping to devour?
Around us see the pale despairing Crew,
Wring their sad Hands, and give their Labour over;
The Hope of Life has ev'ry Heart forsook,
And Horror sits on each distracted Look;

The TRAGEDY *of*

One solemn Thought of Death does all employ;
 And cancels, like a Dream, Delight and Joy;
 One Sorrow streams from all their weeping Eyes;
 And one consenting Voice for Mercy cries;
 Trembling, they dread just Heav'n's avenging Power,
 Mourn their past Lives, and wait the fatal Hour.

[*Exeunt.*]*The End of the First Act.*

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

*Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, and
the Duke of SUFFOLK.*

North. YET then be chear'd my Heart amidst thy
Mourning.

Tho' Fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale Fear
And wild Distraction sit on ev'ry Face;
Tho' never Day of Grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd Light,
Whose Beams auspicious shine upon our Union,
And bid me call the noble *Suffolk* Brother.

Suff. I know not what my secret Soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. For myself,
I wish this Matter had been yet delay'd;
That we had waited some more blessed Time,
Some better Day with happier Omens hallow'd,
For Love to kindle up his holy Flame.
But you, my Noble Brother, wou'd prevail,
And I have yielded to you.

North. Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the Hour unlucky, that good Heaven,
Who softens the Corrections of his Hand,
And mixes still a Comfort with Afflictions,
Has giv'n to-day a Blessing in our Children,
To wipe away our Tears for dying *Edward*.

B

Suff.

Suff. In that I trust. Good Angels be our Guard,
And make my Fears prove vain. But see! My Wife?
With her, your Son, the generous *Guilford* comes;
She has inform'd him of our present Purpose.

Enter the Dutches of Suffolk, and Lord Guilford.

L. Guil. How shall I speak the Fulness of my Heart?
What shall I say, to bless you for this Goodness?
Oh! Gracious Princess! But my Life is yours,
And all the Business of my Years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest Duty on you,
And pay my vow'd Obedience at your Feet.

Dutc. Suff. Yes, Noble Youth, I share in all thy Joys,
In all the Joys which this sad Day can give.
The dear Delight I have to call thee Son,
Comes like a Cordial to my drooping Spirits;
It broods with gentle Warmth upon my Bosom,
And melts that Frost of Death which hung about me.
But haste! Inform my Daughter of our Pleasure;
Let thy Tongue put on all its pleasing Eloquence,
Instruct thy Love to speak of Comfort to her,
To sooth her Griefs, and chear the mourning Maid.

North. All desolate and drown'd in flowing Tears,
By *Edward's* Bed the pious Princess sits;
Fast from her lifted Eyes the Pearly Drops
Fall trickling o'er her Cheek, while holy Ardor,
And fervent Zeal pour forth her lab'ring Soul;
And ev'ry Sigh is wing'd with Pray'rs so potent,
As strive with Heav'n to save her dying Lord.

Dutc. Suff. From the first early Days of Infant Life,
A gentle Band of Friendship grew betwixt 'em;
And while our Royal Uncle *Henry* reign'd,
As Brother and as Sister bred together,
Beneath one common Parent's Care they liv'd.

North. A wondrous Sympathy of Souls conspir'd
To form the Sacred Union. Lady *JANE*,
Of all his Royal Blood was still the dearest:
In ev'ry innocent Delight they shar'd,
They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd together;
Nay, in the graver Business of his Youth,

When

the Lady JANE GRAY. 27

When Books and Learning call'd him from his Sports,
Ev'n there the Princely Maid was his Companion.
She left the shining Court to share his Toil,
To turn with him the grave Historian's Page,
And taste the Rapture of the Poet's Song;
To search the *Latin* and the *Grecian* Stores,
And wonder at the mighty Minds of old.

Enter Lady JANE GRAY, weeping.

L. J. Gray. Wo't thou not break, my Heart!—

Suff. Alas! What mean'st thou?

Guil. Oh, speak!

Dutch. Suff. How fares the King?

North. Say, Is he dead?

L. J. Gray. The Saints and Angels have him.

Dutch. Suff. When I left him,

He seem'd a little cheer'd, just as you enter'd.—

L. J. Gray. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my Duty,

He rais'd his feeble Eyes, and faintly smiling,

Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd,

To bid farewell to thee, my gentle Cousin,

To speak a few short Words to thee, and die.

With that he prest my Hand, and Oh!—he said,

When I am gone, do thou be good to *England*;

Keep to that Faith in which we both were bred,

And to the End be constant. More I wou'd,

But cannot.—There his falt'ring Spirits fail'd,

And turning ev'ry Thought from Earth at once,

To that blest Place where all his Hopes were fix'd,

Earnest he pray'd;—Merciful, Great Defender!

Preserve thy holy Altars undefil'd,

Protect this Land from bloody Men and Idols,

Save my poor People from the Yoke of *Rome*,

And take thy painful Servant to thy Mercy.

Then sinking on his Pillow, with a Sigh,

He breath'd his innocent and faithful Soul

Into his Hands who gave it.

Guil. Crowns of Glory,

Such as the brightest Angels wear, be on him;

Peace guard his Ashes here, and Paradise
With all its endless Bliss be open to him.

North. Our Grief be on his Grave. Our present Duty
Enjoins to see his last Commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his Death be not made known
To any but our Friends. To-morrow early
The Council shall assemble at the Tower.
Mean while, I beg your Grace wou'd strait inform

[*To the Dutchess of Suffolk.*

Your Princely Daughter of our Resolution;
Our common Int'rest in that happy Tie,
Demands our swiftest Care to see it finish'd.

D.S. My Lord, you have determin'd well. *Lord Guilford,*
Be it your Task to speak at large our Purpose.
Daughter, receive this Lord as one whom I,
Your Father, and his own, ordain your Husband:
What more concerns our Will and your Obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exeunt Duke and Dutchess of Suffolk,*
and Duke of Northumberland.

Guil. Wo't thou not spare a Moiment from thy Sorrows,
'And bid these bubbling Streams forbear to flow?
Wo't thou not give one Interval to Joy,
One little Pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest Tale my Tongue was ever blest with?

L. J. Gray. My Heart is cold within me, ev'ry Sense
Is dead to Joy; but I will hear thee, *Guilford,*
Nay, I must hear thee, such is her Command,
Whom early Duty taught me still t' obey.
But, Oh! forgive me, if to all thy Story,
Tho' Eloquence Divine attend thy speaking,
Tho' ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace do crown thee;
Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
Than weeping——thus, and thus——

Guil. If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever; let not Life
Inform these breathing Organs of my Voice,
If any Sound from me disturb thy Quiet.
What is my Peace or Happiness to thine?

No;

No; tho' our Noble Parents had decreed,
And urg'd high Reasons which import the State,
This Night to give thee to my faithful Arms,
My fairest Bride, my only earthly Bliss.—

L. J. Gray. How! *Guilford!* On this Night?

Guil. This happy Night.

Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my Fate,
If this my utmost Wish shall give thee Pain,
Now rather let the Stroke of Death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless Corse before thee:
Let me, swept away with Things forgotten,
Be huddl'd up in some obscure blind Grave,
E'er thou should'st say my Love has made thee wretched,
Or drop one single Tear for *Guilford's* sake.

L. J. Gray. Alas! I have too much of Death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new Horror.
Oh! Dreadful Thought! If thou wert dead indeed,
What Hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
Spite of the Blush that burns my Maiden Cheek,
My Heart has fondly lean'd toward thee long:
Thy Sweetness, Virtue, and unblemish'd Youth,
Have won a Place for thee within my Bosom:
And if my Eyes look coldly on thee now,
And shun thy Love on this disastrous Day,
It is because I wou'd not deal so hardly,
To give thee Sighs for all thy faithful Vows,
And pay thy Tenderness with nought but Tears.
And yet 'tis all I have.

Guil. I ask no more;
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that Hope,
To charm the Doubts which vex my anxious Soul;
For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my Blessings.
My Eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
Nor will I think of Joy while thou art sad.
Nay, could'st thou be so cruel to command it,
I will forgo a Bridegroom's sacred Right,
And sleep far from thee, on th' unwholesome Earth,
Where Damps arise, and whistling Winds blow loud.
Then, when the Day returns, come drooping to thee,

My Looks still drizzling with the Dews of Night,
And chear my Heart with thee as with the Morning.

L. J. G. Say, Wo't thou consecrate the Night to Sorrow,
And give up ev'ry Sense to solemn Sadness?

Wo't thou, in watching, waste the tedious Hours,
Sit silently and careful by my Side,

Lift to the tolling Clocks, the Cricket's Cry,
And ev'ry melancholy Midnight Noise?

Say, Wo't thou banish Pleasure and Delight?

Wo't thou forget that ever we have lov'd,

And only now and then let fall a Tear,

To mourn for *Edward's* Loss, and *England's* Fate?

Guil. Unweary'd still I will attend thy Woes,
And be a very faithful Partner to thee.

Near thee I will complain in Sighs as numberless,
As Murmurs breathing in the leafy Grove:

My Eyes shall mix their falling Drops with thine,
Constant, as never-ceasing Waters roll,

That purl and gurgle o'er their Sands for ever.

The Sun shall see my Grief, thro' all his Course;

And when Night comes, sad *Philomel*, who plains

From starry Vesper to the rosy Dawn,

Shall cease to tune her lamentable Song,

E'er I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.

L. J. Gray. Here then I take thee to my Heart for ever,
[Giving her Hand.

The dear Companion of my future Days:

Whatever Providence allots for each,

Be that the common Portion of us both:

Share all the Grievs of thy unhappy JANE;

But if good Heav'n have any Joy in Store,

Let that be all thy own.

Guil. Thou wondrous Goodness!

Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee.

And by the common Course of things below,

Where each Delight is temper'd with Affliction,

Some Evil terrible and unforeseen

Must sure ensue, to poise the Scale against

This vast Profusion of exceeding Pleasure.

But

But be it so, let it be Death and Ruin,
On any Terms I take thee.

L. J. Gray. Trust our Fate
To him whose gracious Wisdom guides our Ways,
And makes what we think Evil turn to Good.
Permit me now to leave thee and retire ;
I'll summon all my Reason and my Duty,
To sooth this Storm within, and frame my Heart
To yield Obedience to my noble Parents.

Guil. Good Angels minister their Comforts to thee.
And, Oh ! If, as my fond Belief wou'd hope,
If any Word of mine be gracious to thee,
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Those murd'rous Thoughts of Grief that kill thy Quiet.
Restore thy gentle Bosom's native Peace,
Lift up the Light of Gladness in thy Eyes,
And chear my Heaviness with one dear Smile.

L. J. Gray. Yes, *Guilford*, I will study to forget
All that the Royal *Edward* has been to me,
How we have lov'd, ev'n from our very Cradles.
My private Loss no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender Thought to thee shall turn :
With Patience I'll submit to Heav'n's Decree,
And what I lost in *Edward*, find in thee.
But Oh ! when I revolve what Ruins wait
Our sinking Altars, and the falling State :
When I consider what my Native Land
Expected from her pious Sov'reign's Hand ;
How form'd he was to save her from Distress,
A King to govern, and a Saint to bless :
New Sorrow to my lab'ring Breast succeeds,
And my whole Heart for wretched *England* bleeds.

[Exit *Lady JANE GRAY.*

Guil. My Heart sinks in me, at her soft complaining,
And ev'ry moving Accent that she breathes,
Resolves my Courage, slackens my tough Nerves,
And melts me down to Infancy and Tears.
My Fancy palls, and takes Distaste at Pleasure ;
My Soul grows out of Tune, it loaths the World,
Sickens at all the Noise and Folly of it ;

And I cou'd sit me down in some dull Shade,
Where lonely Contemplation keeps her Cave,
And dwells with hoary Hermits; there forget myself,
There fix my stupid Eyes upon the Earth,
And muse away an Age in deepest Melancholy.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Edward is dead; so said the Great Northumberland.
As now he shot along by me in haste.
He press'd my Hand, and in a Whisper begg'd me
To guard the Secret carefully as Life,
Till some few Hours shou'd pass; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my *Guilford*!
My Friend!

[Speaking to him.]

Guil. Ha! *Pembroke*!

[Starting.]

Pem. Wherefore dost thou start?
Why sits that wild Disorder on thy Visage,
Somewhat that looks like Passions strange to thee,
The Paleness of Surprise and ghastly Fear?
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee Friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So chang'd upon a sudden.

Guil. How! So chang'd!

Pem. So to my Eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The King is dead.

Pem. I learn'd it from thy Father,
Just as I enter'd here. But say, Cou'd that,
A Fate which ev'ry Moment we expected,
Distract thy Thought, or shock thy Temper thus?

Guil. Oh, *Pembroke*! 'Tis in vain to hide from thee;
For thou hast look'd into my artless Bosom,
And seen at once the Hurry of my Soul.
'Tis true, thy coming struck me with Surprise,
I have a Thought——But wherefore said I One?
I have a Thousand Thoughts all up in Arms,
Like pop'lous Towns disturb'd at Dead of Night,
That mix'd in Darkness, bustle to and fro,
As if their Business were to make Confusion.

Pem.

Pem. Then sure our better Angels call'd me hither;
For this is Friendship's Hour, and Friendship's Office,
To come when Counsel and when Help is wanting,
To share the Pain of ev'ry gnawing Care,
To speak of Comfort in the Time of Trouble,
To reach a Hand, and save thee from Adversity.

Guil. And wo't thou be a Friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my Bosom bare before thee,
Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy Hand
Pass gently over ev'ry painful Part?
Wo't thou with Patience hear, and judge with Temper?
And if perchance thou meet with somewhat harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy Rage, and grate thy Soul,
Wo't thou be Master of thyself, and bear it?

Pem. Away with all this needless Preparation!
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an Offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I shou'd take part with thee against myself,
And call thy Fault a Virtue.

Guil. But suppose
The Thought were somewhat that concern'd our Love.

Pem. No more; thou know'st we spoke of that to-day,
And on what Terms we left it. 'Tis a Subject,
Of which, if possible, I wou'd not think:
I beg that we may mention it no more.

Guil. Can we not speak of it with Temper?

Pem. No.
Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore, prithee spare it.

Guil. Oh! Cou'd the Secret, I wou'd tell thee, sleep,
And the World never know it, my fond Tongue
Shou'd cease from speaking, e'er I wou'd unfold it,
Or vex thy Peace with an officious Tale.
But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy Ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.

Pem. Speak then, and ease the Doubts that shock my Soul,

Guil. Suppose thy *Guilford's* better Stars prevail,
And crown his Love—

Pem. Say not, Suppose: 'Tis done,
Seek not for vain Excuse, or soft'ning Words;

Thou hast prevaricated with thy Friend,
 By under-hand Contrivances undone me;
 And while my open Nature trusted in thee,
 Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my Hopes,
 And ravish'd from me all my Soul held dear.
 Thou hast betray'd me——

Guil. How! betray'd thee, *Pembroke*?

Pem. Yes, falsely, like a Traitor.

Guil. Have a care.

Pem. But think not I will bear the foul Play from thee;
 There was but this which I cou'd ne'er forgive.
 My Soul is up in Arms, my injur'd Honour,
 Impatient of the Wrong, calls for Revenge;
 And tho' I love thee——fondly——

Guil. Hear me yet,

And *Pembroke* shall acquit me to himself.
 Hear, while I tell how Fortune dealt between us,
 And gave the yielding Beauty to my Arms——

Pem. What, hear it! Stand and listen to thy Triumph!
 Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
 Lest I forget that ever we were Friends,
 Lest in the Rage of disappointed Love,
 I rush at once and tear thee for thy Falshood.

Guil. Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash, as thou art,
 To trust the secret Sum of all my Happiness,
 With one not Master of himself. Farewell. [*Going.*]

Pem. Ha! art thou going? Think not thus to part,
 Nor leave me on the Rack of this Uncertainty.

Guil. What would'st thou further?

Pem. Tell it to me all;

Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
 And rioted in vast Excess of Bliss;
 That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
 Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy Friend?
 How didst thou look with that betraying Face,
 And smiling, plot my Ruin?

Guil. Give me Way.

When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
 And vindicate at full my Love and Friendship.

Pem.

the Lady JANE GRAY. 35

Pem. And dost thou hope to shun me then, thou Traytor!
No, I will have it now, this Moment from thee,
Or drag the Secret out from thy false Heart.

Guil. Away, thou Madman! I wou'd talk to Winds,
And reason with the rude tempestuous Surge,
Sooner than hold Discourse with Rage like thine.

Pem. Tell it, or by my injur'd Love I swear,

[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*

I'll stab the lurking Treason in thy Heart.

Guil. Ha! Stay thee there; nor let thy frantick Hand

[*Stopping him.*

Unsheath thy Weapon. If the Sword be drawn,
If once we meet on Terms like those, farewell
To ev'ry Thought of Friendship; one must fall.

Pem. Curse on thy Friendship, I wou'd break the Band.

Guil. That as you please—Beside, this Place is sacred,
And wo'not be profan'd with Brawls and Outrage.
You know, I dare be found on any Summons.

Pem. 'Tis well. My Vengeance shall not loiter long.
Henceforward let the Thoughts of our past Lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless Hate.
Here I give up the empty Name of Friend,
Renounce all Gentleness, all Commerce with thee,
To Death defy thee as my mortal Foe;
And when we meet again, may swift Destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself. [*Exit Pembroke.*

Guil. The Fate I ever fear'd, is fall'n upon me;
And long ago my boding Heart divin'd
A Breach, like this, from his ungovern'd Rage.
Oh, *Pembroke!* Thou hast done me much Injustice,
For I have borne thee true unfeign'd Affection;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.
Love is, or ought to be, our greatest Bliss;
Since ev'ry other Joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for Love.
At the imperious Tyrant's lordly Call,
In spite of Reason and Restraint we come,
Leave Kindred, Parents, and our native Home.

The TRAGEDY of

The trembling Ma'id, with all her Fears, he charms,
 And pulls her from her weeping Mother's Arms:
 He laughs at all our Leagues, and in proud Scorn
 Commands the Bands of Friendship to be torn:
 Disdains a Partner should partake his Throne,
 But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Tower.*

Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.

Gar. **N**AY, by the Rood, my Lord, you were to blame;
To let a hair-brain'd Passion be your Guide,
And hurry you into such mad Extremes.
Marry, you might have made much worthy Profit,
By patient hearing; the unthinking Lord
Had brought forth ev'ry Secret of his Soul.
Then when you were the Master of his Bosom,
That were the Time to use him with Contempt,
And turn his Friendship back upon his Hands.

Pem. Thou talk'st as if a Madman cou'd be wise.
Oh, *Winchester*! Thy hoary frozen Age
Can never guess my Pain; can never know
The burning Transports of untam'd Desire.
I tell thee, Rev'rend Lord, to that one Bliss,
To the Enjoyment of that lovely Maid,
As to their Centre, I had drawn each Hope;
And ev'ry Wish my furious Soul cou'd form;
Still with regard to that my Brain forethought,
And fashion'd ev'ry Action of my Life.
Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
Be dash'd in all the Height of Expectation!
It was not to be borne.

Gar.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pem. I have not had a Minute's Peace of Mind,
A Moment's Pause, to rest from Rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then: But e'er I speak,
I warn you to be Master of yourself.
Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their Goodness, Pris'ner here;
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the *Tower*, and hold free Speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtless Hours,
Without good Heed to these our righteous Rulers.
To prove this true, this Morn a trusty Spy
Has brought me Word, that yester Ev'ning late,
In spite of all the Grief for *Edward's* Death,
Your Friends were marry'd:

Pem. Marry'd! Who?—Damnation!

Gar. Lord *Guilford Dudley*, and the Lady *JANE*:

Pem. Curse on my Stars!

Gar. Nay, in the Name of Grace,
Restrain this sinful Passion; all's not lost
In this one single Woman.

Pem. I have lost

More than the Female World can give me back.
I had beheld ev'n her whole Sex, unmov'd,
Look'd o'er 'em, like a Bed of gaudy Flowers,
That lift their painted Heads, and live a Day,
Then shed their trifling Glories unregarded:
My Heart disdain'd their Beauties, till she came,
With ev'ry Grace that Nature's Hand cou'd give,
And with a Mind so great, it spoke its Essence
Immortal and Divine.

Gar. She was a Wonder;
Detraction must allow that.

Pem. The Virtues came,
Sorted in gentle Fellowship, to crown her,
As if they meant to mend each other's Work.
Candour with Goodness, Fortitude with Sweetness,
Strict Piety, and Love of Truth, with Learning,
More than the Schools of *Athens* ever knew,
Or her own *Plato* taught. A Wonder! *Winchester!*

Thou

Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, She was that only Blessing
My Soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

Gar. Your State is not so bad as you wou'd make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry Hope.

Pem. Ha! Wo't thou save me, snatch me from Despair,
And bid me live again?

Gar. She may be yours.
Suppose her Husband die.

Pem. O vain, vain Hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that Hope so vain.
These Gospellers have had their Golden Days,
And lorded it at Will; with proud Despire,
Have trodden down our Holy Roman Faith,
Ransack'd our Shrines, and driv'n her Saints to Exile.
But if my Divination fail me not,
Their haughty Hearts shall be abas'd e'er long,
And feel the Vengeance of our *Mary's* Reign.

Pem. And would'st thou have my fierce Impatience stay?
Bid me lie bound upon a Rack, and wait
For distant Joys, whole Ages yet behind?
Can Love attend on Politicians Schemes,
Expect the slow Events of cautious Counsels,
Cold unresolving Heads, and creeping Time?

Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, *Northumberland*,
With easy *Suffolk*, *Guilford*, and the rest,
Meet here in Council on some deep Design,
Some traitorous Contrivance, to protect
Their Upstart Faith from near approaching Ruin.
But there are Punishments——Halters and Axes
For Traytors, and consuming Flames for Hereticks.
The happy Bridegroom may be yet cut short,
Ev'n in his highest Hope.——But go not you;
Howe'er the fawning Sire, old *Dudley*, court you;
No, by the Holy Rood, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious Counsels.——Mischief waits 'em,
Sure, certain, unavoidable Destruction.

Pem. Ha! join with them! the cursed *Dudley's* Race!
Who, while they held me in their Arms, betray'd me;
Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were Villains,

And

And make a Mock'ry of my easy Friendship.
No, when I do, Dishonour be my Portion,
And swift Perdition catch me;——Join with them!

Gar. I wou'd not have you——Hie you to the City,
And join with those who love our ancient Faith.
Gather your Friends about you, and be ready
T' assert our zealous *Mary's* Royal Title,
And doubt not but her grateful Hand shall give you
To see your Soul's Desire upon your Enemies.
The Church shall pour her ample Treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand Years of Pardon.

Pem. No; keep your Blessings back, and give me Ven-
Give me to tell that soft Deceiver, *Guilford*, [geance,
Thus, Traytor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,
And thus thy Treason finds a just Reward.

Gar. But soft! no more! the Lords o'th' Council come.
Ha! by the Mass, the Bride and Bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my Lord; we must not meet 'em.

Pem. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed happy Pair!
Haste, *Winchester*, haste! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very Thoughts, if possible.
Oh! Love, what have I lost!——Oh! Reverend Lord!
Pity this fond, this foolish Weakness in me!
Methinks, I go like our first wretched Father,
When from his blissful Garden he was driven:
Like me he went despairing, and like me,
Thus at the Gate stopt short for one last View;
Then with the cheerless Partner of his Woe,
He turn'd him to the World that lay below:
There, for his *Eden's* happy Plains, beheld
A barren, wild, uncomfortable Field;
He saw 'twas vain the Ruin to deplore,
He try'd to give the sad Remembrance o'er;
The sad Remembrance still return'd again,
And his lost Paradise renew'd his Pain.

[*Exeunt* *Pembroke* and *Gardiner*.]

Enter

Enter Lord Guilford, and Lady JANE.

Guil. What shall I say to thee ! What Pow'r Divine
Will reach my Tongue to tell thee what I feel ?
To pour the Transports of my Bosom forth,
And make thee Partner of the Joy dwells there ?
For thou art comfortless, full of Affliction,
Heavy of Heart as the forsaken Widow,
And desolate as Orphans: Oh, my Fair-One !
Thy *Edward* shines amongst the brightest Stars,
And yet thy Sorrows seek him in the Grave.

L. J. Alas, my dearest Lord ! a thousand Griefs
Beset my anxious Heart ; and yet, as if
The Burthen were too little, I have added
The Weight of all thy Cares ; and like the Miser,
Increase of Wealth has made me but more wretched.
The Morning Light seems not to rise as usual,
It dawns not to me, like my Virgin Days,
But brings new Thoughts and other Fears upon me ;
I tremble, and my anxious Heart is pain'd,
Left aught but Good shou'd happen to my *Guilford*.

Guil. Nothing but Good can happen to thy *Guilford*,
While thou art by his Side, his better Angel,
His Blessing and his Guard.

L. J. Gray. Why came we hither ?
Why was I drawn to this unlucky Place,
This *Tower*, so often stain'd with Royal Blood ?
Here the Fourth *Edward's* helpless Sons were murder'd,
And pious *Henry* fell by ruthless *Glaw'ster* :
Is this the Place allotted for rejoicing ?
The Bower adorn'd to keep her Nuptial Feast in ?
Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
Staring with meagre Forms thro' grated Windows ;
Death lurks within, and unrelenting Punishment ;
Without, grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Power
Sit on the rude old Tow'rs, and *Gothick* Battlements :
While Horror overlooks the dreadful Wall,
And frowns on all around

Guil.

Guil. In Safety here,
The Lords o' th' Council have this Morn decreed
To meet, and with united Care support
The feeble tottering State. To thee, my Princess,
Whose Royal Veins are rich in *Henry's* Blood,
With one Consent the noblest Heads are bow'd?
From thee they ask a Sanction to their Counsels,
And from thy healing Hand expect a Cure,
For *England's* Loss in *Edward*.

L. J. Gray. How! from me!
Alas, my Lord!——But sure, thou mean'st to mock me?

Guil. No, by the Love my faithful Heart is full of!
But see, thy Mother, gracious *Suffolk*, comes
To intercept my Story: She shall tell thee;
For in her Look I read the lab'ring Thought,
What vast Event thy Fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Dutches of Suffolk.

D. Suff. No more complain, indulge thy Tears no more,
Thy pious Grief has giv'n the Grave its Due:
Let thy Heart kindle with the highest Hopes;
Expand thy Bosom, let thy Soul enlarg'd
Make room to entertain the coming Glory;
For Majesty and Purple Greatness court thee;
Homage and low Subjection wait: A Crown,
That makes the Princes of the Earth like Gods;
A Crown, my Daughter, *England's* Crown attends,
To bind thy Brows with its Imperial Wreath.

L. J. Amazement chills my Veins! What says my Mother?

D. Suff. 'Tis Heav'n's Decree for our expiring *Edward*,
When now, just struggling to his native Skies,
Ev'n on the Verge of Heav'n, in sight of Angels,
That hover'd round to waft him to the Stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my *JANE* his Successor.

L. J. G. Cou'd *Edward* do this? Cou'd the dying Saint
Bequeath his Crown to me? Oh, fatal Bounty!
To me! But 'tis impossible! We dream.
A thousand and a thousand Bars oppose me,
Rise in my Way, and intercept my Passage.

Ev'n

Ev'n you, my gracious Mother, what must you be,
E'er I can be a Queen?

Dut. Suff. That, and that only,
Thy Mother; fonder of that tender Name,
Than all the proud Additions Pow'r can give.
Yes, I will give up all my Share of Greatness,
And live in low Obscurity for ever,
To see thee rais'd, thou Darling of my Heart,
And fix'd upon a Throne. But see! thy Father,
Northumberland, with all the Council, come
To pay their vow'd Allegiance at thy Feet,
To kneel, and call thee Queen.

L. J. Gray. Support me, *Guilford*;
Give me thy Aid: Stay thou my fainting Soul,
And help me to repress this growing Danger.

*Enter Suffolk, Northumberland, Lords, and others of the
Privy Council.*

North. Hail, sacred Princess! sprung from ancient Kings;
Our *England's* dearest Hope, undoubted Off-spring
Of *York* and *Lancaster's* united Line;
By whose bright Zeal, by whose victorious Faith,
Guarded and fenc'd around, our pure Religion,
That Lamp of Truth which shines upon our Altars,
Shall lift its golden Head, and flourish long;
Beneath whose awful Rule, and righteous Sceptre,
The plenteous Years shall roll in long Succession;
Law shall prevail, and ancient Right take place,
Fair Liberty shall lift her cheartful Head,
Fearless of Tyranny and proud Oppression;
No sad Complaining in our Streets shall cry,
But Justice shall be exercis'd in Mercy.
Hail, Royal *JANE*! behold, we bend our Knees

[They kneel.]

The Pledge of Homage, and thy Land's Obedience;
With humblest Duty thus we kneel, and own Thee
Our Liege, our Sovereign Lady, and our Queen.

L. J. Gray. Oh, rise!
My Father, rise!

[To Suff.]
And

And you, my Father, too!

Rise all, nor cover me with this Confusion.

[To North.]

[They rise.]

What means this Mock, this masquing Shew of Greatness?

Why do you hang these Pageant Glories on me,

And dress me up in Honours not my own?

North. The Daughters of our late great Master *Henry*
Stand both by Law excluded from Succession.

To make all firm,

And fix a Pow'r unquestion'd in your Hand,

Edward, by Will, bequeath'd his Crown to you;

And the concurring Lords in Council met,

Have ratify'd the Gift.

L. J. Gray. Are Crowns and Empire,

The Government and Safety of Mankind,

Trifles of such light Moment, to be left

Like some rich Toy, a Ring, or fancy'd Gem,

The Pledge of parting Friends? Can Kings do thus,

And give away a People for a Legacy?

North. Forgive me, Princely Lady, if my Wonder
Seizes each Sense, each Faculty of Mind,

To see the utmost Wish the Great can form,

A Crown, thus coldly met: A Crown! which slighted,

And left in Scorn by you, shall soon be sought,

And find a joyful Wearer; one, perhaps,

Of Blood unkindred to your Royal House,

And fix its Glories in another Line.

L. J. G. Where art thou now, thou Partner of my Cares?

[Turning to Guilford.]

Come to my Aid, and help to bear this Burthen:

Oh! save me from this Sorrow, this Misfortune,

Which in the Shape of gorgeous Greatness comes

To crown, and make a Wretch of me for ever.

Guil. Thou weep'st, my Queen, and hang'st thy drooping

Like nodding Poppies, heavy with the Rain, [Head,

That bow their weary Necks, and bend to Earth.

See, by thy Side, thy faithful *Guilford* stands,

Prepar'd to keep Distress and Danger from thee,

To wear thy sacred Cause upon his Sword,

And war against the World in thy Defence.

North. Oh! stay this inauspicious Stream of Tears,

And

And cheer your People with one gracious Smile.
Nor comes your Fate in such a dreadful Form,
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred Eyes
On the bright Prospect Empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the Throne;
Beneath your Feet the Kingdom's great Degrees
In bright Confusion shine, Mitres and Coronets,
The various Ermin, and the glowing Purple?
Assembled Senates wait with awful Dread,
To firm your high Commands, and make 'em Fate.

L. J. G. You turn to view the painted Side of Royalty;
And cover all the Cares that lurk beneath.

Is it, to be a Queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable State,
The flatter'd Idol of a servile Court?
Is it, to draw a pompous Train along,
A Pageant, for the wond'ring Croud to gaze at?
Is it, in Wantonness of Pow'r to reign,
And make the World subservient to my Pleasure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred Charge,
To bend each Day before high Heaven, and own,
This People hast thou trusted to my Hand,
And at my Hand, I know, thou shalt require 'em?
Alas! *Northumberland!*—My Father!—Is it not
To live a Life of Care, and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my Judge,
Than any of my Subjects?

Dut. Suff. Ev'ry State
Allotted to the Race of Man below,
Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some Sorrow.
Nor is the Golden Wreath on a King's Brow
Exempt from Care; and yet, Who wou'd not bear it?
Think on the Monarchs of our Royal Race,
They liv'd not for themselves: How many Blessings,
How many lifted Hands shall pay thy Toil,
If for thy People's Good thou happ'ly borrow
Some Portion from the Hours of Rest, and wake
To give the World Repose!

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the Brink of Ruin,

And

And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
 That Fiend of *Rome* and Hell, prepares her Tortures;
 See where she comes in *Mary's* Priestly Train!
 Still wo't thou doubt? till thou behold her stalk,
 Red with the Blood of Martyrs, and wide wafting
 O'er *England's* Bosom? All the mourning Year
 Our Towns shall glow with unextinguish'd Fires;
 Our Youth on Racks shall stretch their crackling Bones;
 Our Babes shall sprawl on consecrated Spears;
 Matrons and Husbands, with their new-born Infants,
 Shall burn promiscuous; a continu'd Peal
 Of Lamentations, Groans, and Shrieks shall sound
 Through all our purple Ways.

Guil. Amidst that Ruin,
 Think thou behold'st thy *Guilford's* Head laid low,
 Bloody and pale——

L. J. Gray. Oh! spare the dreadful Image!

Guil. Oh! wou'd the Misery be bounded there,
 My Life were little; but the Rage of *Rome*
 Demands whole Hecatombs, a Land of Victims.
 With Superstition comes that other Fiend,
 That Bane of Peace, of Arts and Virtue, Tyranny;
 That Foe to Justice, Scornor of all Law;
 That Beast, which thinks Mankind were born for One,
 And made by Heav'n to be a Monster's Prey;
 That heaviest Curse of groaning Nations, Tyranny.
Mary shall, by her kindred *Spain*, be taught
 To bend our Necks beneath a Brazen Yoke,
 And rule o'er Wretches with an Iron Sceptre.

L. J. Gray. Avert that Judgment, Heaven!
 Whate'er thy Providence allots for me,
 In Mercy spare my Country.

Guil. Oh, my Queen!

Does not thy great, thy generous Heart relent,
 To think this Land, for Liberty so fam'd,
 Shall have her Tow'ry Front at once laid low,
 And robb'd of all its Glory? Oh! my Country!
 Oh! fairest *Albion*, Empress of the Deep,
 How have thy noblest Sons with stubborn Valour
 Stood to the last, dy'd many a Field in Blood,

In dear Defence of Birth-right and their Laws!
And shall those Hands which fought the Cause of Freedom,
Be manacled in base unworthy Bonds;
Be tamely yielded up, the Spoil, the Slaves
Of Hair-brain'd Zeal, and cruel Coward Priests?

L. J. Gray. Yes, my lov'd Lord, my Soul is mov'd, like
At ev'ry Danger which invades our *England*; (thine,
My cold Heart kindles at the great Occasion,
And cou'd be more than Man in her Defence.
But where is my Commission to redress?
Or whence my Pow'r to save? Can *Edward's* Will,
Or Twenty met in Council, make a Queen?
Can you, my Lords, give me the Pow'r to canvass
A doubtful Title with King *Henry's* Daughters?
Where are the Rev'read Sages of the Law,
To guide me with their Wisdoms, and point out
The Paths which Right and Justice bid me tread?

North. The Judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve your ev'ry Scruple.

L. J. Gray. They expound;
But where are those, my Lord, who make the Law?
Where are the ancient Honours of the Realm,
The Nobles, with the Mitred Fathers join'd?
The wealthy Commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that Voice of a consenting People,
To pledge the universal Faith with mine,
And call me justly Queen?

North. Nor shall that long
Be wanting to your Wish: The Lords and Commons
Shall, at your Royal Bidding, soon assemble,
And with united Homage own your Title.
Delay not then to meet the general Wish,
But be our Queen, be *England's* better Angel.
Nor let mistaken Piety betray you
To join with cruel *Mary* in our Ruin:
Her bloody Faith commands her to destroy,
And yours forbids to save.

Guil. Our Foes, already
High in their Hopes, devote us all to Death:
The dronish Monks, the Scorn and Shame of Manhood,

Rouze and prepare once more to take Possession,
 To nestle in their ancient Hives again;
 Again they furbish up their holy Trumpery,
 Relicks, and Wooden Wonder-working Saints,
 Whole Loads of Lumber and religious Rubbish,
 In high Procession mean to bring 'em back,
 And place the Puppets in their Shrines again:
 While those of keener Malice, savage *Bonner*,
 And deep-designing *Gardner*, dream of Vengeance;
 Devour the Blood of Innocents, in Hope;
 Like Vultures, snuff the Slaughter in the Wind,
 And speed their Flight to Havock and the Prey.
 Haste then, and save us, while 'tis giv'n to save
 Your Country, your Religion.

North. Save your Friends!

Suff. Your Father!

Dutch. Suff. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. J. Gray. Take me, crown me;
 Invest me with this Royal Wretchedness;
 Let me not know one happy Minute more.
 Let all my sleepless Nights be spent in Care,
 My Days be vex'd with Tumults and Alarms;
 If only I can save you, if my Fate
 Has mark'd me out to be the publick Victim,
 I take the Lot with Joy. Yes, I will die
 For that eternal Truth my Faith is fix'd on,
 And that dear native Land which gave me Birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful Instrument to tell it,
 And let the Trumpet's sprightly Note proclaim
 My JANE is *England's* Queen! Let the loud Cannon
 In Peals of Thunder speak it to *Augusta*;
 Imperial *Thames*, catch thou the sacred Sound,
 And roll it to the subject Ocean down:
 Tell the old Deep, and all thy Brother Floods,
 My JANE is Empress of the watry World!
 Now with glad Fires our bloodless Street shall shine:
 With Cries of Joy our chearful Ways shall ring;
 Thy Name shall eccho thro' the rescu'd Isle,
 And reach applauding Heaven!

the Lady JANE GRAY.

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L. J. G. Oh, *Guilford*! What do we give up for Glory!
For Glory! That's a Toy I wou'd not purchase,
An idle, empty Bubble. But for *England*!
What must we lose for that! Since then my Fate
Has forc'd this hard Exchange upon my Will,
Let gracious Heaven allow me one Request:
For that blest Peace in which I once did dwell,
For Books, Retirement, and my studious Cell,
For all those Joys my happier Days did prove,
For *Plato*, and his *Academick Grove*;
All that I ask, is, Tho' my Fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal Crown;
Let that one Good be added to my Doom,
To save this Land from Tyranny and Rome.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third Act.



C

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.

Gar. **I**N an unlucky and accursed Hour [berland,
 Set forth that Traytor Duke, that proud Northum-
 To draw his Sword upon the side of Heresy,
 And war against our *Mary's* Royal Right:
 Ill Fortune fly before, and pave his Way
 With Disappointment, Mischief, and Defeat:
 And thou, O holy *Becket*, the Protector,
 The Champion, and the Martyr of our Church,
 Appear, and once more own the Cause of *Rome*;
 Beat down his Launce, break thou his Sword in Battel,
 And cover foul Rebellion with Confusion.

Pem. I saw him marching at his Army's Head;
 I mark'd him issuing through the City-Gate
 In Harness all appointed, as he pass'd;
 And (for he wore his Bever up) cou'd read
 Upon his Visage, Horror and Dismay.
 No Voice of friendly Salutation chear'd him,
 None wish'd his Arms might thrive, or bad God-speed him;
 but through a staring ghastly looking Croud,
 Unhail'd, unblest'd, with heavy Heart he went:

the Lady JANE GRAY.

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As if his Traytor Father's Maggard Ghost,
And *Somerset* fresh bleeding from the Axe,
On either hand had usher'd him to Ruin.

Gard. Nor shall the holy Vengeance loiter long.

At *Farmingham* in *Suffolk* lies the Queen,
Mary, our pious Mistress; where each Day
The Nobles of the Land, and swarming Populace
Gather, and list beneath her Royal Ensigns.

The Fleet commanded by Sir *Thomas Ferningham*,

Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,

With one Consent have join'd to own her Cause:

The valiant *Sussex*, and Sir *Edward Hastings*,

With many more of Note, are up in Arms,

And all declare for her.

Pem. The Citizens,

Who held the noble *Somerset* right dear,

Hate this aspiring *Dudley* and his Race,

And wou'd, upon the Instant, join t'oppose him;

Could we but draw some of the Lords o'th' Council

T'appear among 'em, own the same Design,

And bring the Rev'rend Sanction of Authority

To lead 'em into Action. For that Purpose,

To thee, as to an Oracle, I come,

To learn what fit Expedient may be found,

To win the wary Council to our Side.

Say thou, whose Head is grown thus Silver-white,

In Arts of Government, and Turns of State,

How may we blast our Enemies with Ruin,

And sink the curs'd *Northumberland* to Hell.

Gar. In happy Time be your whole Wish accomplish'd,

Since the proud Duke set out, I have had Conference,

As fit Occasion serv'd, with divers of 'em;

The Earl of *Arundel*, *Mason*, and *Cheyney*,

And find 'em all dispos'd as we cou'd ask.

By Holy *Mary*, if I count aright,

To-day the better Part shall leave this Place,

And meet at *Baynard's-Castle* in the City;

There own our Sovereign's Title, and defy

Jane and her Gospel-Crew. But hie you hence!

This Place is still within our Foes Command,
Their Puppet-Queen reigns here.

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

Off. Seize on 'em both.

[Guards seize Pembroke and Gardiner.]

My Lord, you are a Pris'ner to the State.

Pem. Ha! By whose Order?

Off. By the Queen's Command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

Pem. Curse on his Traytor's Heart!

Gard. Rest you contented:

You have loiter'd here too long; but use your Patience,
These Bonds shall not be lasting.

Off. As for you, Sir.

[To Gardiner.]

'Tis the Queen's Pleasure you be close confin'd:

You've us'd that fair Permission was allow'd you,

To walk at large within the Tower, unworthily.

You're noted for an over-busy Medler,

A secret Practicer against the State;

For which, henceforth your Limits shall be straiter.

Hence, to your Chamber!

Gard. Farewel, gentle Pembroke;

I trust that we shall meet on blither Terms:

Till then, amongst my Beads, I will remember you,

And give you to the Keeping of the Saints.

[Exeunt Part of the Guards with Gardiner.]

Pem. Now, whither must I go?

Off. This way, my Lord.

[Going off.]

Enter Guilford.

Guil. Hold, Captain! E'er you go, I have a Word or two
For this your noble Pris'ner.

Off.

the Lady JANE GRAY. 53

Off. At your Pleasure:
I know my Duty, and attend your Lordship.

[*The Officer and Guard retire to the
farther Part of the Stage.*]

Guil. Is all the Gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy Remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?

Pem. Ha! not look!

What Terrors are there in the *Dudley's* Race,
That *Pembroke* dares not look upon, and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee;
Our Eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then!

Pem. I do; and wish Perdition may o'ertake
Thy Father, thy false Self, and thy whole Name.

Guil. And yet, as sure as Rage disturbs thy Reason,
And masters all the noble Nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In Tendernefs of Friendship to preserve thee;
To plant ev'n all the Pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from Destruction with my Life.

Pem. Friendship from thee! But my just Soul disdains thee.
Hence! take the prostituted Bauble back,
Hang it to grace some slaving Ideot's Neck,
For none but Fools will prize the Tinsel Toy.
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy Greatness,
And set thy purple Pomp to view before me;
To let me know that *Guilford* is a King,
That he can speak the Word, and give me Freedom.
Oh! Short-liv'd Pageant! Had'st thou all the Pow'r
Which thy vain Soul wou'd grasp at, I wou'd die,
Rot in a Dungeon, e'er receive a Grace,
The least, the meanest Courtesy from thee.

Guil. Oh, *Pembroke*! But I have not time to talk,
For Danger presses, Danger unforeseen,
And secret as the Shaft that flies by Night,

The TRAGEDY of

Is aiming at thy Life. Captain, a Word! [*To the Officer.*]
 I take your Pris'ner to my proper Charge;
 Draw off your Guard, and leave his Sword with me.

[*The Officer delivers the Sword to Lord Guilford,
 and goes out with the Guard.*]

[*L. Guilford offering the Sword to Pembroke.*]

Receive this Gift, ev'n from a Rival's Hand;
 And if thy Rage will suffer thee to hear
 The Counsel of a Man once call'd thy Friend,
 Fly from this fatal Place, and seek thy Safety.

Pem. How now! What Shew? what Mockery is this?
 Is it in Sport you use me thus? What means
 This swift fantastick changing of the Scene?

Guil. Oh! take thy Sword; and let thy valiant Hand
 Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble Life:
 The Time, the Danger, and the wild Impatience,
 Forbid me all to enter into Speech with thee,
 Or I could tell thee——

Pem. No, it needs not, Traytor!
 For all thy poor, thy little Arts are known.
 Thou fear'st my Vengeance, and art come to fawn,
 To make a Merit of that proffer'd Freedom,
 Which, in despite of thee, a Day shall give me.
 Nor can my Fate depend on thee, false *Guilford*;
 For know, to thy Confusion, e'er the Sun
 Twice gild the East, our Royal *Mary* comes
 To end thy Pageant Reign, and set me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! Hast thou then known me
 So little, to accuse my Heart of Fear?
 Hast thou forgotton *Musselborough's* Field?
 Did I then fear, when by thy Side I fought,
 And dy'd my maiden Sword in *Scottish* Blood?
 But this is Madness all.

Pem. Give me my Sword. [*Taking his Sword.*]
 Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
 And conscious of the Injury thou hast done me,

Art

the Lady JANE GRAY. 55

Art come to proffer me a Soldier's Justice,
And meet my Arm in single Opposition.
Lead then, and let me follow to the Field.

Guil. Yes, *Pembroke*, thou shalt satisfy thy Vengeance,
And write thy bloody Purpose on my Bosom.
But let Death wait to-day. By our past Friendship,
In Honour's Name, by ev'ry sacred Tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pem. What mystick Meaning lurks beneath thy Words?
What Fear is this, which thou would'st awe my Soul with?
Is there a Danger *Pembroke* dares not meet?

Guil. Oh! spare my Tongue a Tale of Guilt and Horror,
Trust me this once: Believe me, when I tell thee,
Thy Safety and thy Life is all I seek.
Away!

Pem. By Heav'n! I wo'not stir a Step.
Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous Phrase.
If thou wou'd'st have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that Plainness Honesty delights in,
And let thy double Tongue for once be true.

Guil. Forgive me, filial Piety and Nature,
If, thus compell'd, I break your sacred Laws,
Reveal my Father's Crime, and blot with Infamy
The hoary Head of him who gave me Being,
To save the Man whom my Soul loves, from Death.

[Giving a Paper.]

Read there the fatal Purpose of thy Foe, [ror;
A Thought which wounds my Soul with Shame and Hor-
Somewhat that Darkness shou'd have hid for ever,
But that thy Life——Say, hast thou seen that Character?

Pem. I know it well; the Hand of proud *Northumberland*,
Directed to his Minions, *Gates* and *Palmer*.
What's this?

[Reads.]

Remember, with your closest Care, to observe those whom I
nam'd to you at parting; especially keep your Eye upon
the Earl of *Pembroke*; as his Power and Interest are
most

The TRAGEDY of

most considerable, so his Opposition will be most fatal to us. Remember the Resolution was taken, if you should find him inclin'd to our Enemies. The Forms of Justice are tedious, and Delays are dangerous. If he falters, lose not the sight of him till your Daggers have reach'd his Heart.

My Heart! Oh, murd'rous Villain!

Guil. Since he parted,

Thy Ways have all been watch'd, thy Steps been mark'd;

Thy secret Treaties with the Malecontents

That harbour in the City, thy conferring

With *Gardner* here in the Tower; all is known:

And, in pursuance of that bloody Mandate,

A Set of chosen Ruffians wait to end thee.

There was but one way left me to preserve thee:

I took it; and this Morning sent my Warrant

To seize upon thy Person——But be gone!

Pem. 'Tis so—'tis Truth——I see his honest Heart——

Guil. I have a Friend of well-try'd Faith and Courage,

Who with a fit Disguise, and Arms conceal'd,

Attends without to guide thee hence in Safety.

Pem. What is *Northumberland*? And what art thou?

Guil. Waste not the Time. Away!

Pem. Here let me fix,

And gaze with everlasting Wonder on thee.

What is there good or excellent in Man,

That is not found in thee? Thy Virtues flash,

They break at once on my astonish'd Soul;

As if the Curtains of the Dark were drawn,

To let in Day at Midnight.

Guil. Think me true;

And tho' Ill-fortune cross'd upon our Friendship——

Pem. Curse on our Fortune!--Think!--I know thee honest.

Guil. For ever I cou'd hear thee——but thy Life——

Oh, *Pembroke*! linger not——

Pem. And can I leave thee

E'er I have clasp'd thee in my eager Arms,

And giv'n thee back my sad repenting Heart?

Believe

the Lady JANE GRAY. 57

Believe me, *Guilford*, like the Patriarch's Dove,
[Embracing.]

It wander'd forth, but found no Resting-place,
Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my Soul can more desire,
Than these dear Marks of thy returning Friendship?
The Danger comes——If you stay longer here,
You die, my *Pembroke*.

Pem. Let me stay and die;
For if I go, I go to work thy Ruin.
Thou know'st not what a Foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn Destruction to the Queen,
And pledg'd my Faith to *Mary* and her Cause:
My Honour is at stake.

Guil. I know 'tis given:
But go—the stronger thy Engagement's there;
The more's thy Danger here. There is a Power
Who sits above the Stars; in him I trust:
All that I have, his bounteous Hand bestow'd;
And he that gave it, can preserve it to me.
If his o'er-ruling Will ordains my Ruin,
What is there more, but to fall down before him,
And humbly yield Obedience!——Fly!——Be gone!

Pem. Yes, I will go—for see! Behold who comes!
Oh, *Guilford*! hide me, shield me from her Sight;
Ev'ry mad Passion kindles up again,
Love, Rage, Despair——and yet I will be Master——
I will remember thee——Oh, my torn Heart!
I have a thousand thousand things to say,
But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.
Thus gloomy Ghosts, whene'er the breaking Morn
Gives notice of the chearful-Sun's Return,
Fade at the Light, with Horror stand oppress'd,
And shrink before the Purple-dawning East;
Swift with the fleeting Shades they wing their Way,
And dread the Brightness of the rising Day.

[Exeunt *Guilford* and *Pembroke*.]

Enter Lady JANE, reading.

L. J. Gray. "'Tis false! The thinking Soul is somewhat
 " Than Symmetry of Atoms well dispos'd, [more
 " The Harmony of Matter. Farewel else
 " The Hope of all hereafter, that new Life,
 " That separate Intellect, which must survive,
 " When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Dust."

Enter Guilford.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my Queen?

L. J. Gray. 'Tis *Plato's Phadon*;
 Where dying *Socrates* takes leave of Life,
 With such an easy, careless, calm Indifference,
 As if the Trifle were of no account,
 Mean in itself, and only to be worn
 In honour of the Giver.

Guil. Shall thy Soul
 Still scorn the World, still fly the Joys that court
 Thy blooming Beauty, and thy tender Youth?
 Still shall she soar on Contemplation's Wing,
 And mix with nothing meaner than the Stars;
 As Heaven and Immortality alone
 Were Objects worthy to employ her Faculties?

L. J. Gray. Bate but thy Truth, what is there here below
 Deserves the least Regard? Is it not time
 To bid our Souls look out, explore hereafter,
 And seek some better sure-abiding Place;
 When all around our gathering Foes come on,
 To drive, to sweep us from this World at once?

Guil. Does any Danger new——

L. J. Gray. The faithless Counsellors
 Are fled from hence, to join the Princess *Mary*,
 The servile Herd of Courtiers, who so late
 In low Obedience bent the Knee before me;
 They, who with zealous Tongues and Hands uplifted,
 Besought me to defend their Laws and Faith;

Vent

Vent their leud Execrations on my Name,
Proclaim me Trayt'ress now, and to the Scaffold
Doom my devoted Head.

Guil. The changeling Villains!

That pray for Slavery, fight for their Bonds,
And shun the Blessing, Liberty, like Ruin.

What art thou, Human Nature, to do thus?

Dues Fear or Folly make thee, like the *Indian*,

Fall down before this dreadful Devil, Tyranny,

And worship the Destroyer?

But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?

Give me my Arms: I will preserve my Country,

Ev'n in her own despite. Some Friends I have,

Who will or die or conquer in thy Cause,

Thine and Religion's, thine and *England's* Cause.

L. J. Gray. Art thou not all my Treasure, all my Guard?

And wo't thou take from me the only Joy,

The last Defence is left me here below?

Think not thy Arm can stem the driving Torrent,

Or save a People, who with blinded Rage

Urge their own Fate, and strive to be undone.

Northumberland, thy Father, is in Arms;

And if it be in Valour to defend us,

His Sword, that long has known the Way to Conquest,

Shall be our surest Safety.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suff. Oh! my Children!

L. J. Gray. Alas! what means, my Father?

Suff. Oh! my Son,

Thy Father, great *Northumberland*, on whom

Our dearest Hopes were built——

Guil. Ha! What of him?

Suff. Is Lost! Betray'd!

His Army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him.

Moulder'd away, and melted by his Side;

Like falling Hail thick strewn upon the Ground,

Which, e'er we can essay to count, is vanish'd.

With

With some few Followers he arriv'd at *Cambridge*;
 But there ev'n they forsook him; and himself
 Was forc'd, with heavy Heart and watry Eye,
 To cast his Cap up, with dissembled Chear,
 And cry, God save Queen *Mary*. But alas!
 Little avail'd the Semblance of that Loyalty:
 For soon thereafter, by the Earl of *Arundel*,
 With Treason he was charg'd, and there arrested;
 And now he brings him Pris'ner up to *London*.

L. J. Gray. Then there's an end of Greatness: The vain,
 Of Empire, and a Crown, that danc'd before me, (Dream,
 With all those unsubstantial empty Forms,
 Waiting in idle Mockery around us;
 The gaudy Masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,
 Is vanish'd all at once—Why, fare it well.

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden Turn of Fate
 With such unshaken Temper?

L. J. Gray. For myself,
 If I cou'd form a Wish for Heav'n to grant,
 It should have been, to rid me of this Crown.
 And thou, O'er-ruling, Great, All-knowing Power!
 Thou, who discern'st our Thoughts, who see'st 'em rising
 And forming in the Soul; Oh judge me, Thou!
 If e'er Ambition's guilty Fires have warm'd me,
 If e'er my Heart inclin'd to Pride, to Power,
 Or join'd in being a Queen. I took the Sceptre
 To save this Land, thy People, and thy Altars:
 And now, behold, I bend my grateful Knee, [*Kneeling*.
 In humble Adoration of that Mercy,
 Which quits me of the vast unequal Task.

Enter the Dutchesse of Suffolk.

Dut. Suff. Nay, keep that Posture still; and let us join,
 Fix all our Knees by thine, lift up our Hands,
 And seek for Help and Pity from Above,
 For Earth and Faithless Man will give us none.

L. J. Gray. What is the worst our cruel Fate ordains us?

Dut.

the Lady JANE GRAY. 61

Dut. Suff. Curs'd be my fatal Counsels, curs'd my Tongue,
That pleaded for thy Ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless Feet to tread the Paths of Greatness!
My Child!——I have undone thee!——

L. J. Gray. Oh, my Mother!
Should I not bear a Portion in your Sorrows?

Dut. Suff. Alas! thou hast thy own, a double Portion,
Mary is come, and the revolting *Londoners*,
Who beat the Heav'ns with thy applauded Name,
Now croud to meet, and hail her as their Queen.
Suffex is enter'd here, commands the *Tower*,
Has plac'd his Guards around; and this sad Place,
So late thy Palace, is become our Prison.

I saw him bend his Knee to cruel *Gardiner*,
Who, freed from his Confinement, ran to meet him;
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a Hand of Blood.
Each hast'ning Moment I expect 'em here,
To seize, and pass the Doom of Death upon us.

Guil. Ha! seiz'd! Shalt thou be seiz'd? and shall I stand;
And tamely see thee borne away to Death?
Then blasted be my Coward Name for ever.
No, I will set my self to guard this Spot,
To which our narrow Empire now is shrunk?
Here will I grow the Bulwark of my Queen;
Nor shall the Hand of Violence profane thee,
Until my Breast have borne a thousand Wounds,
Till this torn-mangled Body sink at once
A Heap of Purple Ruin at thy Feet.

L. J. Gray. And could thy rash distracted Rage do thus?
Draw thy vain Sword against an armed Multitude,
Only to have my poor Heart split with Horror,
To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me?
Oh, call thy better nobler Courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse Fate with Patience!
Greet our insulting Foes with equal Tempers,
With even Brows, and Souls secure of Death;
Here stand unmov'd; as once the *Roman* Senate
Receiv'd fierce *Brennus*, and the conquering *Gauls*,
Till ev'n the rude *Barbarians* stood amaz'd

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At such superior Virtue. Be thy self,
For see the Trial comes!

Enter Suffex, Gardiner, Officers and Soldiers.

Suff. Guards, execute your Orders; seize the Traytors:
Here my Commission ends. To you, my Lord,

[*To Gardiner.*

So our great Mistress, Royal *Mary*, bids,
I leave the full Disposal of these Pris'ners;
To your wise Care the pious Queen commends
Her sacred Self, her Crown, and what's yet more,
The holy *Roman* Church; for whose dear Safety,
She wills your utmost Diligence be shewn,
To bring Rebellion to the Bar of Justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In *Winchester's* deep Thought, and well-try'd Faith;
The Seal attends to grace those rev'rend Hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief Minister and Chancellor of *England*.

Gar. Unnumber'd Blessings fall upon her Head,
My ever-gracious Lady! to remember
With such full Bounty her old humble Beadsman!
For these her Foes, leave me to deal with them.

Suff. The Queen is on her Entrance, and expects me;
My Lord, farewell.

Gar. Farewel, right Noble *Suffex*:
Commend me to the Queen's Grace; say, her Bidding
Shall be observ'd by her most lowly Creature.

[*Exit Suffex.*

Lieutenant of the *Tower*, take hence your Pris'ners:
Be it your Care to see 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no Commerce with each other.

L. J. Gray. That Stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wo't thou part us?

Gar. I hold no Speech with Hereticks and Traytors.
Lieutenant see my Orders obey'd.

[*Exit Gardiner.*

Guil.

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexempl'd Cruelty !
Oh, Tyrant ! but the Task becomes thee well ;
Thy Savage Temper joys to do Death's Office ;
To tear the sacred Bands of Love asunder,
And part those Hands which Heav'n itself had join'd.

Dut. Suff. To let us waste the little rest of Life
Together, had been merciful.

Suff. Then it had not
Been done like *Winchester*.

Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd ;
Calm Temper sits upon thy beauteous Brow ;
Thy Eyes, that flow'd so fast for *Edward's* Loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the Ruin round thee ;
As if thou had'st resolv'd to brave thy Fate,
And triumph in the midst of Desolation.
Ha ! see, it swells ; the liquid Crystal rises,
It starts, in spight of thee, ——— but I will catch it ;
Nor let the Earth be wet with Dew so rich.

L. J. Gray. And dost thou think, my *Guilford*, I can see
My Father, Mother, and ev'n thee my Husband,
Torn from my Side without a Pang of Sorrow ?
How art thou thus unknowing in my Heart !
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing Softness busy here,
That tugs the Strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my Soul in Wailings out before thee.

Guil. Give way, and let the gushing Torrent come ;
Behold the Tears we bring to swell the Deluge,
Till the Flood rise upon the guilty World,
And make the Ruin common.

L. J. Gray. *Guilford* ! no :
The Time for tender Thoughts and soft Endearments
Is fled away and gone ; Joy has forsaken us ;
Our Hearts have now another Part to play ;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon Fortitude ;
That, fearless, we may tread the Paths of Horror ;
And in despite of Fortune and our Foes,
Ev'n in the Hour of Death, be more than Conquerors.

Guil.

Guil. Oh, teach me ! say, what Energy Divine
Inspires thy softer Sex, and tender Years,
With such unshaken Courage?

L. J. Gray. Truth and Innocence;
A conscious-Knowledge rooted in my Heart,
That to have sav'd my Country was my Duty.
Yes, *England*, yes, my Country, I would save thee;
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my Weakness,
And to some dear selected Hero's Hand
Reserves the Glory of thy great Deliverance.

Lieut. My Lords, my Orders——

Guil. See! we must——must part.

L. J. Gray. Yet surely we shall meet again.

Guil. Oh! Where?

L. J. Gray. If not on Earth, among yon golden Stars;
Where other Suns arise on other Earths,
And happier Beings rest on happier Seats:
Where, with a Reach enlarg'd, the Soul shall view
The great Creator's never-ceasing Hand,
Pour forth new Worlds to all Eternity,
And people the Infinity of Space.

Guil. Fain wou'd I cheer my Heart with Hopes like these?
But my sad Thought turns ever to the Grave,
To that last Dwelling, whither now we haste,
Where the black Shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing Eyes for ever.

L. J. G. 'Tis true, by those dark Paths our Journey leads,
And thro' the Vale of Death we pass to Life.
But what is there in Death to blast our Hopes?
Behold the universal Works of Nature,
Where Life still springs from Death. To us the Sun
Dies every Night, and every Morn revives:
The Flow'rs, which Winter's Icy Hand destroy'd,
Lift their fair Heads, and live again in Spring.
Mark, with what Hopes upon the furrow'd Plain,
The careful Ploughman casts the pregnant Grain;
There hid, as in a Grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving Season bids it rise,

the Lady JANE GRAY. 65

Till Nature's genial Pow'r's command a Birth,
And potent, calls it from the teeming Earth :
Then large Increase the bury'd Treasures yield,
And with full Harvests crown the plenteous Field.

[Exeunt severally with Guards.]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter GARDINER, as Lord-Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants with Lights before 'em.

Lieut. **G**ood Morning to your Lordship! you rise early.
Gar. Nay, by the Rood, there are too many
 Some must stir early, or the State shall suffer. [Sleepers;
 Did you, as yesterday our Mandate bade,
 Inform your Pris'ners, Lady *Jane* and *Guilford*,
 They were to die this Day?

Lieut. My Lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But say, How did your Message like 'em?

Lieut. My Lord, they met the Summons with a Temper
 That shew'd a solemn, serious Sense of Death,
 Mix'd with a noble Scorn of all its Terrors.
 In short, they heard me with the self-same Patience
 With which they still have borne them in their Prison,
 In one Request they both concurr'd: Each begg'd
 To die before the other.

Gar. That dispose
 As you think, fitting.

Lieut.

the Lady JANE GRAY.

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Lieut. The Lord *Guilford* only
Implor'd another Boon, and urg'd it warmly;
That e'er he suffer'd, he might see his Wife,
And take a last Farewel.

Gar. That's not much;
That Grace may be allow'd him: See you to it.
How goes the Morning?

Lieut. Not yet Four, my Lord.

Gar. By Ten they meet their Fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas order'd that the Lady *Jane*
Shou'd suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care
No Crouds may be let in, no maudlin Gazers
To wet their Handkerchiefs, and make Report
How like a Saint she ended. Some fit Number,
And those too of our Friends, were most convenient;
But, above all, see that good Guard be kept;
You know the Queen is lodg'd at present here,
Take care that no Disturbance reach her Highness,
And so good Morning, good Master Lieutenant.

[Exit *Lieut.*]

How now! What Light comes here?

Serv. So please your Lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of *Pembroke*.

Gar. *Pembroke*! — 'Tis he; What calls him forth thus
Somewhat he seems to bring of high Import; (early?
Some Flame uncommon kindles up his Soul,
And flashes forth impetuous at his Eyes.

Enter Pembroke; a Page with a Light before him;

Good-Morrow, noble *Pembroke*! What importunate
And strong Necessity breaks on your Slumbers,
And rears your youthful Head from off your Pillow
At this unwholesome Hour; while yet the Night
Lasts in her latter Course, and with her raw
And rheumy Damps infects the dusky Air?

Pem.

Pem. Oh, rev'rend *Winchester*! my beating Heart
Exults and labours with the Joy it bears.

The News I bring shall bless the breaking Morn;
This coming Day the Sun shall rise more glorious,
Than when his Maiden Beams first gilded o'er
The rich immortal Greens, the flow'ry Plains,
And fragrant Bow'rs of Paradise new-born.

Gar. What Happiness is this?

Pem. 'Tis Mercy! Mercy,
The Mark of Heaven impress'd on Human Kind,
Mercy, that glads the World, deals Joy around;
Mercy, that smooths the dreadful Brow of Power
And makes Dominion light; Mercy, that saves,
Binds up the broken Heart, and heals Despair.

Mary, our Royal, ever-gracious Mistress,
Has to my Services and humblest Prayers
Granted the Lives of *Guilford* and his Wife;
Full and free Pardon!

Gar. Ha! What said you? Pardon!
But sure you cannot mean it, cou'd not urge
The Queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd Grace?
What! save the Lives of those who wore her Crown!
My Lord, 'tis most unweigh'd, pernicious Counsel,
And must not be comply'd with.

Pem. Not comply'd with!
And who shall dare to bar her sacred Pleasure,
And stop the Stream of Mercy?

Gar. That will I:
Who wo'n't see her gracious Disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.

Pem. Thy narrow Soul
Knows not the God-like Glory of forgiving:
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless Heart conceive
How large the Pow'r, how fix'd the Empire is,
Which Benefits confer on generous Minds:
Goodness prevails upon the stubborn'st Foes,
And conquers more than even *Cesar's* Sword did.

Gar. These are romantick, light, vain-glorious Dreams.
Have you consider'd well upon the Danger?

How

the Lady JANE GRAY.

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How dear to the fond Many, and how popular
These are whom you wou'd spare? Have you forgot;
When at the Bar, before the Seat of Judgment,
This Lady *Jane*, this beauteous Trayt'refs stood,
With what Command she charm'd the whole Assembly?
With silent Grief the mournful Audience sat,
Fix'd on her Face, and list'ning to her Pleading.
Her very Judges wrung their Hands for Pity;
Their old Hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
And Tears ran down upon their Silver Beards.
Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and for a Moment
Felt Wrath suspended in my doubtful Breast,
And question'd if the Voice I heard was mortal.
But when her Tale was done, what loud Applause,
Like Bursts of Thunder, shook the spacious Hall!
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling Lords
Pronounc'd the fatal Sentence on her Life;
A Peal of Groans ran thro' the crouded Court,
As every Heart were broken, and the Doom,
Like that which waits the World, were universal.

Pem. And can that sacred Form, that Angel's Voice,
Which mov'd the Hearts of a rude ruthless Croud,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for Pity?

Gar. Alas! you look on her with Lover's Eyes:
I hear and see through reasonable Organs,
Where Passion has no part. Come, come, my Lord,
You have too little of the Statesman in you.

Pem. And you, my Lord, too little of the Churchman;
Is not the sacred Purpose of our Faith,
Peace and Good-will to Man? The hallow'd Hand,
Ordain'd to bless, shou'd know no Stain of Blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your Politicks;
'Twas your pernicious Counsel led the Queen
To break her Promise with the Men of *Suffolk*,
To violate, what in a Prince shou'd be
Sacred above the rest, her Royal Word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it; I advis'd her
To break thro' all Engagements made with Hereticks,
And keep no Faith with such a miscreant Crew.

Pem.

Pem. Where shall we seek for Truth, when ev'n Religion,
 The Priestly Robe, and Mitred Head disclaim it?
 But thus bad Men dishonour the best Cause.
 I tell thee, *Winchester*, Doctrines like thine
 Have stain'd our Holy Church with greater Infamy
 Than all your Eloquence can wipe away.
 Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our Faith,
 Brand us with Breach of Oaths, with Persecution,
 With Tyranny o'er Conscience, and proclaim
 Our Scarlet Prelates Men that thirst for Blood,
 And Christian *Rome* more cruel than the Pagan.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The Queen must be
 Better advis'd, than thus to cherish Vipers,
 Whose mortal Stings are arm'd against her Life.
 But while I hold the Seal, no Pardon passes
 For Hereticks and Traytors.

[Exit Gardiner.]

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
 To meet and cross upon this froward Priest:
 But let me lose the Thought on't, let me haste,
 Pour my glad Tidings forth in *Guilford's* Bosom,
 And pay him back the Life his Friendship sav'd.

[Exit.]

*The Scene draws, and discovers the Lady JANE kneeling,
 as at her Devotion; a Light, and a Book placed on a
 Table before her.*

*Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord Guilford, and one
 of Lady JANE's Women.*

Lient. Let me not press upon your Lordship farther,
 But wait your Leisure in the Antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

Wom.

the Lady JANE GRAY. 71

Wom. Softly, my Lord!
For yet, behold, she kneels. Before the Night
Had reach'd her middle Space, she left her Bed,
And with a pleasing sober Chearfulness,
As for her Funeral, array'd herself.
In those sad solemn Weeds. Since then, her Knee
Has known that Posture only, and her Bye,
Or fix'd upon the sacred Page before her,
Or lifted with her rising Hopes to Heaven.

Guil. See! with what Zeal those holy Hands are rear'd
Mark her Vermillion Lip, with Fervour trembling!
Her spotless Bosom swells with sacred Ardor,
And burns with Extasy and strong Devotion;
Her Supplication sweet, her faithful Vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,
Like Incense from the golden Censer rise:
Or blessed Angels minister unseen,
Catch the soft Sounds, and with alternate Office
Spread their Ambrosial Wings, then mount with Joy,
And waft 'em upwards to the Throne of Grace!
But she has ended, and comes forward.

Lady JANE rises, and comes towards the Front of the Stage.

L. J. Gray. Ha!
Art thou my *Guilford*? Wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled Quiet of my Soul?
I meant to part without another Pang,
And lay my weary Head down full of Peace.

Guil. Forgive the Fondness of my longing Soul,
That melts with Tenderness, and leans towards thee:
Tho' the imperious dreadful Voice of Fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the World.
But if to see thy *Guilford*, give thee Pain,
Would I had dy'd, and never more beheld thee:
Tho' my lamenting discontented Ghost
Had wander'd forth unblest'd by those dear Eyes,
And wail'd thy Loss in Death's eternal Shades.

L. J. Gray?

L. J. Gray. My Heart had ended ev'ry earthly Care,
 Had offer'd up its Prayers for Thee and England,
 And fix'd its Hopes upon a Rock unfailing;
 While all the little Bus'ness that remain'd,
 Was but to pass the Forms of Death with Constancy,
 And leave a Life become indifferent to me.
 But thou hast waken'd other Thoughts within me:
 Thy Sight, my dearest Husband and my Lord,
 Strikes on the tender Strings of Love and Nature:
 My vanquish'd Passions rise again, and tell me:
 'Tis more, far more than Death, to part from thee.

Emer Pembroke.

Pem. Oh, let me fly! Bear me, thou swift Impatience,
 And lodge me in my faithful *Guilford's* Arms;

[*Embracing.*
 That I may snatch him from the greedy Grave,
 That I may warm his gentle Heart with Joy,
 And talk to him of Life, of Life and Pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest *Pembroke*?

Pem. Oh! my Speech
 Is choak'd with Words that croud to tell my Tidings:
 But I have sav'd thee, and — Oh, Joy unutterable!
 The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving Mistress,
 Has given not only thee to my Request;
 But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
 The Partner of thy Heart, thy Love is safe.

Guil. Millions of Blessings wait her! — Has she — tell me!
 Oh! has she spar'd my Wife?

Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.
 But haste, and do thou lead me to thy Saint,
 That I may cast myself beneath her Feet,
 And beg her to accept this poor Amends
 For all I've done against her. — Thou fair Excellence,

[*Kneeling.*
 Canst thou forgive the hostile Hand that arm'd
 Against thy Cause, and robb'd thee of a Crown?

L. J. Gray.

the Lady JANE GRAY. 73

L. J. Gray. Oh, rise, my Lord, and let me take your
Life and the World were hardly worth my Care, [Posture.
But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
Then let me pay my Gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected Mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heav'n, the Queen, and You.

Pem. To me! Forbid it, Goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your Thanks:
All Discord and Remembrance of Offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your Freedom,
My self have underta'en to be your Caution.
Hear me, you Saints, and aid my pious Purpose;
These that deserve so much, this wondrous Pair,
Let these be happy; ev'ry Joy attend 'em;
A fruitful Bed, a Chain of Love unbroken,
A good old Age, to see their Children's Children,
A holy Death, and everlasting Memory:
While I resign to them my Share of Happiness:
Contented still to want what they enjoy,
And singly to be wretched.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
Is come with Orders from the Queen.

Enter Gardiner, and Attendants.

Pem. Ha! *Winchester!*

Gar. The Queen, whose Days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded Grace:
But as the pious Princess means her Mercy
Shou'd reach e'en to the Soul as well as Body,
By me she signifies her Royal Pleasure,
That thou, Lord *Guilford*, and the Lady *Jane*,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your Herefy,
And yield Obedience to the See of Rome.

L. J. Gray. What! turn Apostate!

Guil. Ha! Forego my Faith!

D

Gar.

Gray,

Gar. This one Condition only seals your Pardon;
But if, thro' Pride of Heart and stubborn Obstinacy,
With wilful Hands you push the Blessing from you,
And shut your Eyes against such manifest Light;
Know ye, your former Sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.

Pem. 'Tis false as Hell.
The Mercy of the Queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that Princes merchandize their Graces,
As *Roman* Priests their Pardons? Do they barter,
Screw up, like you, the Buyer to a Price,
And doubly sell what was design'd a Gift?

Gar. My Lord, this Language ill befits your Nobleness;
Nor come I here to bandy Words with Madmen:
Behold the Royal Signet of the Queen,
Which amply speaks her Meaning. You, the Pris'ners,
Have heard at large its Purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the Choice of Life or Death.

Pem. Curse on — But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the Queen this Moment, and there know
What 'tis the Mischief-making Priest intends. [*Exit.*]

Gar. Your Wisdom points you out a proper Course.
A Word with you, Lieutenant. [*Talks with Lieut. aside.*]

Guil. Must we part then?
Where are those Hopes that flatter'd us but now?
Those Joys, that like the Spring with all its Flow'rs,
Pour'd out their Pleasures every where around us?
In one poor Minute gone, at once they wither'd,
And left their Place all desolate behind 'em.

L. F. G. Such is this foolish World, and such the Certainty
Of all the boasted Blessings it bestows:
Then, *Guilford*, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought,
But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine Example,
And tread the Paths are pointed out by thee:
By thee instructed, to the fatal Block
I bend my Head with Joy, and think it Happiness
To give my Life a Ransom for my Faith.

From

the Lady JANE GRAY. 75

From thee, thou Angel of my Heart, I learn
That greatest, hardest Task, to part with thee.

L. J. Gray. Oh, gloriously resolv'd! Heav'n is my Witness,
My Heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
Thus constant as thou art in Death, thus faithful,
Than when the holy Priest first join'd our Hands,
And knit the sacred Knot of Bridal Love.

Gar. The Day wears fast; Lord *Guilford*, have you
Will you lay hold on Life? [thought?

Guil. What are the Terms.

Gar. Death, or the Mass, attend you.

Guil. 'Tis determin'd:

Lead to the Scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his Fate.

Guil. Oh! let me fold thee once more in my Arms,
Thou dearest Treasure of my Heart, and print
A dying Husband's Kiss upon thy Lip!
Shall we not live again, ev'n in these Forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these Eyes?

L. J. Gray. Oh! wherefore dost thou sooth me with thy
Why dost thou wind thyself about my Heart, [Softness?
And make this Separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting Ceremony, like two Friends
That have a little Bus'ness to be done,
Take a short Leave, and haste to meet again.

Guil. Rest on that Hope, my Soul——my Wife——

L. J. Gray. No more.

Guil. My Sight hangs on thee——Oh! support me Heav'n,
In this last Pang——and let us meet in Bliss.

[*Guilford is led off by the Guards.*

L. J. Gray. Can Nature bear this Stroke?——

Wom. Alas! she faints—— [Supporting.

L. J. Gray. Wo't thou fail now!——The killing Stroke is
And all the Bitterness of Death is over. [past,

Gar. Here let the dreadful Hand of Vengeance stay:
Have pity on your Youth and blooming Beauty;
Cast not away the Good which Heav'n bestows;
Time may have many Years in store for you,

All crown'd with fair Prosperity: Your Husband
Has perish'd in Perverseness.

L. *J. Gray*. Cease, thou Raven;
Nor violate, with thy profaner Malice,
My bleeding *Guilford's Ghost*——'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the Wing, and waits for me.

*The Scene draws, and discovers a Scaffold hung with Black,
Executioner and Guards.*

And see, my Journey's End.

1 *Wom.* My dearest Lady. [Weeping.]

2 *Wom.* Oh, Misery!

L. *J. Gray*. Forbear, my gentle Maids,
Nor wound my Peace with fruitless Lamentations;
The good and gracious Hand of Providence
Shall raise you better Friends than I have been.

1 *Wom.* Oh, never! never!——

L. *J. Gray*. Help to disarray,
And fit me for the Block: Do this last Service;
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy Mistress sleep in Peace,
And cease from all her Sorrows. These few Trifles,
The Pledges of a dying Mistress's Love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, *Maria*, [To 1 *Wom.*
Hast been my old, my very faithful Servant;
In dear Remembrance of thy Love, I leave thee
This Book, the Law of everlasting Truth:
Make it thy Treasure still; 'twas my Support
When all Help else forsook me.

Gar. Will you yet
Repent, be wise, and save your precious Life?

L. *J. G.* Oh *Winchester!* has Learning taught thee that,
To barter Truth for Life?

Gar. Mistaken Folly!
You toil and travail for your own Perdition,
And die for damned Errors.

L. *J. Gray*. Who judge rightly,
And who persist in Error, will be known,

Then,

the Lady JANE GRAY. 77

Then, when we meet again. Once more, Farewel;
[To her Wom.]

Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
Intreat they do no rude dishonest Wrong
To my cold headless Cose! but see it shrouded,
And decent laid in Earth.

Gar. Wo't thou then die?
Thy Blood be on thy Head.

L. J. G. My Blood be where it falls, let the Earth hide it,
And may it never rise, or call for Vengeance:
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a Victim
To Zeal's inhuman Wrath! Thou gracious Heaven,
Hear, and defend at length thy suffering People;
Raise up a Monarch of the Royal Blood,
Brave, Pious, Equitable, Wise, and Good:
In thy due Season let the Hero come,
To save thy Altars from the Rage of Rome:
Long let him reign to bless the rescu'd Land,
And deal out Justice with a righteous Hand.
And when he falls, oh! may he leave a Son,
With equal Virtues to adorn his Throne;
To latest Times the Blessing to convey,
And guard that Faith for which I die to-day.

[Lady JANE goes up to the Scaffold: The Scene closes.]

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Horror on Horror! Blasted be the Hand
That struck my *Guilford*! Oh! his bleeding Trunk
Shall live in these distracted Eyes for ever.
Curse on thy fatal Arts, thy cruel Counsels! [To Gard.]
The Queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.

Gar. The just Reward of Heresy and Treason
Is fall'n upon 'em both, for their vain Obstinacy;
Untimely Death, with Infamy on Earth,
And everlasting Punishment hereafter.

Pem. And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The secret Purposes of Heav'n, or taught thee:

D 3.

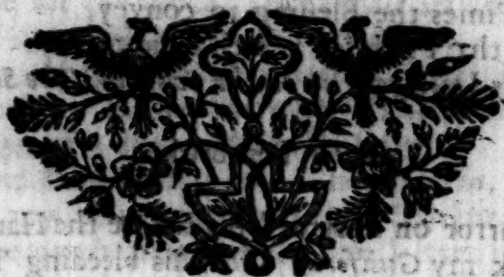
To

Then,

To set a Bound to Mercy unconfin'd?
 But know, thou proud perversly-judging *Winchester*,
 Howe'er your hard imperious Censures doom,
 And portion out our Lot in Worlds to come;
 Those, who with honest Hearts pursue the Right,
 And follow faithfully Truth's sacred Light,
 Tho' suffering here, shall from their Sorrows cease,
 Rest with the Saints, and dwell in endless Peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F L N I S.



EPI



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

THE Palms of Virtue Heroes oft have worn;
 Those Wreaths, to-night, a Female Brow adorn.
 The destin'd Saint, unfortunately brave,
 Sunk with those Altars which she strove to save.
 Greatly she dar'd to prop the juster Side,
 As greatly with her adverse Fate comply'd,
 Did all that Heav'n could ask, resign'd and dy'd;
 Dy'd for the Land for which she wish'd to live,
 And gain'd that Liberty she could not give.
 Oh, happy People! of this fav'rite Isle,
 On whom so many better Angels smile;
 For you, kind Heav'n new Blessings still supplies,
 Bids other Saints, and other Guardians rise:
 For you, the fairest of her Sex is come,
 Adopts our Britain, and forgets her Home.
 For Truth and You, the Heroine declines
 Austria's proud Eagles, and the Indian Mines.
 What Sense of such a Bounty can be shown!
 But Heav'n must make the vast Reward its own,
 And Stars shall join to make her future Crown.
 Your Gratitude with ease may be express'd;
 Strive but to be, what she would make you, bless'd.
 Let no vile Faction vex the vulgar Ear
 With fond Surmise, and false affected Fear:
 Confirm but to yourselves the given Good;
 'Tis all she asks, for all she has bestow'd.

EPILOGUE

Such was our great Example shown to-day;
 And with such Thanks our Author's Pains repay.
 If from these Scenes, to guard your Faith you learn,
 If for your Laws you shew a just Concern;
 If you are taught to dread a Popish Reign,
 Our beauteous Patriot has not dy'd in vain.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.



In all the world, for all the best of
 Conscience but to conscience the great Good;
 With just rewards, and just afflictions;
 Let no vile fiction mix the vulgar Fair
 But to let what the world would make you, blessed
 Your Conscience with ease may be expressed;
 And stars shall join to make our future Crown.
 But Heaven will make the rest reward in own
 And sons of such a Beauty can be shown;
 British proud Eagle, and the Indian Lion
 For Truth and for the living doctrine
 Choose our Britain, and forget our Home.



A
P R O L O G U E
T O

Lady *JANE GRAY*:

Sent by an unknown Hand.

WHEN waking Terrors rouse the guilty Breast,
And fatal Visions break the Murd'rer's Rest;
When Vengeance does Ambition's Fate decree,
And Tyrants bleed, to set whole Nations free;
Tho' the Muse saddens each distressed Scene,
Unmov'd is ev'ry Breast, and ev'ry Face serene:
The mournful Lines no tender Heart subdue;
Compassion is to suff'ring Goodness due.
The Poet your Attention begs once more,
T' atone for Characters here drawn before:
No Royal Mistress sighs through ev'ry Page,
And breathes her dying Sorrows on the Stage:
No lovely Fair, by soft Persuasion won,
Lays down the Load of Life, when Honour's gone.
Nobly to bear the Changes of our State,
To stand unmov'd against the Storms of Fate,
A brave Contempt of Life and Grandeur lost;
Such glorious Toils a Female Name can boast.
Our Author draws not Beauty's heavenly Smile,
T' invite our Wishes, and our Hearts beguile:
No soft Enchantments languish in her Eye,
No Blossoms fade, nor sick'ning Roses die.

PROLOGUE.

*A nobler Passion ev'ry Breast must move,
Than youthful Raptures, or the Joys of Love.
A Mind unchang'd, superior to a Crown,
Bravely defies the angry Tyrant's Frown;
The same, if Fortune sinks, or mounts on high,
Or if the World's extended Ruins lie:
With gen'rous Scorn she lays the Sceptre down;
Great Souls shine brightest by Misfortunes shown:
With patient Courage she sustains the Blow,
And triumphs o'er Variety of Woe.
Through ev'ry Scene the sad Distress is new:
How well feign'd Life does represent the true!
Unhappy Age! who views the bloody Stain,
But must with Tears record Maria's Reign!
When Zeal by 'Doctrinè flatter'd lawless Will,
Instructed by Religion's Voice to kill.*

*Ye British Fair! lament in silent Woe;
Let ev'ry Eye with tender Pity flow;
The lovely Form through falling Drops will seem
Like flow'ry-Shadows of the silver Stream.
Thus Beauty, Heav'n's sweet Ornament, shall prove
Enrich'd by Virtue, as ador'd by Love.
Forget your Charms, fond Woman's dear Delight,
The Fops will languish here another Night.
No Conquest from dissembling Smiles we fear;
She only kills, who wounds us with a Tear.*



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Limina frigescent; sonat hic de nare canina
Litera.* Pers. Sat. 1.

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MDCCLXXII

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

YOU, who in furious Factions take delight,

Know, you are not to be regal'd to-night;

These Scenes do no one sparing Blow afford,

But Peace and Moderation is the Word:

No Side, nor Man on either Side, is hit,

We single out no Courtier, Clown, or Cit,

And if you're angry, 'tis all wrong, you're hit.

Nor let the well-bred Man, of Parts and Taste,

Look sharp for Dainties at a Country Feast;

Expect no sprightly Turns nor Language here,

But rest contented with your homely Chear,

'Tis such as we could get at Croydon Fair.

Our Men of Mirth have never been at Court,

Where Beaux and Belles and gentler Wits resort,

Biters indeed! and of the better sort.

To bare bambooz'ling we may chance pretend,

Or by the Christen Name to catch a Friend;

But to some happier Wit we leave to tell,

Of those who in true Biting most excel.

For that great Work old Bards shall rise again,

And the Sicilian Maids renew the lofty Strain.

Let not a Rival Writer stir up Spite

In you, who judge of Comedy, or write;

For tho' fond Parents on their Offspring dote,

And ev'ry Idiot Author loves the Brat he got;

Yet ours gives freely up his Petit Piece,

And swears that you may use it as you please.

Nay, should you take his Drolling in good part,

He owns this only as a youthful Start,

And sets no Claim up to the Comick Art.

So when keen Patriots pursue the Chace,

The shifiting Statesman yields and sues for Grace,

And to preserve his Carcase quits his Place.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

OF all the Taxes which the Poet pays,
Those Funds of Verse, none are so hard to raise
As Prologues and as Epilogues to Plays.
So many mighty Wits are gone before,
They've rifled all the Muses sacred Store;
Like Conqu'ring Armies thro' the Province pass'd,
Swept all, and left it ruin'd, void, and waste,
Yet, Conscientious You can still demand
Large Contributions from the wretched Land;
Expect that we should still pursue the Theme,
Tho' you deny to us, what you allow'd to them.

Bold Satyr then you did permit to reign,
Satyr, that Noise and Nonsense could restrain;
Then to be pleas'd and taught the Hearers came,
They got Instruction, and the Poet Fame.
Then Strephon's Verse to either Sex gave Law,
And charm'd the Fair, and kept the Fools in awe.
But now, for Reasons to your selves best known,
Your Fathers' Wit and Pleasures you disown;
Hither ye Herds of Fools securely come,
Prologue and Epilogue,
Your ancient Foes, are muzzled now and dumb.

We Women think it hard, when Laws prevail
That take away our Privilege to rail;
Maids, Wives, and Mistresses, assert the Cause,
In spite of Reformation and the Laws:
And tho' the censur'd Stage no Tales must tell,
Yet Visiting-Days and Tea may do as well.
Henceforth, in solemn Meetings of the Fair,
Our own dear Sex and all their Failings spare;

Let

EPILOGUE.

Let no ill-natur'd She severely say
What bideous ill-dress'd Things she saw that Day:
Let envious Ugliness no more reprove
Her fairer Friend's successful Pow'r in Love;
But let each able Tongue do all she can,
Let Satyr be the Word, and the whole Subject Man.

Tell of dull Knights, fat Squires, and wretched Cits,
Displaying Poets, and brisk biting Wits;
Then say what Wine, what Friends, what choice Delights,
Employ their dull Days, and yet duller Nights;
Lash ev'ry Fool of ev'ry Kind and Fashion,
And be the true Reformers of the Nation.



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Angelica, Daughter to *Sir Timothy*.

Mrs. Mountfort.

Mrs. Clever.

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Scribblecrabble.

Mrs. Lawson.

Servants belonging to *Sir Timothy*, Two Whores.

SCENE CROYDON.

THE



THE B I T E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Country Town.*

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. **F**riendly stays somewhat long, for so passionate a Person as he seems to be. This Laziness in Love looks as if Matrimony had gone before, and the best part of the Business had been over. ——— Oh Trick!

Enter Trick.

Where's your Master?

Trick. He'll be here in a minute, Sir; just get rid of a little Misfortune that follows him.

Cler. Misfortune! What Misfortune?

Trick. My Lady Stale.

Cler. The Devil! Is she with him?

Trick. Too true, Sir: ——— Your ancient Gentlewoman is a tenacious Animal ——— they seldom lose their hold 'till they have drawn Blood; ——— tho' to give my Master his due, he lives after a frank manner enough with her; ——— he'll make no scruple of dropping her, leave her to dabble about the Fair by her self, at the first Stop she

makes; we shall have him here presently — See, didn't I tell you so, Sir?

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Dear *Clerimont*, I have Ten Thousand Pardons to beg of you; I trespass upon your Patience at a strange rate.

Cler. Dear Sir, truce with your Compliments; and if you please, let us come to the Matter in Hand — Your new House is my Uncle's.

Trick. 'Twould ha' made your Honour a pretty Seat, if you had not fallen out with him.

Cler. He has been there with his Daughter these Three Days, — you are in love with her, have a mind to marry her, — he's a fantastical obstinate old Fellow, and resolves against parting either with her or his Money, but to a Coxcomb of his own choosing; who (by the way) came down in the same Coach with me to-day, — so that unless we can find out some Stratagem to make an Ass of him, and a happy Man of you, poor *Angelica* must die a Maid, or marry the Fool, as aforesaid.

Friend. In order to that we have already taken all measures, tho' I must own I apprehend some Difficulty in the Execution of 'em. — Did the Booby Lover that came with you, know you?

Cler. Not at all. — I'll assure you he's a most extraordinary Person, and a Biter, as his miserable Fellow-Travelers, the very Coachman, and indeed every body we met upon the Road, found to their Cost.

Friend. The Devil he is! That new Generation of Wags are the most insufferable Toizers! — It happens luckily enough; for your Uncle has met with 'em some where or other, and I suppose has been bit to the purpose, for he raves at the very mention of the Word, swears 'tis a villainous Design to corrupt all our Morality, and breed up our Youth in the Practice of early Lying; he hopes to see it made Felony by Act of Parliament. — I perceive my Rival will hardly prove so formidable as we took him to be.

Trick. Fear nothing, Sir; Rug's the Word, all's safe. For the old Gentleman, leave him to me. This Fair-time gives his Country Neighbours a Liberty of coming to his House.

House, tho' the Inside of it at another time is as hard to be seen as a fortified Place in the time of War, — but the Devil's in him if he can keep us out now: — I have engaged two or three very pretty Fellows here of the Town to be of the Party with us, smart Dogs for the contriving part, and of most invincible passive Courage to go thro' with the Execution, — they have had the Honour to be beaten black and blue in several Adventures already.

Cler. For the rest, the lovely *Mariana*, your charming Kinswoman, has engag'd a notable Limb of the Law, a City Solicitor, in your Interests; — if there be any thing in his way of Roguery to do you Service you may depend upon him. My Uncle is luckily enough too in Love with *Mariana*, to a very ridiculous Extravagance; and when a Woman of Wit and Beauty has an old Fellow under those Circumstances, she seldom fails of a Secret to make him pliant.

Friend. But can you, who are so delicate a Lover, allow *Mariana* to make any advances to this extravagant Uncle of yours?

Cler. To trust you then with a Secret of the last Importance, you must know I have been marry'd to her this Week.

Friend. To *Mariana*!

Cler. She has made me the happiest Man in the World.

Friend. Does your Uncle know anything of this Matter?

Cler. Not a Syllable, I have been so long upon scurvy Terms with him, that I thought 'twou'd be to little purpose to ask his Consent.

Trick. Sir, Sir, as I live, yonder's Mrs. *Clever*; — Mr. *Clerimont* is in Disgrace with his Uncle, and I being in somewhat scoundrelish, or, as your Honour calls it, [To *Cler.*] scurvy Terms with him my self, what if we shou'd retain her for an opening Council towards him?

Cler. Ha! lucky enough.

Friend. 'Sdeath! She's an intimate Friend of my Lady *Stale's*.

Trick. Ah dear Sir, she hath a violent Passion for Money; — she loves it better, not than any thing, I wo'n't say that of her neither, but then any Friend that ever she

had, from her God-fathers and God-mothers to the last new Acquaintance she made.

Cler. Pr'ythee call her — I have been mightily in her Books of late.

Trick. Hum! not altogether so proper just now; — my Lady *Stale* has join'd her, and they are both coming this way.

Friend. Let's be gone; — I wou'd not see her. — And d'y'e hear, Sirrah, contrive some way to rid us of my Lady *Stale*; — that unlucky amorous Five and Forty Face of hers is a mere Omen of ill Fortune, — I wish we may never meet her 'till our Projects are past crossing.

Trick. I warrant you, Sir: And for Mrs. *Clever*, you may reckon the thing done; — you may depend upon her, as much as the *French King* does upon his Cousin of *Bavaria*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lady Stale and Mrs. Clever.

Stale. Well, dear *Clever*, never talk, for this *Croydon* is a most insufferable filthy Place.

Clev. There's a great deal of Hurry, Dust, and Noise indeed. And yet so there are at *May Fair* and *Bartholomew Fair*, where all the World come. — Methinks this Place is as diverting as those are, and the People are as merry here as there, tho' they are not so well dress'd.

Stale. Dress'd! the Creatures! why, Child, Dressing's a reasonable thing — one must have a fine Wit, delicate and well turn'd, to be able to Dress — The Things that come here never think, they love Walnuts and Sack, and fat Goose, and seeing of Monsters, and laughing à Gorge déployée, but they never think. — Well, I am perfectly glad I have met thee. — I'll swear I believe I am the only Woman of Condition here. — I'll swear I'm in the last Confusion to think I could have so much Complaisance for *Friendly* to come hither. — I'll swear I believe you must think me furiously fond, to let him engage me in a Party so horribly upon the ridiculous.

Clev. We have dropt him some where in the Croud; and I fancy 'tis that makes you so uneasy. — Come, Madam, confess, is it not Jealousy, rather than Complaisance, engages you in all *Friendly's* Partics? To give
the

the Man his due, methought he was not so very pressing for your Company hither.

Stale. Jealous! poor *Clever!* I jealous of the Fellow! I swear, Madam, you're as much mistaken, Madam, as perhaps you ever were in your Life, Madam. After all, when one is made so very much to one's Advantage, so agreeable, so handfom, so every thing in the World, and when one has so fine a Discernment to understand it very well one's self. Jealousy is a Passion that perhaps after all is as little troublesom as any Passion in the World.

Clev. Oh, Madam! all the World must confess how bountiful Nature has been to you, even to the last Prodigality of Gifts and Graces.

Stale. Why really, and between Friends, Child, I don't think my Person has done Nature one jot of Discredit—What do you think? ha! as long as good Faces have been in Fashion, she never finish'd one more to her Reputation.

Clev. Ay, ay, Madam, take your Person all together, you have all the reason in the World to be satisfied with it.

Stale. Nay, my Dear, that I am, upon my Word;—for, as I was saying, I think I may, without Affectation, aver that I am handfom, rich, nay and young too, in spite of all the little insignificant World may say to the contrary.

Clev. Why that's true——that same World is the Devil—the ridiculous ways they have got in that World!—You shall have 'em, when they are vex'd at their Hearts that they grow old themselves, fancy that every Body else grows old in Proportion as they do: You shall have 'em, because they happen'd to Dance at a Ball with a Woman, in the merry Days of King *Charles* the Second, cry, Smoke the reverend Gentlewoman; tho' she has as much Cherry-colour'd Ribbon, and black Hair fruz'd out as any Toast of 'em all, and never miss'd the Front Box of a new Play these Thirty Years.

Stale. The World is full of Impertinences——but you may take my Word for it, that I am young, very young.

Clev.

Clev. Oh dear Madam! you don't think there is any occasion to convince me of it?

Stale. No, Child; not at all as to that; ——— but besides now, besides all these Accomplishments, I ought to pique my self somewhat upon my Birth and Family.

Clev. Why, that is very hard now, as to this damn'd World again.

Stale. As how, dear *Clever*?

Clev. As how? why that there should be such a thing as Scandal ——— that Virtue and Merit, like your Ladyship's, should run the Gantlet thro' so many Visiting Days every Week. ——— Why, I believe I have heard a thousand People say, that you never had Father or Mother, Uncle or Aunt, Sister or Brother, that your self or any other Body knew of ——— nay, not so much as a Husband, tho' your Ladyship has had the Misfortune to be a disconsolate Widow for so many Years last past.

Stale. This is pleasant, I vow! but dear *Clever*, this is particularly pleasant — the ridiculous World! as if every Body did not know my Family. — I'd have 'em to comprehend I have two as fine young Gentlemen as ever wore Gown at the University — the worst of 'em (and indeed I think that is *Feremy*) the worst of them understands *Hebrew* — And then my Niece at *Hackney* is the prettiest witty Creature.

Clev. Ah, Madam, 'tis not your Fertility is in Question, no Body can have the Impudence to dispute that Part of your Family. — Your Posterity is all safe, but 'tis concerning your illustrious Ancestors that the Doubt is rais'd.

Stale. Folly to the last degree! ——— I swear you begin to be mighty entertaining.

Clev. You'll pardon me, Madam, that I have dealt so very freely with your Ladyship ——— You'll allow for the Sincerity of Friendship.

Stale. Oh by all means, my Dear, you wrong me to suspect the contrary — I have Wit enough to be above the little Envy of those talking things ——— besides I am Rich, have a Fortune, *Argent Comptant*, Child.

Clev. A Fortune!

Stale. Ay, *Clever*, a Fortune.

Clev.

Clev. Nay, then I don't wonder at your being above what the World can say of you. — Positively no Body can be out of Humour that has Money enough.

Stale. I think I have some kind of an Inclination to Mr. Friendly — the Man loves me to Folly; — I am pleas'd he should do so, and, in short, I intend he shall marry me within these two Days.

Clev. Well, Madam, I wish you good Success — but the World, that has been so ill-natur'd to dispute one Husband with you, may try to hinder you of another — therefore have a care, and make sure of your Man while you can have him. — Between the Wars abroad, and the many pressing Occasions at home, Men are scarce.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. My Lady *Stale*! Is it possible that I should meet you here?

Stale. *Mariana*! this is the very Predestination of good Fortune — my Dear, Dear, incomparable Dear! — But Child! what, are you alone?

Mar. Oh, no, Madam, — the Diversions of this Place draw so much Company to 'em, that 'twould be almost impossible to come alone, especially in a Stage-Coach — To deal freely with you, I came hither upon an Engagement with Mr. *Clerimont*.

Stale. And the rest of your Company?

Mar. Galant and engaging to the last degree. A Templar, a Lady of Wit and Pleasure, and a notable Man of Business out of the City.

Clev. I suppose your Ladyship can give a very good Account of the Inns-of-Court Galantry?

Mar. Oh, Mrs. *Clever*, your Servant. — You have brought your usual Good-humour hither, I see.

Clev. I am always very much at your Service, Madam.

Stale. Well, but how have you dispos'd of your Company?

Mar. All dispers'd — my young Squire was taken up with four or five fine Ladies in Masks.

Stale. And your Lady of Pleasure?

Mar. With a knot of Rakes. — And my Man of Business is engag'd in an Affair of Consequence.

Stale.

Stale. An Affair of Consequence at *Croydon*?

Mar. Ay, I'll assure you, and very great too. — A Whim took him to give himself a t'other End o' the Town kind of an Air, and he wou'd not pay the Coachman — whereupon —

Clev. I suppose he beat him.

Mar. Even so from Top to Toe — he had just finish'd him when I left 'em.

Stale. Very pleasant! — But, my Dear, have you met with no Adventures your self?

Mar. Oh with a very good one, I assure you: — A Grenadier of the Guards proffer'd to treat me with burnt Brandy and Sauages.

Clev. Very galant!

Stale. Oh shocking! But 'tis like the horrible Place — I swear, my Dear, we ought never to be forgiven for coming hither.

Clev. Oh dear Madam, be compos'd, I beseech you — my Life on't, you meet with none of those Insolencies. — Such little wild young Creatures as *Mariana* can't avoid the Impertinence of an impudent young Fellow; but he must be a Grenadier indeed that would attack your Ladyship.

Enter Mr. Scribblescrabble, bloody and dirty.

Mar. Ah dear Mr. *Scribblescrabble*! I rejoice to see you — I am glad you're got out of the Clutches of that unmerciful pounding Coachman.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, your Slave, your Slave, nothing in the Earth, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Stale. Is this the Lawyer, Child?

Mar. The same.

Scrib. One always meets with your me-me-merry Wags, and your comical Jo-Jokes, Madam, at Fairs and such like Places; — for my part, I came a pu-pu-pu-purpose —

Mar. To be beaten? A very whimsical Design, very far from a Jest, and in my Opinion went off very tragically on your Side.

Scrib. Not at all, Madam, not at all, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Mar.

Mar. Your Nose bleeds sadly.

Scrib. Nothing at all, very good, very wholsom; — I always bleed Spring and Fall.

Clev. Men of Galantry turn every thing into good Humour and Mirth: — I know Mr. Scribblescrabble of old, always a Wag.

Scrib. Ah! Na-Na-Nanny! Nanny Clever! By Je-Je-Jericho I am glad to see thee.

Clev. He's a great Man at Adventures, — the Farthing Pye-houses in Moorfields ring of him.

Stale. Well, to have Adventures is always a Mark of a Man of Condition. Mr. Scribblescrabble, give me leave to felicitate your good Fortune.

Mar. Ah dear Madam, you don't know him. — He's intimate with all the agreeable Rakes about Town, wears a lac'd Hat with a smart Pinch in Vacation-time, and plays at Picket at the Temple Chocolate-houses.

Scrib. Tr-truly, Madam, if it were not discountenanc'd in the City, I do think a de-de-demy Castor, with a fashionable Edging, a very Ge-Ge-Gentleman-like kind of an Ornament.

Clev. He is a very Terror to all the Husbands of the Ward he lives in, — two Chandlers Wives, besides a Haberdasher of small Wares's Daughter, have been turn'd out of Doors for him within this Half Year.

Scrib. Ah me-me-mere Waggery, Sc-Sc-Scandal. — What shou'd the Ladies see in me?

Clev. Oh that Spirit, that Wit, that agreeable Freedom.

Scrib. Something of a fr-fr-frank manner, Madam; ah, ah, ah, — but wh-what's that, what's that, Madam? — But how come you to know me! I value my self upon being close.

Clev. What, d'ye think the World knows nothing? — But besides, whatsoever he says, he loves to make a noise with his Adventures.

Scrib. Aa, fy, fy, fy, — no, no, no.

[Making an ugly Face.]

Stale. Pretty Expressions of his Passion!

Clev. Then 'tis the little peevishest Creature, rather than not quarrel he'll quarrel and box with his Mistress herself; then

then she, you know, naturally resists, then an Uproar, out comes the Prentices. —

Stale. What! engage with the Domesticks?

Clev. Up with Paring-shovels, Blows abound, and the Lover is ruefully beaten for the Close of his Adventure.

Mar. Suffering for the Ladies is galant; and you see Love is his *Foible*. But what says poor Madam *Scribble-scrabble* to all this?

Scrib. A-a-a.

Stale. His Wife? What? has he a Wife? Oh unfaithful Mr. *Scribble-scrabble*!

Scrib. Na-na name her not, name her her not, I say.

Clev. Marry but we will tho' — since, to her Praise be it spoken, she's an Example to the whole Parish for Patience and good Housewifery.

Scrib. Shall I tell you? My Dru-Drudge, my Conveyance, my patient *Grissel*, — she in the Be-Be-Ballad was a Type of her, and I am her n-n-noble Marquis, her Lord, her great Turk, by *Je-Fericho*.

Stale. What a barbarous little galant Person it is!

Mar. Why didn't you bring her with you To-day?

Scrib. What, about Bu-Bu-Bus'ness? — Inco-co-congruous, Madam. — No, I left her, I left her —

Clev. Pensively at home, I warrant you.

Scrib. Mending the foul Clothes, and the Childrens Stockings; — but let us leave her to her Co-Co-Cowheel and Pint of Ale, and talk of other matters — Have you seen Mem-Mem-Mr. — ? [To Mariana.

Mar. aside.] Hush! a Word with you, — No naming of Names — hark in your Ear.

[Mariana whispers *Scribble-scrabble*.

Clev. You see, Madam, what a base World it is, how false the Men, and how miserable the Women are: — The very *Scribble-scrabbles* of the City have got into the way of despising their Wives.

Stale. 'Tis too true, Child; and there are very few in this fantastical Age, that the greatest Merit can oblige to Constancy: — And if I didn't think *Friendly* a Man that had a very exact *Gout* for Merit, one that enter'd very far into Merit, extremely far, almost as far as 'tis possible for

for one to enter into Merit, I should hardly trust my self in his, or any Man's Hands.

Clev. Look ye, Madam, he may enter into Merit as far as another, I don't dispute that, Madam; but how will you keep him from being weary of Merit, and having his Belly full of Merit, as they say, getting rid of Merit, turns Merit off again?

Stale. For that, Child, I trust to my Merit, 'tis my own, I know it, and I trust to it.

Clev. Matrimony's an uncertain Game.

Stale. 'Tis so. — But you know we Women love Play. — Besides, Railery apart, my Physicians tell me, that I shall never be free from the Tooth-ach, Vapours, and a Scurvy Humour that haunts me Spring and Fall, 'till, ah! ah! (you'll pardon the Misfortune of my Constitution) 'till I have another Child. — Nay, they say if I had Twins 'twould be better, and go more to the Bottom of my Distemper.

Clev. Nay then you had best get your Ingredients together, and go into the Course as soon as possible, for fear the Season of Physick should be over.

Stale. My Dear, I see you're busy. [To Mariana.] We'll go on before.

Mar. But a Word, Madam, and I wait on you.

Stale. Clever and I'll walk on before — you'll overtake us before we get to the Monsters, — I have a strange Fancy for Monsters.

Clev. Did your Ladyship ever see the *Mantegur*?

Stale. Oh dear! no — he was a very obscene Monster — he was obscene, rude, very rude and beastly — but the *Womantegur* —

Clev. His Lady?

Stale. — was very well bred, and had a great deal of Wit. — This is her Day, I believe; if she sees Company here, we'll visit her.

Clev. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. Look ye, be careful, and you may expect every thing from Mr. *Friendly's* Bounty; — for *Clerimont's* Uncle, I'll undertake he shall set his Name to the Deeds when they are ready.

Scrib.

Scrib. 'Tis enough; they are here in pu-pu-presto in my green Bag here; I want nothing but the old Ge-Ge-Gentleman's Name to fill up the Blanks with.

Mar. For that I can inform you — he writes himself Sir *Timothy Tallapoy* of *Kingquangcungxi*.

Scrib. What a pu-pu-plaguy Pagan N-Name is that for a Protestant Pu-Pu-Parish!

Mar. 'Tis a Name he has given to a new House he has built hard by here. You must know he has got his Estate by the *China* Trade in the *East-Indies*, and at that time grew so fantastically fond of the Manners, Language, Habit, and every thing that relates to those People, that he prefers 'em not only before those of his own Country, but all the World besides. 'Tis ridiculous enough to see how he makes himself be dress'd and serv'd exactly after the *Chinese* manner.

Scrib. Ve-very whimsical, fe-fe-faith and troth.

Mar. But hush! — here's our Fellow-Traveller, the Temple Wag, that came down in the Coach with us.

Enter Pinch and two Women in Masks.

Pinch. You tell me you are very passionate —

Mask. What, are you such a Monster not to believe me when I swear?

Pinch. It is really inconsistent. — You have known me but two Minutes and a half, and you intend to bamboozle me out of a Beef-Stake.

Mask. Not for that, my Dear, indeed; — but if we should dine together we should be so facetious — and I can tell you something of somebody that lodges at the *Black-boy* and Still in a certain Place.

Mask. Hark ye, Madam, — come away, Madam, — We won't be beholding to the Pimp.

Mask. No, pray stay, Madam; I'll assure you Madam, I know the Gentleman, — he is a Relation of mine, and —

Pinch. Bite!

Mask. What d'ye mean, Pimp? ha, Pimp! What's Bite, Pimp? Will you give us a Bottle of Wine, or no, Pimp?

Pinch. Why then I tell you No — And now I have told you my Mind without a Bite, pox.

Mask.

a Mask. Dammee, Madam, come away, Madam; — there's Madam *Footstocking* at the *Greyhound* — she has brought down a Couple of Bob Wigs out of *Cheapside*, shall treat us both. — Look ye, Pimp, I shall meet you some Night or other in the Play-house Passage, and then I'll bite you, I will so, Pimp you! [*Exeunt Masks.*]

Mar. Mr. *Pinch*, your Servant; — I vow I'm afraid you're very ill-natur'd — you treated your Ladies very roughly, methought.

Pinch. Oh no, dear Madam, by no means Madam — I am fond of the Fair to the last degree; by the solemn Powers, Madam. — Your Ladyship is, as I may say, a Biter, Madam.

Mar. Upon my Word 'tis very innocently, for I don't know what it is.

Pinch. Oh dear Madam, excuse me for that — no, no, bite, bite, Madam, that won't pass indeed.

Mar. Nay I must confess I take it to be something that is very entertaining, because I see it makes up a great Part of the Conversation among you fine Gentlemen.

Pinch. Oh your only new Way of Humour. — We that pretend to be Men of Wit and Pleasure do nothing but bite all Day long.

Mar. But pray, Sir, as how? for Example a little.

Pinch. Why as thus; suppose now I should say Sir *Simon Snuffle* was a Wit.

Mar. A Wit! he's a Politician indeed, and a smart little Gentleman; but for a Wit —

Pinch. Bite! there 'tis now — Why he's no more a Wit than I am a Politician. Or now if I should say I am going to *Moscow*, or that I am to be Lord Mayor, or that the Cham of *Tartary's* my Cousin-German, that the Pope's a Whig, and the *French* King a Reformer, Beauty to be abolish'd, and Matrimony and ugly Faces to prevail; How! say you with a grave Face indeed: Bite, says I — that's all; — you see it is the easiest thing in the World.

Scrib. Me-me-mighty easy, fe-fe-Faith and Troth. — Why this is nothing but Lying — Here I have been a Biter, Man and Boy, these Thirty Years, and never knew it.

Mar.

Mar. Well, I see you are a true Biter, and a right Wit of the Age, by winding up your Jest with Matrimony — but have you been a Sufferer by the Ladies, that you speak so ill of their Profession?

Pinch. Pardon me, not at all, Madam, only for the Grace of Wit, and to make up the troll of the Sentence, as merrily conceited Persons are us'd to do. I am Matrimony's humble Servant, came down to this very individual Town of *Croydon* to pay my Respects to it, and am to subscribe my self Matrimony's Bond-slave to-morrow.

Mar. And who is the Nymph that is to be made happy?

Pinch. Happy! ha, ha, Bite, Madam. — I am to be married indeed, but no Body's to be made happy.

Mar. You are such a Wag one does 'nt know where to have you. — Well, but who is it that is to have the Honour of being your bitten Bride, — for bit she will be, that I foresee already.

Pinch. Right, Madam, for, as you say, I shall bite her, tho' she be Bone of my Bone never so much — You must know 'tis one Madam *Angelica*, Daughter to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, a rich Merchant hard by here.

Mar. Handsom to a Miracle, I suppose.

Pinch. 'Egad I don't know, that's as the Fates shall appoint — for you must know I never saw her nor her Father in my Life, nor heard of them till within these Three Days, when a Comical old Fellow, a Father of mine in the Country, sends a Servant of his, one *Gregory Grumble* by Name, (whom, by the way, I bit Seven times before he could tell how my Father and Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, my Uncles and Aunts, and the rest of my Relations in the Country did) to tell me that he had agreed with a Gentleman for a Wife for me. — I receiv'd the News, bit the Bearer again, and then sent him to notify to my Father-in-Law that is to be.

Mar. And in Consequence thereof you are come down hither?

Pinch. To bite the Old Gentleman and the rest of my *Croydonian* Relations, consummate with his Daughter, and beget a biting Generation for the Benefit of Posterity.

Mar.

The B I T E R.

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Mar. aside to *Scrib.* You see this is your Man — before you don't lose Sight of him.

Scrib. *Te-re-tace's* the Word, Madam, — a Word to the Wife — I'll be-be-bite him, I warrant you.

Mat. You're so intent upon this Fair Lady, that I'm afraid we must despair of your good Company.

Pinch. For that Fair Lady you speak of, time enough — I'll marry her to-morrow time enough, I'll warrant you — I'll marry her — Can she desire more? — But for you, Madam, I would forsake the greatest Princess upon the Earth, tho' she were fair as the blushing Morn — or —

Mar. Oh dear! this is a very particular Piece of Gallantry, — but you Men of Wit and Pleasure are so engaging —

Pinch. For really, Madam, since the first happy Minute I had the Honour to know you.

Mar. Which was about two Hours ago. [*Aside.*

Pinch. I have really had the greatest Inclination in the World to profess my self, Madam, your Ladyship's most profound humble Servant.

Mar. Nay, I swear this is too much — I would not make your Lady jealous for the World.

Pinch. Madam, shall I tell your Ladyship without a Bite, and by the solemn Powers, I am passionate and sincere?

Mar. I have a strange Inclination to take you at your Word.

Pinch. Od! so do — here am I that will make it out.

Mar. Give me your Hand — I'll have a good Opinion of my Beauty, and intrench upon your Bride's Prerogative; for this Day I receive you for my Servant, and if you don't like me when that's over, as well as you do now, you shall repair to your Lady Mistress at Night, and be married to-morrow for your Punishment.

Pinch. Od! I like this mightily — strangely — Faith — Od! there's a good deal of Conceit in it — It's like a Carnival before Lent — or a —

Mar. Come hang Similes — we'll join the rest of our Company, and be as merry as the Day's long.

Pinch.

Pinch. Or like — or hold — stay — or like a Biting and a Beating, or like Laughing and Crying, or like fair Weather and foul, or like riding in a Coach and going a-foot afterwards — or like —

Mar. Phoo! Phoo — Come along, I'll warrant you —

Pinch. Or like — Od! I don't know — like somewhat that's very merry and very melancholy — But, as you say, hang Similes, and so come along. [Exeunt.]

A S O N G.

I.

CLOE blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her.

I call'd her perjur'd, faithless Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

II.

But when I rose and would be gone,

She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?

Young Darnion saw; now we're alone,

Do what you will with Cloe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy. Two or Three Servants ridiculously habited hailing in Grumble.

Sir Tim. LOOK ye, Sirrah, I will put you into the Hands of the *Tutang*, which is, according to Interpretation, the Officer that delighteth in Justice, which is, according to *English* Expression, the Constable of *Croydon*; — I'll see whether the Laws of this Land, as corrupt as they are, will allow you in Enormities like these.

Grum. Yaußt charge the Constable wi' ma' — Yaußt put me i' th' Stocks now! Maister's Worship, *Sir Peter Pinch's* Worship, and my Lady *Pinch's* Worship, and young Maister

Maister Pinch's Worship, the young Squair's Worship, they'll take't hudge kaindly o' your Worship to put their Man i' th' Stoucks for bracking the Boble there.

Sir Tim. Profane Rascal! Sirrah! It was the Pagode, or Representation of the great *Callasusu*, who was Nephew to the great *Fillimaso*, who was descended from the illustrious *Fokiensu*, who was the first Inventor of eating Rice upon Platters. — Sirrah! if you had been at *Nanquin*, or the great City of *Xamsi*, you had suffer'd Death, Sirrah! Death, you Varlet!

Enter Angelica.

Ang. How now? What's the Matter? What has this Fellow done, that he is taken into Custody?

Sir Tim. The Pagode, the Pagode, he has broken the great Pagode.

Ang. Is that all?

Sir Tim. Get you in, Hussy, incontinently I say: — You have not that Regard and Veneration for things which deserve Regard and Veneration, which any civilly, modestly, or virtuously dispos'd Person may have, can have, must have, and ought to have, Hussy.

Grum. Yau't mak such a Raut and a Hurly-burly, an' yau't no stay till young Maister come — here — I'll pay for't — I'll pay for't aut of my own Pocket, — here baay another.

[Offering Money.

Here's a Raut with a *Railaxu* and a *Zu*, with a Pox. [Aside.

Sir Tim. Monster of a Fellow! — Take Him away from my Sight — Confine him in the lowest Part of the Edifice, ev'n in the Cellar — away with him I say.

[Exeunt Servants with Grumble. His Master will be here to-day, and I will demand Justice of him — I will demand Two Hundred and Seventy odd Blows on his Belly, Three Hundred on his Breech, and Four Hundred and Twenty Nine on the Soles of his Feet. — Well, Mistress, have you dispos'd your self incontinently to marry the Mandarin Mr. Pinch to-morrow, according to my Commands?

Ang. To-morrow, Sir? to-morrow's very soon.

Sir Tim. By the Majesty of *Pekin*, an' you mutter, Hussy, I'll have you marry'd to-night, and then you'll be out of your Pain by to-morrow.

Ang.

Ang. Pain, Sir? — Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis not the matter of the Pain, Sir, nor the being out of the Pain, that I stand upon; but upon my Word, 'tis a very hard thing to be forced to marry a Man one don't like.

Sir Tim. Most provoking impertinence — to dislike a Man before she sees him, only in Opposition to my Paternal Authority. — No, Hussy, I know the true Reason — 'tis not that you dislike him, but because you like somebody else; — you have set your Heart upon some of those vain frothy young *Mandarins* of that imperial, but abominably vicious City of *London*, call'd *Beaux*.

Ang. Upon my Word, Sir, — *won't you wait?*

Sir Tim. Be silent, I say, — For ought I know you design to join your self to one of that execrable new Sect, which they call the Bitters, those Sons of the Serpent that inhabits in the House of Smoke. — By the Great *Lama*, I had as soon see you married to the Giant *Tanfu*, who inhabits in the prodigious Mountains of *Tartary*, and eats an hundred and fifty Virgins every Day in the Week, but *Fridays* and *Saturdays*; and then he lives upon old Women, as good *Catholics* do upon Stock-fish, by way of Mortification.

Ang. Well, Sir, you may do what you please with me, but I am sure you shall never make me forget poor Mr. *Friendly*.

Sir Tim. Ah ha! said I not so? Does it go there?

Ang. For his Estate, 'tis as good as your *Mandarin Pinch's*; and for his Personal Qualifications, I'm sure I know 'em too well not to vindicate 'em against any *Mandarin* in *Christendom*. — I do not know why I should not pluck up a Spirit, and tell this old *Chinese* Father of mine his own. *[Aside.]*

Sir Tim. Why hearken to me, my Daughter; (I will reason with her) thou hast been bred up like a virtuous and sober Maiden; and would'st thou take the Part of a profane Wretch, who sold his Stock out of the Old *East-India* Company, and shew'd his scurrilous Wit in making a Jest of the worshipful Traders? A scurvy, idle Varlet! A wicked Varlet!

Ang. Well, Sir, if he took his Stock out of one Fund that he was weary of, he'll put it into another that he likes better; and that's what all the young Fellows about Town do, that understand Business.

Sir Tim. A wicked, wicked Wretch! — He might have put into the New then, if he did not like the Old, — but to be of neither? — Talk no more of him — thou wilt put me into a Chase, and it will be the worse for thee. — A naughty ill-principled young Man, to be of neither *East-India* Company!

Ang. Well — but dear, dear Father, will you make me marry this scurvy Fellow I never saw?

Sir Tim. This is immoderately vexatious! — In good truth I am resolved.

Ang. Are you? — Why then so am I, and let the *Mandarin* look to't.

Sir Tim. What a prodigious thing is the Education of an *English* Damsel!

Ang. [*Aside.*] How fantastical is the Difference between an old Fellow's Judgment, and a young Wench's Inclinations! — Od! I have a good Mind to speak out.

To Sir Tim.] I must marry him then, you say?

Sir Tim. Positively.

Ang. Well, I shall make —

Sir Tim. A good Wife, I hope, Gentlewoman.

Ang. No — but what's all one, such a scurvy, abominable, whimsical, coxcomical, miserable, oddish, exemplary kind of a Husband of him, that the most potent Cham of *Tartary*, that you us'd to tell us of so, shan't show his Fellow among all the merry Men in his Country — and so I am resolv'd I'll tell him the first time I see him.

[*Exit Angelica.*]

Sir Tim. Well! — Incontinently this is a most flagitious Age — nothing but Disobedience, Impudence, Debauchery, Biting, and all kind of Wickedness — but no matter; — I will comfort my self after the manner of the sage Philosopher *Tychung*, who liv'd Fifteen Thousand Seven Hundred and Fourteen Years Two Months and Three Days ago, and let the World rub — I will send forthwith to my Correspondent at *Canton* for a new

Pagode — I will marry my Daughter to the young Man I have provided for her — and after that I will incontinently espouse the most amiable *Mariana*, and engender a Male Offspring, who shall drink nothing but the Divine Liquor Tea, and eat nothing but Oriental Rice, and be brought up after the Institutions of the most excellent *Confucius*. — And I will moreover in the mean time divert the melancholy Faculties of my Mind in beholding the Diversions of this numerical *Croydon* Fair — I will behold the most noble Exercise of Dancing on the Ropes — I have beheld it with Delight in the flourishing Empire of *China*, I will behold it here again. — But lo! here are of the Frequenters of this Place — they seem *Lipons*, or Men of Rank — I will salute them according to the manner of the most glorious and wise City of *Peking*.

Enter Pinch, and Scribblecrabble.

Sir Timothy salutes them after the Chinese manner.

Pinch. Come along, my little *Scribblecrabble*, — we shall find the Ladies somewhere hereabouts — Hey! Who have we here! What, are you the Man with the Wax-works?

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Fericho*, *Sir Timothy Tallapoy*. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Young Gentleman, may the Garden of your Graces be ever flourishing — but I delight not in Wax-works.

Pinch. What then, the *Vigo* Plate?

Sir Tim. I am ignorant of your Intentions.

Scrib. Hush! Squire, Squire *Pinch*! [*Aside.*

Pinch. Oh ho! What, you're the Man that bought the right *Italian* Fairy that was born at *Hampstead*?

Sir Tim. I am a *Mandarin* of this Neighbourhood, and delight in a new Mansion.

Scrib. A Wo-Word w'ye. [*Aside to Pinch.*

Pinch. Oh Pox! that's just at the Town's End, with Bottl'd Ale and Collar'd Beef over the Door; the *Suffox* House.

Scrib. Are you me-me-mad! — Come away, I tell you — this is a poor unfortunate Gentleman that's craz'd — He was Mace-bearer to the Lord Chancellor of *Moscow*, and was turn'd out of his Place for having more

Wit

Wit than his Master ——— poor Man, happened not to be dull enough to be in with that Ministry, lost his Place, hurt his Head, poor Man ?

Pinch. Very strange, Faith ! Odd, I'll bite him ——— I never bit a Mad-man in my Life.

Scrib. Poo, poo ! ——— Come away.

Pinch. By the solemn Powers I will ——— Old Gentleman, your Servant.

Sir Tim. Most flourishing Youth, I congratulate your Arrival at the Village of *Croydon* ——— Came you from the Imperial City of *London* ?

Pinch. Yes, yes, we came from *London*.

Sir Tim. And do the most ingenious Imparters of Novelty afford any thing that is new ?

Pinch. There's comical News, Faith, in the *Flying Post* ——— 'Tis given out and rumour'd that several great Men, and *Beglerbegs* in the *West-Indies*, have declar'd for the Rebels in *Hungary*.

Sir Tim. Sir, shall I tell you ? I am not concern'd for any Transactions which are or may be in the *West-Indies*. ——— Sir, you are a Stranger to me ; but I deal plainly with you, I am no Friend to any thing in the *West*, and am positively resolv'd, Sir, never to have any thing to do with *Westminster*, *West-Chester*, *West-Smithfield*, or the *West-Indies*. No, Sir, the *East*, I think, is more properly the Concern of every good and honest Man. ——— You take my Meaning, Sir ; and if you have any thing from the *East-Indies*, so, Sir, for to tell you my Mind freely, I don't think there is a good moral Man on this side the *Cape of Good-hope*.

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Jericho*, that's much !

Sir Tim. Always excepting some of the worshipful Traders to the aforesaid *East-Indies*.

Pinch. Why, Sir, both the Companies are concern'd in the Project, and are to furnish ———

Sir Tim. Sir, let me tell you, they are a wise and a prudent ———

Pinch. Bite ! bite ! my Dear.

Sir Tim. How, Sir ? why ? where ? what ? meaning whom ?

[*Staring.*
Pinch.

Pinch. What? why Bite, Old Gentleman, that's all, Bite!

Scrib. Good lack! how he looks! de-de-dear Squire, come away.

Sir Tim. 'Tis all false! 'tis impossible! 'tis not in Nature! Sir, you're a Son of a Bitch. — Sir, I am a *Mandarin* of the Tribunal of Justice — I am a Trader to the most excellent Oriental Countries — I never was bit in my Life, nor ever will be bit, that's more, by the Majesty of *Peking*.

Scrib. Dear Squire, have a Care, that's a very hard Stick in his Hand.

Pinch. Let me alone, you shall see I'll fun him — I'll fun him, I warrant you. — Come old Gentleman, [*To Sir Timothy.*] no Harm, only a little Merriment — I give a Bite, and I take a Bite — bite me again.

Sir Tim. I would as soon commit Felony or Treason — I thank a good Conscience, and a virtuous Education, I am none of those: Go, Sir, whoever you are, you're an idle young Man — and your Parents — But I say no more! I would not have any Child of mine come near you. — for oh Dear — [*Lifting up his Hands.*]

Pinch. This is foolish enough, faith! this old Fellow is very hellish and very stupid — What an' I warrant you you take us Biters to be sad Dogs?

Sir Tim. By the Majesty of *Peking*, and so I do — I take you to be worse than Popery, Slavery, Presbytery, Rebellion, Plague, Fire, Famine, and a standing Army to boot. — What a Condition is this poor Nation in! What with Plotters in one Place, and Biters in another, and yet no Body's hang'd for either.

Pinch. What strange Enemies these old Fools are to us Wits — Well! 'tis a wonderful thing in Nature, but certainly there is such a thing as Sympathy and Antipathy.

Sir Tim. I have, I thank my Stars, seen Governments where Immoralities of this kind were Death, Death by the Law. — There are Princes! — The King of *Tunquin* and Emperor of *Japan*, and the Serene *Cham*! I would fain see a Man pretend to bite in their Courts.

Pinch. Say you me so? Od! would I were well there — I and a Knot of Wags that I know.

Sir Tim. And what would'st thou do before their glorious

rious Thrones? — why they'd hang thee, hang thee up, thou wretched Poppy!

Pinch. Wou'd they so, old Boy! Come, I'll tell thee what, that's fair, — I'll hold thee an even Wager that I bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*, his Royal Relations, his most Honourable Privy Council, and all his Ministers, from his Lord-Keeper to his Corn-cutter, within the Space of one Year and Six Months from the Day of the Date of these Presents.

Sir Tim. What, his present Majesty?

Pinch. Yea verily.

Sir Tim. The *Cham* that now reigneth?

Pinch. *Cham* or *Keyfar*, all one to *Peter*, i'faith.

Sir Tim. You lye, and you're a Rascal.

[*Beating him round the Stage.*]

Pinch. Pshaw! nay! pooh! what's this for? — what I suppose if a Man pays Scot and Lot — pray, Sir, hold, Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll bite you, you Dog! Bite, quotha! — And are you a Biter too, Sirrah?

[*To Scribblescrabble.*]

Scrib. No, no, no, as I hope to live — I am a civil peaceable Man, and a City Solicitor.

Sir Tim. I shall put you in mind once more of his Majesty of *China*.

[*Beating him again.*]

Pinch. 'Tis very well! very well indeed! If a Man may not be a little harmlessly witty — why, Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, help! Murder! help!

Enter Clerimont, he interposes.

Cler. How! Mr. *Pinch* suffering under my Uncle! — Pray, Sir, hold your Hand.

Sir Tim. Art thou there, Varlet! thou Enemy to *East-India* Companies! thou Villain thou!

Cler. Pray, Sir, be pacify'd.

Sir Tim. Sirrah! I will never be pacify'd — I thought this was one of thy wicked Companions — but I'll be reveng'd of you all — I will so. — Bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*!

[*Exit Sir Tim.*]

Scrib. Mr. *Clerimont*, here has been a dreadful Ca-Ca-Catastrophe; but harkye, the Squire and your Uncle didn't know one another.

Cler. That was lucky indeed! Enough!

[*Aside.*
What

What unlucky Accident was this! Well I profess I am very sorry for it. O he's a mad old Fellow — I wish he han't hurt your Ingenuity — I swear he has batter'd the Outside of it most abominably.

Pinch. He has broke all my Head here, only for a Word speaking. [Half crying.]

As I hope to live, I meant no more Harm! — And he has all Blooded my Neckcloth here — I don't know what to do, not I.

Scrib. The Squire wou'dn't be persuaded, he wou'd bite him, and so the Me-Matter happen'd.

Cler. See, here are the Ladies — Come, Courage — 'twas a Misfortune your Wit brought upon you, and so the better to be endur'd.

Enter Friendly, Mariani, and Stale.

Pinch. I'd ha' given a Hundred Pounds out of my Pocket, this scurvy Bus'ness hadn't happen'd.

Mar. What, d'ye turn away from me? Unkind Mr. *Pinch*!

Pinch. A little out of Order, Madam, that's all —

Cler. Oh, he has had a Misfortune.

Mar. You fright me to Death! The Matter?

Cler. Only a Rencontre, a Drubbing or so! Hark I'll tell you — [Whisper.]

Pinch. Dear Mr. *Scribble**scrabble*, look in my Face — How do I look? sadly! ha!

Scrib. Truly that Blow upon your Forehead has compos'd your Physiognomy strangely.

Pinch. What, ruful! dismal!

Scrib. But step aside here, and we'll get some Water and a Patch, and furbish up your Countenance again as well as ever.

Pinch. Will you be so kind? I shall acknowledge the Favour the longest Day I have to live.

[Exeunt *Pinch* and *Scribble**scrabble*.]

Mar. Thus it happens, between too much Wit and too little Valour.

Friend. The poor Corps indeed has a damn'd time on't that's match'd with a pert Understanding, and frequently suffers for keeping bad Company.

Stale. Well, for my Part I have deduc'd it from a long
Conca-

Concatenation of Observations, that nothing but such extravagant Accidents attend upon the Conversations of those Impertinents they call Wits. — Mr. *Friendly*, I will beg one thing of you — not that I pretend to any Influence; but People in my Circumstances do commonly ask one thing. — my Circumstances! *Eh! Mon Cœur!* what Indiscretion! my Dear, you'll Pardon me?

Mar. Oh dear Madam, why this Reserve among Friends? You know Mr. *Clerimont* and I are of your Party. — Come, out with your Request. — All you Lovers have some little fond Request or other to make before Matrimony.

Cler. Yes, yes, — as not to chew Tobacco, to shift in your own Dressing-Room — to have a Convenience apart, or —

Mar. O filthy! O abominable! no, no, none of these — but whatever it be, I'll engage Mr. *Friendly* shall make it good.

Friend. Your most obedient humble Servant.

Stale. Well, Mr. *Friendly*, 'tis only this: That for my Sake, you wou'd never bite any Person, of any Sex, Age, or Condition in the World; but that, above all, you wou'd forbear your devoted and most engag'd Friend and Servant.

Friend. Forbear you, dear Madam? the most reasonable Request that was ever made in the World.

Stale. Not that I wou'd have you misunderstand me neither, dear Mr. *Friendly*.

Friendly. If any Presumption of mine has given your Ladyship occasion to think —

Stale. Oh fy! no, Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. I do here solemnly swear and declare, in the Face of the World, that from the Day of the Date of these Presents I will most sincerely refrain, abstain, and forbear —

Stale. Pish! why this is'nt it, this is'nt what I mean, this is'nt what I'd be at.

Friend. From any matter or thing whatsoever that has the honour, in any manner, to appertain or belong to your Ladyship.

Mar. Was ever any thing so insufferably ill-natur'd? to mistake a poor Woman so awkwardly, and turn her plain Meaning so quite contrary to her Inclination.

Cler. But if it passes so, I am mistaken.

Stale. Why I tell you, and tell you again, you take me wrong, Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. Madam, I wouldn't presume to take you at all —

Stale. Shoo! how foolish this is in you, Mr. *Friendly*! this Rallery is very *mal à propos*, Mr. *Friendly*. — I'll vow, if you persist in it, Mr. *Friendly*, you'll make me extremely angry with you.

Mar. Dear Madam, what's the Matter?

Stale. A foolish *double entendre*, my Dear.

Mar. You're discompos'd.

Stale. I'm always so with a *double entendre*; a *double entendre* always discomposes me, especially when they will mean it in the wrong way, in spite of all one does to take it the right.

Mar. Nay, then there's something in it indeed — Mr. *Clerimont*, come, you must join with me — We'll do Mr. *Friendly* a good Office in spite of his Teeth; this must come to an *Eclaircissement*, it may grow to a Quarrel else.

Stale. No, my Dear, there's no fear of that, I hope — Let me smell to your *Hungary-Water* a little, Mr. *Friendly*.

Cler. Kind Creature! what a Look was there! what a Smile!

Friend. What a Grin! like a wooden Cut of *Scoggan* before a Jest-Book.

Cler. Oh Brute! go to the Lady, for Shame.

Friend. Madam, you know my Forbearance was only a Mark of my Respect. [Going towards her.]

Stale. Ah! You Men! — well, I say no more — why would you put me in this Chase — you know how it is with me always — I warrant you my poor Head will suffer for it this two Days — feel how it burns —

Mar. Was there ever such a nauseous Five and Fifty Fondling! — but how do I know but Age and Folly may make me such a Monster?

Cler. Never, 'tis impossible.

Mar. How, *Clerimont*! shall I never grow old!

Cler. Certainly, if you live — but surely the Wit and Tenderneſs of my *Mariana* can never degenerate to the Folly

Folly and Fondness of such an Idiot ——— To me, you must be always as you are, thus dear, thus agreeable, the constant Object of my Love.

Mar. Oh, fy, fy! a marry'd Man and talk of Love! to his own Wife too! — They'll hear you, and laugh at us in their turn, if you ha'nt a care.

Stale. But do you say you'll put me out of my Pain by to-morrow Morning? 'Tis extremely kind.

Friend. I have given you my Word, and you may depend upon it.

Stale. The Expedition of your Performance will make amends for every thing — 'Tis excessively kind.

Friend. Hush, not a Word more — *Mariana* and *Clerimont* will find Matter of Mirth out of it, and turn our Happiness into Ridicule.

Mar. See here's sweet Mr. *Pinch* again, as gay as if this Mishap had never befallen him, and there were no such wicked Instrument as a Cudgel in Nature.

Enter Pinch and Scribblescrabble.

Pinch. Madam, your most humble Servant. A scurvy kind of a foolish Business happen'd to happen just now here a little odly, Madam, but no great matter, Madam, 'tis all over now.

Mar. I am very glad to see you look so well after it — I'll swear I think you're improv'd! — That Patch has given a most agreeable turn to his Face — Your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Cler. The Patch does its Part, upon my Word — a little o'th' biggest, or so — but else wonderfully well.

Friend. And are you as sound within as without, Sir?

Pinch. Oh to all Intents and Purposes.

Friend. And d'ye think you could bite as well as ever?

Pinch. Ask my little *Scribblescrabble* else — Didn't I bite your Cousin, as she was dressing my Head?

Scrib. None of my Cousin, Squire.

Pinch. Nay, nay, she call'd you Cousin; a fat comely Gentlewoman hard by here, at the Sign of the *Adam* and *Eve*, that sells Sausages and Black-puddings.

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin, she's only my Doll's Cousin.

Pinch. Why, the Woman's a good Woman — What, are you ashamed of your Kindred?

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin. [Angrily.]

Mar. Ridiculous, we shall have 'em quarrel presently.

Cler. Come, come, no matter whose Cousin she is.

Friend. You bit her, you say?

Pinch. Bit her; ay marry did I — and so I shou'd have serv'd all her Family, and all her Generation, if they had been here — What, han't I been at Moscow, Ispahan, Babylon, and so forth? Knock him down!

Scrib. What did he say she was my Cousin for?

[Grumbling.]

Mar. To set aside this foolish Dispute, pray shew me the biting Song, which you said was set to Musick.

Pinch. Here it is, and it is in the Nature of a Dialogue, and if your Ladyship will do me the Honour to bear a Bob with me, as I may so say, we'll perform it before all the Company.

Mar. To oblige you, Sir, I'll do my best.

A Dialogue.

Thyrsis. **I** R I S, I have long, in vain,
 Been your Slave, and wore your Clog;
 'Tis but just I shou'd complain.
 Since you use me like a Dog.

Iris. Faithful Lovers are but few;
 Cou'd I trust, I wou'd trust you:
 Of all your Sex I am afraid,
 And therefore vow to die a Maid.

Thyrsis. Die a Maid! So young, so pretty!
 I'll be true, by all that's good:
 Die a Maid! I'll swear 'tis pity.

Iris. Bite! Thyrsis, did you think I wou'd?
 But since you will be mine alone,
 Here kiss the Book and swear:
 The Wedding Ring shall make us one.

Thyrsis

Thyrsis. Bite! Iris, now I think all's fair.

Chorus. Bite! Thyrsis, now I think all's fair,

And well we may agree,

Since thus we love upon the Square,

And Biters both are we.

Cler. Rarely perform'd, upon my Word — Mr. Pinch has his Gifts — what say you, Mr. Scribblecrabble?

Scrib. Mighty well indeed, Sir, — the Squire is a fine Gentleman, that's the truth on't — but let him be never so well vers'd in the Arts and Sciences, he ought not to reflect upon the Family of the Scribblecrabbles.

Cler. Oh no more of that —

Scrib. What if I did marry Mrs. Dorothy Pattypan, the Pastry-Cook's Daughter, I didn't marry all her Scoundrel Consanguinity, I hope; no, I disdain 'em, I make her and them to know themselves, I keep 'em under, I —

Enter Bandileer drunk, and Mrs. Scribblecrabble.

Mrs. Scrib. Nay, dear Cousin Barnaby, where wou'd you haul one — I'll swear I have eat so much Goose, and drank so much Sack, that I am almost in a Quindasy — Hiccup — good lack! now I have got the Hiccoks; well, I won't drink a drop more, profess now.

Band. Look ye, take no care of that, I'll carry you to a Friend of mine, d'ye see, and there we'll have a Cup of rare *Juimper*, cure your Hiccup, I warrant you — Nothing but a cold Stomach, Cousin.

Stale. In the Name of Astonishment, what may these be, Child?

Mar. Ha! as I live, Mrs. Dorothy Scribblecrabble in her own proper Person.

Stale. What, not our little Man of Law's Comfort?

Mar. The very self-same, as I'm virtuous — Mrs. half bouisy too — oh rueful!

Band. Dear Cousin, let me buss you — I love you mightily.

[Kisses her.]

Mrs. Scrib. O gemini! — Hiccup — What makes you so rude — Hiccup — don't ye see all the Gentry here — for shame — Hiccup — If our little Simon should hear of this now — Hiccup.

Scrib.

Scrib. Ha! how! mercy upon me! what's this I see
[Turning about, and seeing his Wife.

Mar. Now for the *Denouement* of the Piece.

Mrs. Scrib. Oh law! — I am ruined and undone —
there is my own Husband.

Scrib. Is your Name *Dorothy*? ha! — Answer me that.

Mr. Scrib. Yes — Hiccup.

Scrib. What is the reason that you set at nought my Superiority and Authority, and d-de-dare to come hither without my leave? Answer me quickly — Come! what say ha? —

Mrs. Scrib. Nay, dear *Simmy*, don't be angry. I only came to — Hiccup — bear my Cousin *Bandileer* Company — I wou'dn't, for all the Varfal World, have come, Hiccup — but that you know I love Sack — Hiccup — and Walnuts mightly — Hiccup.

Scrib. Cuc-cu-Cousin me no Cousin. — Who am I? Answer me quickly — who am I? ha!

Band. Look ye, I'll stand by my Cousin, She's my own Cousin, tho' I am but a private Gentleman Soldier, whereof what argues that — my Name's *Barnaby Bandileer*.

Mrs. Scrib. Well, well, I know who you are well enough, you are my Hony — Hiccup — but 'tis very hard if one must not — Hiccup — or go a little abroad with a — Hiccup — Relation, or so — Hiccup.

Scrib. Go! you're a Quean.

Mar. O fy, *Mr. Scribblescrabble*! what! this to the Wife of your Bosom!

Scrib. You're a Carrion! I'm enrag'd! and Chastisement will ensue.

Stale. How? you little Brutal you — My Dear, my Dear, [To Mariana] for the Honour of the Sex let us never suffer the poor Woman to be insulted before our Faces — Sure any Two of our Gender are sufficient, or of the *Quorum*, as they say to keep a Husband in Order.

Mrs. Scrib. Ah dear Ladies, 'tis your — Hiccup — Goodness — but 'tis an unknown thing, the Life that I — Hiccup — lead with him every Day.

Mar. Look ye if she doesn't weep, poor tender-hearted Creature! — Come, for my sake, you must not make a Quarrel of it — What? 'twas but an innocent Frolick,

Scrib. Ha! I don't love Frolicks —
Mrs. Scrib. *Simmy*, dear *Simmy*, don't tofs and fling, and
 — Hiccup — and ding up and down so —
 you'll break my Heart — Hiccup —
Scrib. Go thou fe-fe-fe-fe-fe-false *Dorothy* — Elope;
 begone — go to your Galant, go —
Mrs. Scrib. Oh law! — Hiccup — this is very bitter.

[*Sobbing and crying.*
 I have had seven Children, besides four Miscarriages, and
 very hard Times of 'em all, by him, and to be us'd thus
 — this is very hard.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, I don't well know what
 to make of all this — I am amaz'd or so, 'tis true —
 but she's my own Cousin — I lodge in *Vinegar-Yard*
 — every Body knows me — I only came
 for the Diversion of an Interlude, or so — Do you
 know any thing of this matter, Sir? [To *Pinch.*

Pinch. Foolish enough, Faith — why really I don't
 know what to say to these odd kind of Circumstances;
 but pray may I crave your Name, Sir?

Band. Sir, my Name's *Barnaby*.

Pinch. Your Christen Name, I mean.

Band. Oh Sir, your Servant Sir; *Bandileer*, Sir.

Pinch. What, is *Bandileer* your Christen Name?

Band. Sir, I don't know what you mean; but I'm half
 Seas over —

Pinch. Very merry upon my word, (Mr. *Bandileer's*
 woful drunk) [Aside.
 Oh you're very sober — you've hardly wet your Lips to-day.

Band. Say you so, Sir?

Pinch. Bite.

Band. How's that, Sir? Hey day! what d'ye get behind
 me? — Look ye, Gentlemen, I take you to be my
 Friends.

Pinch. Knock him down.

[*Standing behind Band. and making a very great Noise.*

Band. How, Sir! Dam ye, Sir, that won't pass neither,
 Sir.

Friend. Oh no harm, no harm, good Mr. *Bandileer* —
 you must not be angry — The Gentleman means only
 Mer-

Merriment ——— He's an arch Wag, if you did but know him.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, if that be all, the Gentleman is a Stranger to me, and perhaps I may be a Stranger to him; but however I'll venture a Tester or two at All-Fours with him, if he's so far forth dispos'd.

Mrs. Scrib. Look, if you han't chaff up and down 'till you sweat like a Bull ——— Come, wipe your own dear sour frowzy Face with your own Doll's Handkerchief. ——— Hiccup ———

Scrib. Aa! ——— did I think you wou'd ha' serv'd me so — Go ——— you're a hiccuping Beast ——— I've a good mind to send you home to the Family of the Patipans, I have so, you en-n-n-normous Cockatrice.

Band. Look ye I brought my Cousin out — I took her up, as they say, and so, d'ye see, I'll set her down again.

Clev. These Fools begin to be troublesome, we must get rid of 'em. ——— Ha! here's Clever too come with Intelligence from my Uncle,

Enter Mrs. Clever.

I see there's Success in your Face, I dare swear the Design thrives,

Clev. Admirably ——— the Plot is just as that in a Critick's Play, the Parts are all ready, and we are to begin within this half Hour; but I hold it convenient to disperse this impertinent Audience first, that we may rehearse in private.

Mar. You have no farther occasion for my biting Lover?

Clev. He may dispose of his Person how he pleases — we shall hardly find him of any further Consequence.

Mar. I'll pin him to Madam Scribblescabble and her boufy Galant, and turn 'em adrift together. ——— But what shall we do with my dear Friend Stale?

Clev. Let me alone with her. — Engage Mr. Friendly to tip off with the first Opportunity, and leave the rest to my Management. [To Clerimont.

Clev. You won't be so unmerciful to turn her loose after him?

Clev. I must confess, running away is not the best Proof

Proof a young Fellow can give of his Courage; but for the present Occasion tell him 'tis necessary for the Swain to fly, and the Nymph to pursue ——— Let him leave word with his Man where we may hear of him.

Mar. Well, I vow, Mr. Pinch, you'll engage me extremely by this piece of Service. [To Pinch aside.

——— this little impertinent Lawyer has a Business of Consequence to look after for me here in Town, and this unfortunate Affair of his Wife does so exasperate his Choler, that he'll not think of it 'till we get her out of the way.

Pinch. Where shall I attend your Ladyship?

Mar. Any where here in Town.

Pinch. At the Greyhound?

Mar. As proper as any, where we'll be all with you immediately, and divert our selves at the Expence of the Family of the Scribblescrabbles.

Pinch. We'll laugh immoderately ——— Does your Ladyship know what Fun is?

Mar. No ——— but it's no matter for that.

Pinch. No, as you say, Madam, it's no matter for that; but I'll shew you such Sport, such Fun, ——— I'll bite Mr. Bandileer. ——— Look ye, Mr. Scribblescrabble, we'll have no more Words of this matter, your Lady is a virtuous Person, and a good Wife, she has born you many Children, but we have all our Failings.

Scrib. Ah! — name her not, dear Squire ———

Mar. Mr. Scribblescrabble, let me advise you in this Adventure ——— I have engag'd Mr. Pinch to serve you in it ——— [To Scribblescrabble aside.

You may trust your Wife with him, and all will be well.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, the Squire's a Gentleman ——— it wou'dn't grieve one to trust ones Wife with a Gentleman.

Mar. They're but just going hard by, we'll follow 'em presently.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have an Eye to Bo-Bo-Barnaby Bandileer: My Heart misgives me plaguily.

[Aside to Pinch.

Pinch.

Pinch. Bite! D'ye think I don't know what to do? Trouble not your self. — Mr. *Bandileer's* very much in Drink — but no matter for that, he'll bite so much the better. — Hum — hum — You were a saying, Sir, [*To Bandileer.*] your Name was *Barnaby*.

Band. Yes, Sir; no Offence, I hope.

Pinch. Oh none at all, so much the better; I love *Barnaby* of all Names, I was born on a *Barnaby-bright* in the Morning, I have seen you somewhere or other for certain.

Band. I use the *Cat and Fiddle*, most an end, Sir.

Pinch. In *Drury-lane*? Ay there it was, if I am not mightily mistaken, I have bit a Corporal that belong'd to your Company a very merry Fellow, but I have forgot his Name.

Band. Kit *Kunnyborrow* belike.

Pinch. The very same — Look ye, you and I, and — Hark ye, Madam. [*To Mrs. Scribblescrabble.*] You and I, and your Cousin here, we'll steal off and have one healing Quart of Walnuts and Sack at the *Greyhound*.

[*Whilst Clever entertains my Lady Stale, Friendly steals off.*]

Band. I must needs say you're a very civil Gentleman, Sir, and if you'll so far demeanor your self, Sir, — Look ye, Sir, if my Cousin be willing — I came with my Cousin, Sir, and I'll go with my Cousin, Sir, I'll stand and fall with my Cousin, Sir.

Mrs. Scrib. I'm sure you behave your self so like a Gentleman, that — hiccup — But if my *Simon* should take a new Vagary — oh dear — hiccup —

Pinch. Oh never fear that — The Ladies have undertaken to bamboozle him — they'll make him know his Duty, and beg your Pardon — now! now take your time and steal off — take care of your Cousin, Mr. *Bandileer*.

Mrs. Scrib. Oh dear, my Hiccocks is very bad.

Band. Look ye, I'll stand and fall that's my Word.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Bandileer, and Mrs. Scribble.*]

Scrib. How! ha! what! Gone again! — Squire, Squire.

Mar. Hush! be quiet, come hither.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have a care of *Be-Be-Barnaby*.

Mar.

Mar. Didn't I tell you this was the only way to get rid of your Wife's Relation?

Scrib. I acquiesce, Madam, I acquiesce.

Clev. Have a little Patience, Madam, and I'll set every thing in order.

[*Adjusting Lady Stale's Head.*
I know your Ladyship uses to be the nicest Creature in the World in these matters — In the name of Wonder, who cou'd it be that dress'd you to-day?

Stale. Oh I cou'dn't bear any awkward Body's Fists about me — I can't tolerate any thing but my own Woman — don't you know my Woman!

Clev. Oh dear, yes, Madam, Mrs. Fiddlefaddle.

Stale. 'Tis the carefullest Creature; she has liv'd with me ever since the Restoration, and never administer'd a wrong thing to me, or stuck a Pin amiss, in all the time.

Clev. The Restoration! That's a long time indeed. — Your Ladyship's Maid-Servants, I believe, are much more constant than your Men.

Stale. The Restoration did I say? the Restoration? My Memory! what a thing is my Memory! I meant your other publick Business that has happen'd here.

Clev. The Revolution?

Stale. Ay, that, that — I take so little notice of your publick News! — But, as I was saying, she's the heedfullest Person in any thing that relates to my Person.

Clev. I wonder she should put so little Powder in your Hair; I swear one might see it look quite gray. — indeed that was a Fault in Mrs. Fiddlefaddle.

Stale. Hush! dear *Clever*, I wou'dn't have *Friendly* hear you for all the World.

Clev. Oh no danger.

Stale. Not but that mine was a meer Misfortune — The *Irish* Fright at that same Revolution put me into Fits, and frighted my poor Hair gray all o' the sudden. — Besides, *Mariana* here knows my Relations, we are all gray ten Years sooner than other People. I come of a gray Family; don't I, my dear? But then I wou'd not have *Mr. Friendly* for many Reasons think me in Years, I know he designs having an Heir to his Family, and —

Mar.

Mar. But, dear Madam, why do you put your self in pain for his hearing us? I thought he had left the Company by your Order.

Stale. How left! whom Child? What, is Mr. *Friendly* gone!

Clev. gone! Didn't you see him? I'll swear I thought you had put him upon that pleasant piece of Galantry.

Stale. Galantry! oh perfidious! can it be possible! dear *Clever* explain your self, or I'll vow you'll put me into the Hysteriques.

Clev. Nay indeed I thought it look'd a little odd for Mr. *Friendly* to abandon a Lady in your Ladyships Circumstances, for a couple of the trapishest Creatures I ever saw in Masks, so miserably rigg'd, with dy'd Linings and tatter'd Furbelows.

Stale. The little nasty inconsiderable Huffies! but, dear Child, tell me, did he seem fond?

Mar. Very good! now for my share of the Lye [*Aside.* Excessively loving; nay, they were but too well acquainted, that's certain — I heard 'em call him by his Name — Are not you a dear Dog, says one of 'em; What my little *Jenny*, quo' he! and immediately whipp'd one Arm about one, and t'other about t'other, and away they scuttled together so familiarly I warrant you.

Stale. Which Way are they gone?

Mar. That Way, Madam: but it may be nothing but an innocent Frolick.

Stale. A Frolick, my Dear? Ah, the Devil take such Frolicks, I say. You don't know what a Concern I am in; he has put me off, with a Pretence of his catching Misfortunes (as he calls them) by these common Sluts, these twenty times already; and if he should catch another Misfortune we cannot be married till he's well again, and that will be a Month, or three Weeks at least; besides Surgeons are so unskilful, and such Knaves, and I am so fearful of those matters my self — Well Dear, my Dears, forgive me. [*Exit Lady Stale.*

Mar. Oh by all means, my Dear. — Ha, ha, ha! — What a terrible Fright my dear Friend was in, under the Apprehension of a Disappointment.

Clev.

Clev. I must own I have Ill-nature enough to rejoice exceedingly at her Ladyship's Vexation; she has been a standing Incumbrance upon poor *Friendly's* Pleasures for these two Years, she has watch'd him with as much Jealousy and Perverseness as a barren Wife.

Clev. And has been as uneasy to him as a barren Wife's Mother, and as provoking every way ——— But let her be forgotten, as she ought to be, and think of your own matters ——— I have just now left your Uncle.

Mar. Very much in Love, I hope.

Clev. That is, just as much a Fool as you found him.

Clev. To a Tittle; he's stark mad; Love and *Peking*, that is, your Ladyship and the Emperor of *China*, have turn'd his Brains — He has made a *Chinese* Song upon you, and I left him singing it to an Oriental Kettle-drum, as he calls it. Next to the great *Cham* and *Mariana*, I believe I have an Interest in him.

Mar. I Suppose you have been promising largely in my Name, what I am never to perform.

Clev. Nay, that depends upon you; a little Love, Child, that's all.

Mar. Well, he shall have all I can spare.

Clev. And I dare swear that's more than enough for his Oriental Occasions.

Clev. But I suppose you dealt with him as in the way of Trade ——— what Return for all this?

Clev. The Return an old Man usually makes.

Mar. Ay marry, and what's that?

Clev. To do all he can for you ——— and no more.

Clev. Very fair, I think.

Mar. I'll put him to it, I promise you.

Clev. I told him you had resolv'd upon parting with some of your Fortune to a poor Relation of yours, and that you requir'd him to join with you in that Settlement as a mark of his Love, without further Enquiry, and then you would be his as far as possible.

Clev. Well, and what Answer to that?

Clev. Oh he was all Rapture! consented to it, and swore immediately by half a dozen *Chinese* Saints, with devilish hard Names, that he wish'd he could make your Relation Viceroy of *Eastern Tartary*.

Mar.

Mar. Oh my Relation shall thank him; I wish he may be as fond of him, when they come to be better acquainted.

Cler. That I doubt of.

Clev. He expects you immediately; as we go I'll instruct Mr. *Clerimont* how to dispose of himself. — Are your Deeds ready?

Cler. Have you done as you were ordered in that matter, Mr. *Scribblecrabble*?

Scrib. Yes, Sir, the Deeds are ready. [Sighing.]

Clev. The Deeds are ready! — What doleful Voice is that? Can that be Mr. *Scribblecrabble*? Is it possible the gay, the witty, the galant Mr. *Scribblecrabble*?

Scrib. Ah good lack! my *De-De-Doll's* false — perhaps you don't know that.

Clev. False is that all? A Trifle — be false again, be as false to her as she can be to you for the Life of her — Give her as good as she brings.

Mar. Nay, I told him 'twas below the Character of a fine Gentleman, and a Man of the Town, as he is, to discompose his noble Soul for any thing a Wife can do or say.

Gler. No, no, he has forgot it, or will do it in a very little while longer. — Indifference is the Word, and Madam *Scribblecrabble* may dispose of her Person as she thinks fit.

Scrib. Nay, I hadn't so much car'd for it, hadn't it been for that Son of a Whore, that *Be-Bs-Barnaby Bandileer*.

Clev. Care for it! — Nay, if you once come to care for your Wife, farewell Galantry, — why you will be Company for no Body but Haberdashers, Tin-men Trunk-makers, and such comical kind of People.

Scrib. Nay, I always had a Spirit above these pe-paultry Matters too — I de-de-don't know how I came to marry the Jade, unless it were for Form's sake, or out of Cu-Cu-Custom, as they say.

Mar. No! — And tho' you fancy you are vex'd at her now, I fancy 'tis only for Form's sake, and out of Custom, as you say — Come, come along with us, and think of the hundred Guineas you're to get of Mr.

The B I T E R.

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Mr. Friendly ——— Why 'twill buy you Claret and Mirth enough to make you actually believe you are a Widower. [Exeunt.]

A S O N G.

I.

SILLY Swain, give o'er thy wooing,
Sighing, gazing, kissing, cooing,
All is very foolish doing.

II.

All that follows after Kisses,
The very best, the Bliss of Blisses,
Is as dull a Joy as this is.

III.

Prove the Nymph, and taste her Treasure,
Tell me then, when full of Pleasure,
What dull thing thou canst discover,
Duller than a happy Lover.

Silly Swain, give o'er, &c.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Sir Timothy Tallapoy's House.

Enter Angelica, Mariana, and Mrs. Clever.

Ang. W E L L, Madam, don't you think my Father now one of the strangest old Gentlemen that ever you saw with your Eyes? Oh gemini! I wouldn't marry such a strange sort of an old Fellow for all the World.

Clev. No, nor she neither, Child, notwithstanding all the violent Protestations of Good-will she made him but now.

Mar. I swear I think there is something very agreeable and entertaining in Sir Timothy's Humour.

Clev. Nay, indeed, all the Ill that you can say of him is, that he's an old Man, and for my part I think all old Men are alike.

Ang.

Ang. Oh dear, in what, Madam?

Clev. In being good for nothing, Madam.

Ang. Oh dear! I don't think so. I fancy I could like some sort of Old Men strangely, they're so civil and complaisant, and so neat, and so clean, and shav'd so close, I warrant ye.

Mar. Should you like Mr. *Friendly* if he were Old, Madam?

Ang. As for Mr. *Friendly* indeed, Madam, he's a kind of a perfect Stranger to me, so that I don't know what Judgment to make of his Temper or Inclinations; he may be a very good sort of a Man for ought I know, not but that I can't help thinking Mr. *Friendly* has some Humours may make a Woman very uneasy, when she is ———

Clev. Not so absolute a Stranger to him as you are: [*Smiling.*] Are not you a little Hypocrite? Hark ye;

[*Hitting her with her Fan.*]

Do you intend to be marry'd to-night to a Man that you are such an absolute Stranger to?

Ang. Oh la! I wonder what makes you talk so ——— who could put such a thing into your Head?

Clev. He that put it into yours, *Friendly*.

Ang. I'll swear he gives himself a strange Liberty of talking.

Mar. None but what you'll forgive him for, I dare swear.

Clev. He fancy'd, if he didn't tell, you would.

Ang. Well. I wonder at his Confidence.

Mar. For being beforehand with you. Really Love-Matters are come to be manag'd after a very fantastical manner, and all the Care is now, not who shall keep the Secret best, but who shall tell first.

Ang. I'll vow I have a good Mind not to have him, he's such a meer blab.

Mar. That would be all wrong, as they say, Madam, to fall out with him, and be reveng'd upon your self.

Clev. She'll consider better of it, never fear.

Mar. Well, but dear Madam, we are of your Party, and I hope you take us to be so much your Friends

to deserve your Confidence ——— You know we have no other Design upon Sir *Timothy*, but in order to bring this Business, between Mr. *Friendly* and you, to a happy Conclusion.

Ang. Nay, really, I must needs say I have been infinitely oblig'd to you, dear Madam ——— And indeed my Father is such a strange kind of a Man, that I don't care what risque I run to get out of his Clutches. Well, but you know Mr. *Friendly*, Madam. [To *Mariana*.

Mar. A little, Madam; not so well as you do, I fancy.

Ang. Oh dear, yes to be sure you do, and a great deal better too; but do you think he'll make a good Husband? I believe he's a strange wild young Fellow; really a Woman runs a strange Hazard with these wild young Fellows.

Mar. All Gamesters that play deep, and push for a Fortune, run Hazards, and for my part I am always for risking with a wild Fellow rather than a tame one ——— besides, were he never so wild, Matrimony will make him bate of his speed, as they say that have try'd it.

Ang. I'll vow I have heard he drinks a World of Claret.

Clev. And you fancy that will make him so sleepy ———

Ang. If I don't wonder what you can mean by that ——— Well, Mr. *Clever*, you are the maliciouslest Creature, you are always a teasing one; but I am resolv'd I'll be reveng'd of you at Night, when we are a-bed together.

Clev. A-bed together! for Shame! why you won'dn't abandon your Bridegroom for me?

Ang. Nay, Mrs. *Clever*, you know when you lie here you always use to be my Bed-fellow, and you shan't be put out of your Bed for any Body, I'm resolv'd you shall lie with me, and we'll lie awake and talk all Night long ——— Nay, I'm resolv'd I'll pinch you if you won't lie awake and talk to me.

Clev. No, no, you know I'm the sleepest Creature in the World: ——— You had better pinch *Friendly*, if he won't lie awake, and ——— talk to you.

Ang. I'll swear I have a good Mind to stop your Mouth ——— I think the Woman's mad to talk so ——— Oh gemini!

Mar.

Mar. Methinks Sir *Timothy* stays very long — didn't he promise to follow us immediately?

Ang. He's a teaching the Servants to Dance, as they do before the Emperor of *China*.

Mar. I wish he would dispatch the Business we want to have done, and go on with his *Tartarian Ballet* afterwards.

Ang. Shall I go and tell him you want to speak with him, Madam?

Mar. If you please, Madam.

Ang. He'll leave the Cham of *Tartary* himself to wait upon you. [Going.

Dear Mrs. *Clever*, if you should happen to see Mr. *Friendly*, I charge you don't tell him we have been talking of him — We shall have him so vain, and in his *Airs*, I warrant you. [Coming back.

Clev. No, no, you shall have the Pleasure of betraying the Secret, and telling him all your self — but pray make haste and dispatch your Embassy.

Ang. I'll be here again in a Minute, [Exit Angelica.

Clev. Well, what think you of Mrs. *Friendly* that is to be?

Mar. She's in a most violent twitter.

Clev. As all young Ladies of her Age are at the Approach of Matrimony.

Mar. She's so out of Breath, and so merry, and so grave, and so glad, and so smirking, and so smiling.

Clev. And doesn't know whether she goes upon her Head or her Heels.

Mar. Love! Love! my Dear! you know this Love is the Devil — Ha! pray look this way. [Looking out.

Is not that the most serene, and most amiable Mr. *Pinch* that's coming into the Court?

Clev. 'Tis he; there are certain foolish Appurtenances belonging to his Face and Person, which no one else can pretend to — but I think we are ready for him, and so let him come as soon as he pleases.

Mar. I wouldn't have him see me.

Clev. No, we'll go look upon your Oriental Lover's Preparations for your Entertainment. [Exeunt.

Enter

The B I T E R.

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Enter Pinch and a Servant.

Ser. If it shall seem agreeable to you to repose your most worshipful Person in this Place, I will notify your Arrival to Sir Timothy Tallapoy, Knight and Mandarin of the Seventh Order.

Pinch. 'Tis very well, Friend, notify to your Master with what haste you can conveniently, but don't discern-
pose your self, don't put your self out of Order.

[Exit Servant.]

Very foolish, 'Faith. If the rest of my Father-in-law's Family be of a piece with this Fellow, I shall have a good merry time on't among 'em ——— to be the only Wit in the Family ——— I don't know, it may be well enough ——— 'tis better biting than being bit, certainly ——— Who'd have thought that fly Devil, that Mrs. Mariana, shou'd have had it in her to put such a practical Bite upon one ——— It cost me Two Hours in Time, beside Eight and a Penny in Monies number'd, to stay for her, and she never came at last. ——— Very pretty Manners truly ——— I smoke somewhat between the same *Clerimont* and her; but no matter, Bite's the Word. I shall be even with her before to-morrow Morning ——— I believe, if I play'd one, I play'd Forty Games at All-Fours and Shovel-Board with Mr. *Bandileer* ——— Poor Fellow, he was bloodily in for it at last ——— 'Tis true, indeed, he drank a World of *Geneva* ——— but his Cousin will take care of him ——— She's a discreet Woman truly in the main, I believe ——— she held his Head so kindly when he grew a little sickish ——— Ha! ha! 'tis he!

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy.

The Lord Chancellor of *Moscow*'s mad Mace-bearer! ——— How the Devil shou'd he get hither! ——— I wou'd I were well got by him ——— I wonder they suffer him to walk about with such a Stick in his Hand.

Sir Tim. I'll consummate this Affair with my Son-in-law *Pinch* as soon as may be, and I will then — Ha! how! here is that wretched Puppy that goeth up and down seeking whom he may bite ——— Is there no Place safe against biting, not even a Man's own House? ——— You

C

take

take a strange Liberty, Friend, after some Occurrences that pass'd between us so lately.

Pinch. A strange Fellow this, I don't know what to do, not I—I must try to speak him fair, I think, and see if one can mollify him that way, for 'tis but a Word and a Blow with him, that I see clearly. [Aside.

Sir Tim. Now is this wicked Villain meditating a Bite, but by the Majesty of Peking, I will confound the evil Imagination ere it can be brought to Perfection——Heark to me, young Man, you are one of those that make themselves merry with the most excellent Oriental Nations: This Mansion was not built to receive those People that scoff at the Cham of Tartary.

Pinch. Oh dear Sir, far be it from me, Sir, to think it was, Sir; I can't think it was built with any such knavish Design—I am strangely tempted to bite him. [Aside.

Sir Tim. I am therefore prompted to ask what Affair or Negotiation might induce you to enter here.

Pinch. This is most execrably impertinent. [Aside. Affair, Sir? why really I have an Affair.

Sir Tim. Ay! discuss to me of what Nature.

Pinch. Nature, Sir? if I could come to the Speech of the Proper Person——

Sir Tim. I notify to you that I am the most proper Person of any one within these Walls to whom you may unfold your Business.

Pinch. Look ye, Sir, that isn't the matter—I don't say but you may be very proper for ought I know, but my Business at present lies more properly with the Gentleman of the House.

Sir Tim. Then I notify to you again that it lies with me—come, bar biting, and begin.

Pinch. Good lack! it's much the Loss of a Place shou'd do this. [Aside.

Pray, Sir; no Harm, I hope; by your Leave only.

[Going by him.

Sir Tim. Whither won'd you pass, Friend?

Pinch. Only that way a little—just in at that Door, that's all—I shall meet with some of the Family; I won't trouble you, Sir,

Sir

Sir Tim. Sir, I have undertaken the discussing your Business my self, and 'till I have made some further Progress in it the Family shall not be met with, ——— No, Sir, by the most Potent and Serene *Cham* they shall not.

Pinch. Pray, Sir, let me tell you, this is very uncivil, Sir, ——— I don't know but I may be in haste, and so forth, and may have Occasion to speak with a dear Friend that lies dangerously sick in the House.

Sir Tim. The Mansion is salubrious and healthy; but if it were not, may I suppose you to be a Maker up, or Preparer of Medicines, or, as the *Western* Language renders it, an Apothecary?

Pinch. Bite! Od I've a good mind, ——— 'twas at my Tongue's End. [Softly aside.]

Sir Tim. Ha! What is it thou pronouncest in secret?

Pinch. Nothing, nothing in the Universe, but only that I beg the Favour of a Word or two with Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*: ——— That's all, as I hope to breathe, Sir.

Sir Tim. Prodigious! How enormously he varies his Fable! — Say on, I am he, ——— tho' thou knew'st it before, thou biting Viper thou! I am he ——— pronounce, say on.

Pinch. Oh dear! this is worse and worse! ——— You he! alas! I would you were but ———

Sir Tim. Speak, what?

Pinch. Your self, Sir, that's all, only a friendly Wish, I would you were your own Man.

Sir Tim. Sobo! My faithful Servants approach; ——— I'll teach you to bite one of the worshipful Oriental Traders in his own Mansion. ——— Would'st thou infer that I am distracted, of a Mind not fit to negotiate? Sirrah! I have been thought fit to negotiate and drink Tea with the most excellent Governor of *Canton*, nay with the Viceroy, and the learned *Lipous*.

Pinch. Look ye, Friend, I don't say any Body's mad, but these are odd Circumstances, and *Moorfields* is a good Air for People that lose Places ——— when one comes about Business to be interrupted, and interrogated, and bamboozled, and not suffer'd to ———

Sir Tim. So ho! my Servants!

Enter Servants.

Pinch. Pshaw! This is a Jest indeed! hey day! what's the meaning of all this? Look ye, my Name's Squire Pinch. I come to marry Sir Timothy Tallapoy's Daughter.

Sir Tim. Dost thou bite me with the Name of mine Ally! ——— Seize on him, the Wretch!

[They lay hold on him.]

Pinch. This is damn'd foolish, faith and troth! ——— Look ye, I am Sir Peter Pinch's Son and Heir, — I am a Man of Wit and Pleasure, I understand the Town, and I won't be us'd so, for ne'er a Mace-bearer nor a Mad-man in Moscow.

Sir Tim. Incontinently I think thou art distracted thy self; but it suffices me that I know thee to be a Biter, the Name that comprehends all kind of Villany ——— Cou'd the right-worshipful and most sincere, my Friend, Sir Peter Pinch, a Man of his most categorical Principles, engender a Biter! impossible! out, thou Impostor!

Pinch. So ho! what's there no body here to take one's part! Sir Timothy Tallapoy!

Sir Tim. Hold him fast.

Enter Mariana and Mrs. Clever.

Clev. The Lovers will be past reprieving presently ——— I left 'em mumbling over Matrimony with as much Eagerness, as if they were to be happy in good earnest.

Mar. Very well; now for our Cue here ——— Matters have happen'd as we cou'd have wish'd ———

Sir Tim. Most exceeding fair, and my very good Friend, my propitious Stars have directed me to the Discovery of a notorious Imposture, and your excellent Persons come very opportunely to behold my Justice.

Pinch. Well, Friend, if he be never so much your Master, and the individual numerical Sir Timothy, I am as much the individual numerical Squire Pinch, as he is the individual numerical Sir Timothy Tallapoy.

[To the Servants.]

Mar.

Mar. I must confess he has a strange designing kind of a Face, — I shou'd be very cautious of trusting such a sort of a Man upon his bare Word.

Clev. Dear Sir *Timothy* have a Care of him, methinks I see Biting written in his very Forehead.

Sir Tim. Madam, the sage Orientals are not easily bit.

Pinch. Oh Ladies, your humble Servant ——— very foolish, faith and troth! — Now you shall see, Friend — these Ladies know me. — Madam, here's really a foolish Adventure.

Clev. What does he mean? he addresses his Discourse to us. — Bless me, I'm afraid he's distracted — how he Looks! For Goodness sake don't come too near him — They say 'tis as bad as Poison to be bit by a Madman.

Sir Tim. It is, Madam, what we may properly call an egregious degree of Folly mixt with an egregious degree of Impudence — 'tis what the Learned in the *Western Nations* call a Complication.

Pinch. Phaw! phoo! this is all fooling! Ladies! Madam! here are a whimsical Set of People wou'd persuade me my Name isn't *Pinch*.

Sir Tim. I told your Ladyship what he drives at, he wou'd bite me under a wrong Name.

Mar. And pray, Sir, — oh dear — hold him fast, — is your Name *Pinch*?

Pinch. Bite! Bite! Madam.

Sir Tim. You see, most excellent Lady, you see what he wou'd be at.

Mar. And do you really think, Sir, your Name is *Pinch*?

Pinch. Nay, Madam. I tell you I'm like to be us'd scurvily — this is all ridiculous! Speak Truth now — why as if you didn't know one — This is Biting indeed!

Clev. Bless me! my Dear! did you ever see this Man before?

Mar. Never with my Eyes, Madam. — Sir *Timothy*, let me conjure you to have a care, there is certainly some

very villanous Design laid against you, this is some Plot.

Pinch. What is the meaning of all this? — Didn't I come down in the Coach with you to-day? Mrs. Mariana! Madam.

Clev. The confident Wretch! He has got your Name too — Hark ye, Friend, what good does it do you now to counterfeit another Body's Name? Why you couldn't think but it must needs be found out at last, and then you know the Law is very severe in these Cases.

Mar. 'Tis very probable he had his Eye upon the young Lady's Fortune.

Pinch. Why this is downright making a Fool of one: I thought you had been more a Gentlewoman.

Sir Tim. Bobes! Do you [To a Servant. and your Fellows take care to confine him in the Cellar — I will supplicate the *Mandarins* of Justice that Punishment may be inflicted according to his Demerits — Away with him.

Mar. I never saw him in my Life.

Sir Tim. Madam, we live in a flagitious biting Age, and a biting Climate — Away with him — For my part I wish I were well turn'd of the Cape of Good-hope.

Pinch. Prythee be quiet, Friend — Talk of putting one in a Cellar! Phoo! what a Jest is that? Nay I won't stir a Foot, that's flat — Help! Murder! Ladies! Why you won't? What, will you pull one's Arm off? You'll answer all this — If ever I bite any Body again — pray — stay — hear me — [Servants force him off.

Mar. Upon my Word I am heartily frighten'd; he made a most terrible Noise — I believe the best way will be to get him out of the House?

Sir Tim. Fear nothing, Lady, I will so muzzle him.

Clev. That he can neither bite nor bellow, 'tis the best Course you can take with him.

Mar. Well, of all the disagreeable things one meets with, nothing is so shocking to me as a Biter — You meet with nothing of this kind in *China*, Sir Timothy.

Sir

Sir Tim. 'Twou'd be Felony, without Benefit of the Clergy.

Mar. Well, they are a polite People! ——— how agreeably graceful is that Habit of Sir Timothy's, what an Image of the Eastern Wisdom it gives us!

Sir Tim. They are certainly a great People; Arts began with them — It is thought the necessary Sciences of Eating and Drinking were discover'd some Ages among them, before they were known in Europe.

Clev. Concerning Beards and their Management I have heard indeed ———

Sir Tim. The whole Oeconomy of the Beard was treated of seven thousand Years ago, by a learned Chinese Philosopher, in fifteen Volumes. ——— Ah, Madam, might I but hope for the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in the most glorious City of Peking, I wou'd not come hither again to be Emperor of the West.

Mar. We Women are born to obey ——— Sir Timothy may be sure I shall follow my Husband all the World over.

Sir Tim. Happy! happy Man will he be.

Enter Angelica, Friendly *disguis'd*, Scribblescrabble with Writings.

Ang. Here's a Gentleman inquires for your Ladyship. [To Mariana.

Mar. Sir Timothy, this is my Relation, in whose Behalf we are to do the charitable Deed I spoke to you of.

Sir Tim. Sir you are honour'd! ——— Your Character is Affinity with the Illustrious.

Friend. Sir, I have always conceiv'd as much.

Ang. Oh gemini! the Thing is done, [To Clever aside. and I vow I'm glad 'tis over. I wou'dn't have it to do again for all the World ——— Mr. Friendly did look so upon one, and my Heart did go so pit-a-pat all the while.

Clev. Hush! be quiet now. You shall talk to me of it for two Hours together by and by.

Sir Tim. Are the Deeds drawn according to your Ladyship's Command and Direction?

Mar. Exactly; if you do us the Honour to concur, the matter is at an end.

Scrib.

Scrib. You deliver this as your Act and Deed, Sir, for the Use of this Gentleman?

Sir Tim. I do, Sir, with my full Intentions.

[*Mariana and Sir Tim. execute the Deed, and wish much Happiness may hereby redound and accrue to him.*]

Friend. Sir, I must always acknowledge you the Author of my Happiness, and will take an opportunity to convince you of my Gratitude.

Enter Lady Stale, and Clerimont.

Stale. Tell not me, Mr. *Clerimont*, I'm not to be fobb'd off to — I'll find him out if he be above Ground.

Cler. Why, I tell you he's just now upon making his Fortune, and you'll ruin all.

Stale. I tell you I'll have him whole and sole, as the Law directs, with all his Ways, Water-courses, Easements, and Appurtenances, I'll not bate him an Inch.

Cler. [To *Friendly*.] Look ye, Sir, the Matter is gone as far as 'twill bear, and you have nothing to do now but to make good the Ground we have got for you.

Sir Tim. What is the meaning of this? What does this Lady's Passion import?

Mar. Some weeping and much Talking, I believe. Ten to one but she tells us more of her mind.

Sir Tim. Madam, may I inquire — [To *Lady Stale*.

Stale. Sir, I am reduc'd to the last extremity, I am defeated and evil intreated, I am *desespéré*, by the most inconstant Person —

Friend. That ever had the Honour to be in fair Lady's Favour. [Pulling off his Disguise.

Stale. Oh are you there, Sir? 'Tis exceeding well indeed! I am given to understand that you are faithless, Sir, that you are false, Sir, that you are making your Body over by a Marriage-Contract, to the Daughter of *Sir Timothy Tallapoy*, in order to defraud me, your lawful Creditor, of my natural Dues and Perquisites.

Sir Tim. How, most exceeding fair Lady, are there Machinations against your most faithful humble Servant? Is your Relation Mr. *Friendly*?

[To *Mariana*.

Mar.

Mar. Since the matter is out, 'tis most certainly so, my Relation is Mr. Friendly, or Mr. Friendly is my Relation, you may take it either way.

Sir Tim. But, Madam!

Mar. But Sir Timothy! I hope you won't quarrel with him for that: Hark ye, let me talk with you a little.

[Takes him aside.

Friend. And does common Fame really say all this?

Stale. Ay marry does it, to thy Shame, thou Traitor!

Friend. Look ye, for the matter of the Matrimony 'tis too true; but for the other part, I stand up for my Constancy, and do aver I was never false in my Life; for my Trial I put my self upon my Country here present, and your Ladyship may go on with the Evidence as soon as you see fit.

Stale. Oh Wretch! dost thou not expect the House shou'd fall down upon thee this instant?

Friend. No, I trust in the Timber-work.

Stale. Oh thou Wickedness incarnate! how often hast thou look'd upon me and smil'd, and then smil'd and look'd upon me again?

Friend. Very often truly, being for the most part of a merry Disposition, as the worshipful Bench here know.

Stale. But say how often amorously, say, speak truth, if thou dar'st.

Friend. Never.

Clev. A short Answer that:

Stale. Madam, I believe he has squeez'd this poor Hand [Crying.

Ang. Did you squeeze that filthy bony thing? You shan't touch mine.

Stale. 'Till I have been forc'd to cry, oh!

Clev. Very barbarous that, in my mind.

Cler. But no Sign of Love.

Clev. Oh none at all.

Stale. Didn't you promise me to put me out of my Pain before to-morrow; out of my Pain, I stick to that?

Friend. And Faith, I think I have been as good as my word; the Devil's in't if you don't know what to trust to now.

Stale,

Stale. Ah! thou art a Fellow of sweet Principles! but I know what you want, you want to put me in a Fit, do you, but I'll do my best to keep it down, [*Sobbing.*] Oh! how it heaves! how it heaves here! Dear *Clever*, ease my Lacer quickly, or I shall drop down, I am not able to bear it.

Cler. Nay, Madam, he's a most perfidious Wretch, that's certain; but since you see there's no good to be done with him, you had much better retire before you fall into a fresh Disorder; you'll only give him an occasion of a malicious Grin.

Clev. Mr. *Clerimont* tells you true; these rattle-headed young Fellows don't know how to value a discreet elderly Passion.

Stale. Ah, *Clever*, thou art certainly in the right. I'll leave him to his Flirt! Well, this is my fifteenth Misfortune of this kind since I have been a Widow—— But I'll retire into the Country this instant I'm resolv'd. and mind good Books, and making Sweetmeats and Salves, and never trust in a Man of five and twenty again.

Friend. And will she go? Will the dear Creature go?

[*Exit Lady Stale.*]

Ang. Well, I'll swear you're a cross-grain'd ill-natur'd thing, I'll vow I have a good mind to hate you.

Friend. What, for sacrificing all to you, you dear little Creature!

Ang. Be quiet, can't you! Don't you see my Father?

Sir Tim. Well, Madam, you see your Power over your Slave—— Mr. *Friendly*, as this Lady has done you the honour to intercede for you, I declare I receive you as my Son-in-law, and will make good what I seal'd to for my Daughter's Fortune—— I hope you are no Biter.

Friend. A most profess'd Enemy to all Fools of that kind.

Sir Tim. I like you the better, you may come to good,

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Peasant *Gregory Grumble*, who was imprison'd in the Cellar, notifies to your Worthiness, that the Person last committed is the very real Esquire *Pinch*, his Master.

Sir Tim. Ha! say'st thou! the Circumstance displeaseth—— Let him be releas'd, I am glad my Daughter is not bitten

bitten, however — It must be of great Grief to his Parents to hear that he taketh unto Biting after this manner.

Enter Pinch.

Pinch. Look ye, Gentlemen and Ladies, this is mighty fine, very exceeding fine; here have *Gregory* and I been put in a Cellar among old Shoes, broken Bottles, and wicker Baskets, for no manner of substantial reason in the Earth.

Sir Tim. Young Gentleman, the Disaster has been of your own seeking. I am sorry to say it, but tho' you were ten times the Son of my Friend *Sir Peter Pinch*, and a Biter, I would not affy my Daughter to you.

Pinch. Ha! — You may take your Daughter and stop your — I wou'dn't marry her an she were a Cherubin.

Mar. For ought I see 'tis well the matter has happen'd as it has, since the only one thing that ever *Sir Timothy* and *Mr. Pinch* could have agreed in, wou'd have been in not liking one another.

Pinch. Well perhaps 'twas, and perhaps twan't, Madam, Look ye, I desire you not to concern your self about me, I shan't concern my self about you, poz.

Mar. Why this is all right again, for we are certainly agreed as to that matter too; however I promise to wear a Willow for your sake, when I hear you are sped.

Pinch. Well, well, you may wear what you please. I believe I know what your Husband will wear, sweet Madam Nimble-Chops.

Mar. Don't be in a Choler, and I'll bring you acquainted with my Husband. *Sir Timothy*, it is some time since that I have had a very particular Esteem for your Family.

Sir Tim. Madam, you confer Honour.

Mar. And in order to make my self a Part of it, about a Week ago I was marry'd to this Gentleman, your Nephew. [Pointing to Clerimont.]

Sir Tim. How, to my Nephew! oh thou most perfidious! is it possible?

Cler. The thing is most certainly so, Sir.

Sir Tim. Is it so, Sir? why then the World is all false, there is nothing but Villany, Biting — Jilting —

Pinch. Bite! What, art thou bit at last, Old Boy, Old Fobus, ha!

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Get thee out of my Doors this Minute, thou most egregious wretched Puppy; or I will so batter that Scull of thine —

Pinch. Hold, keep the Peace — take away his Stick — what d'ye mean, ha! what wou'd you be at? d'ye think Heads are made for nothing but to be broke? Very pretty Sport, truly.

Mar. Come, **Sir Timothy**, be pacify'd; I fancy we shall agree much better as Uncle and Niece, than as Man and Wife.

Sir Tim. Oh thou false Creature! I am enrag'd, and wish all the Western World was on Fire — But I'll take Post for the *East-Indies* this Instant, and never converse with Man, Woman, or Child again, that was born on this side the Cape of *Good-hope*. [Exit **Sir Tim.**]

Clev. Let him go; we shall find some way to mollify him, I warrant you, when the first Heat is over.

Short are the passionate Fits of Love, and Rage,
Which warm the sickly Veins of feeble Age.

And tho' the Flame
Blaze out, and for a Moment seems to rise,
Yet soon the Fuel fails, and then it dies.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

F I N I S.



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